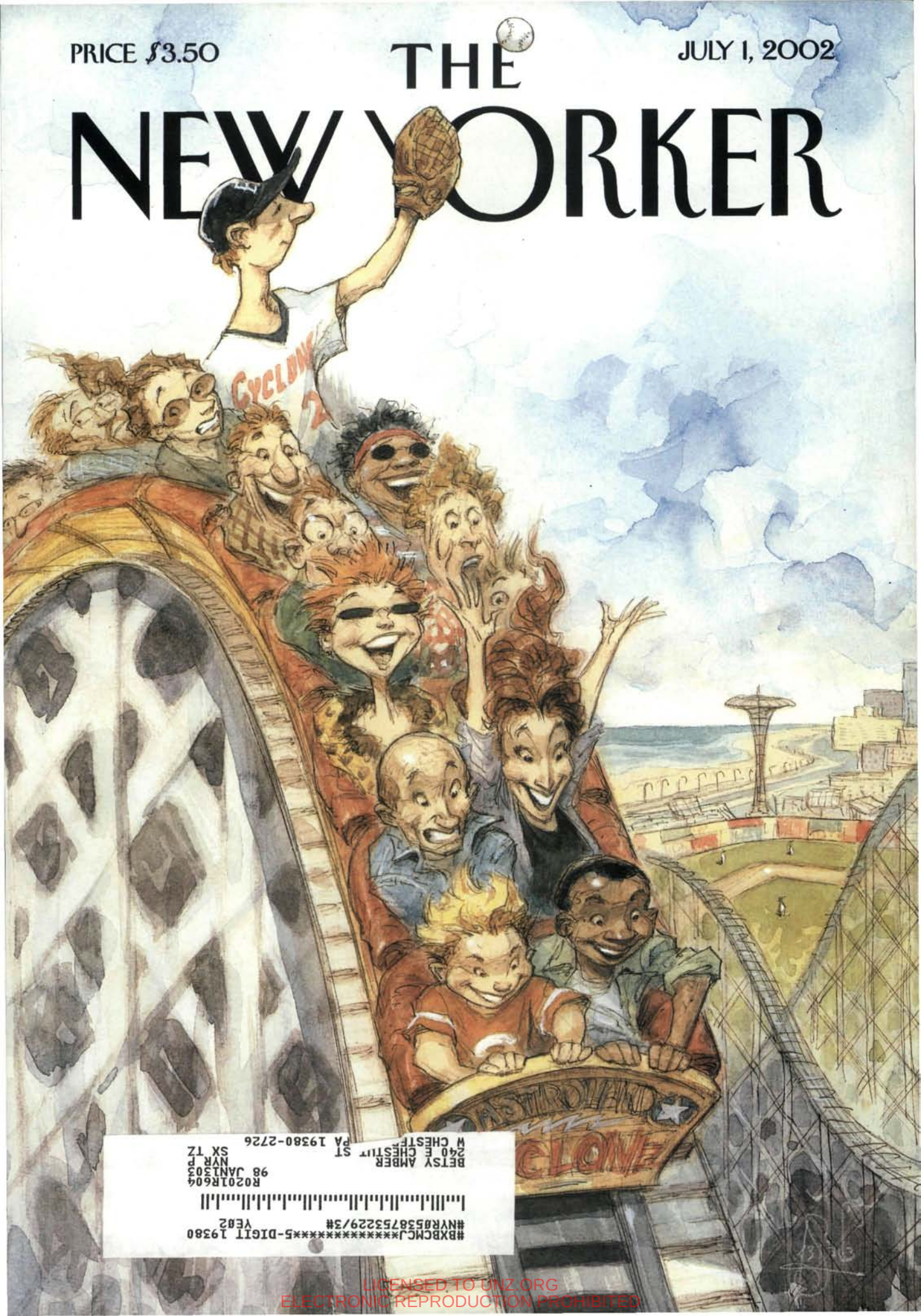


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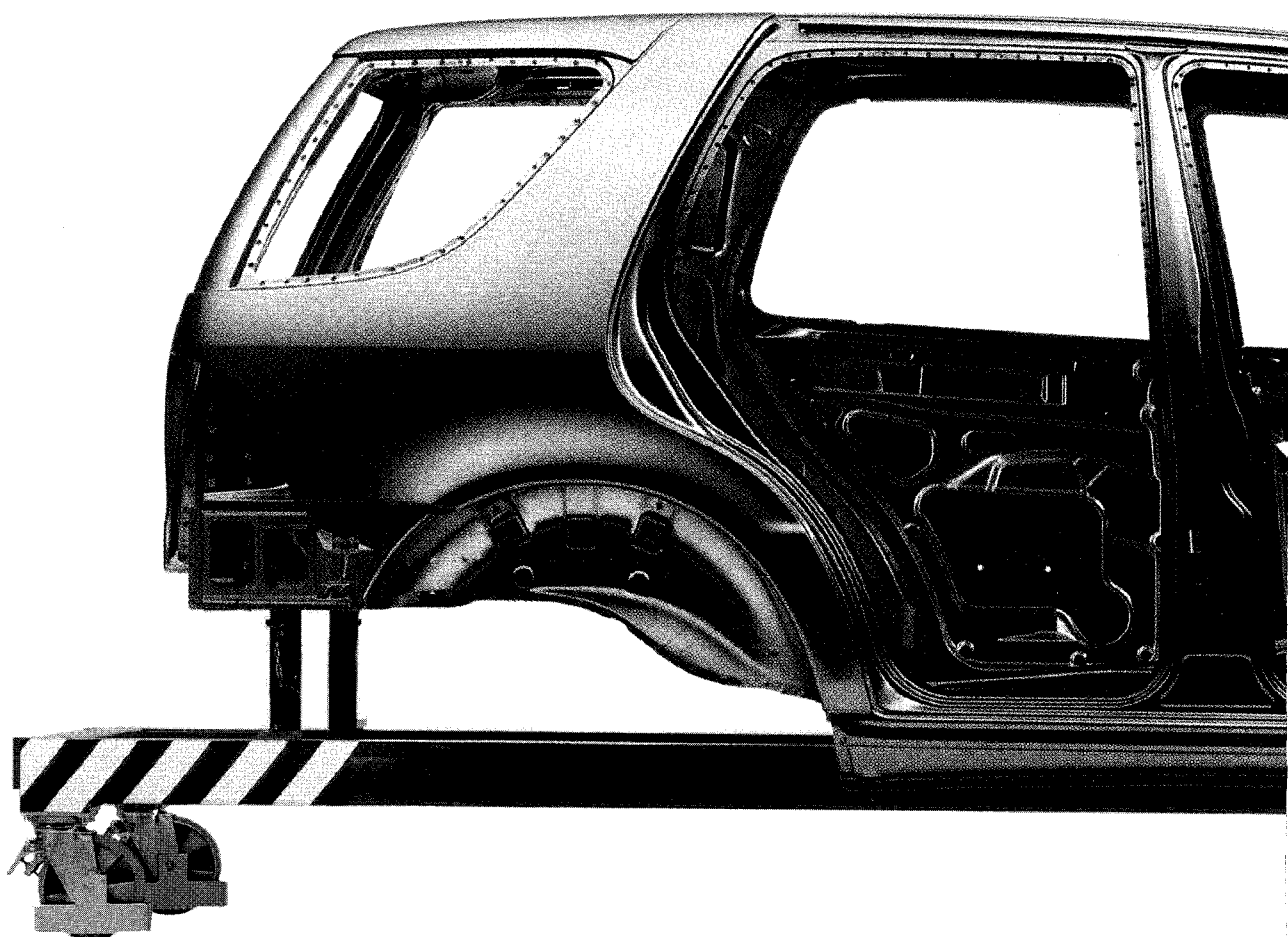


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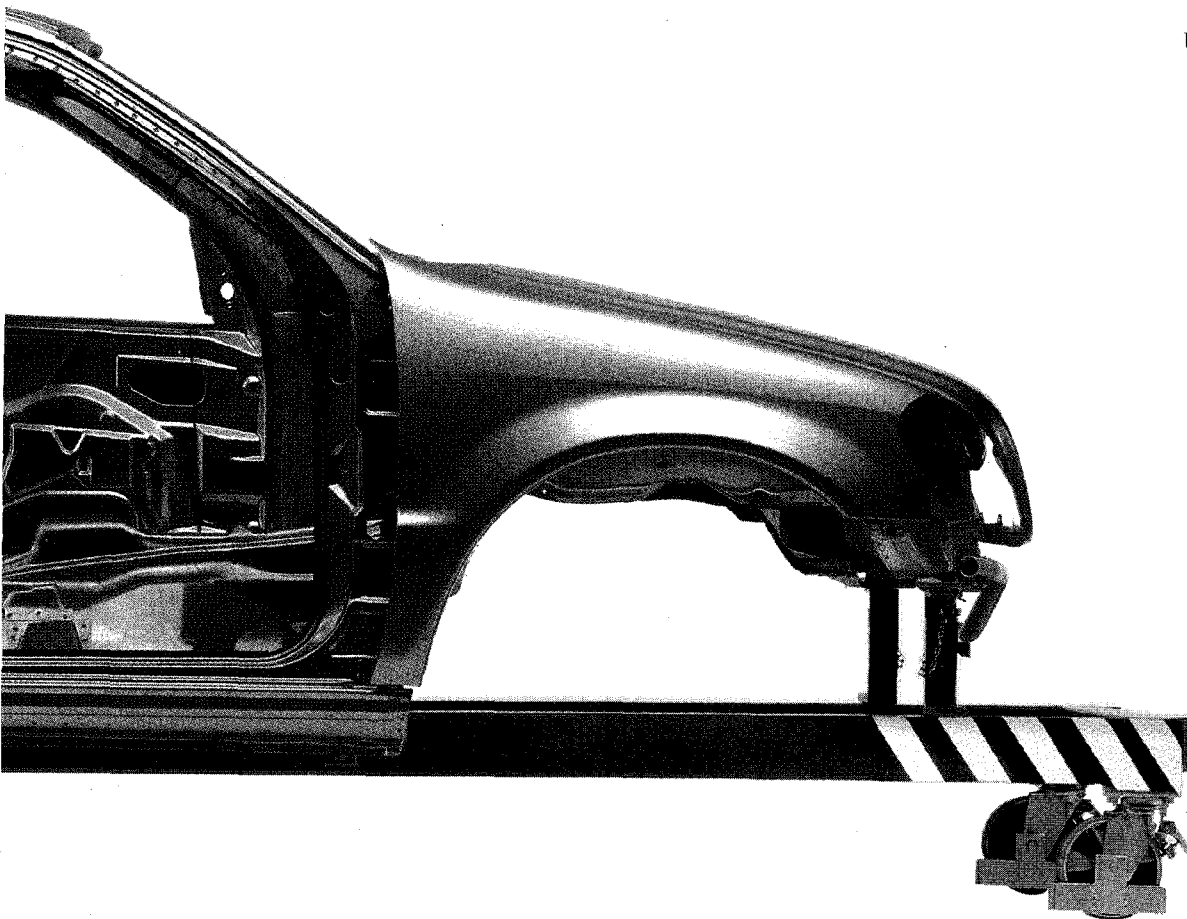
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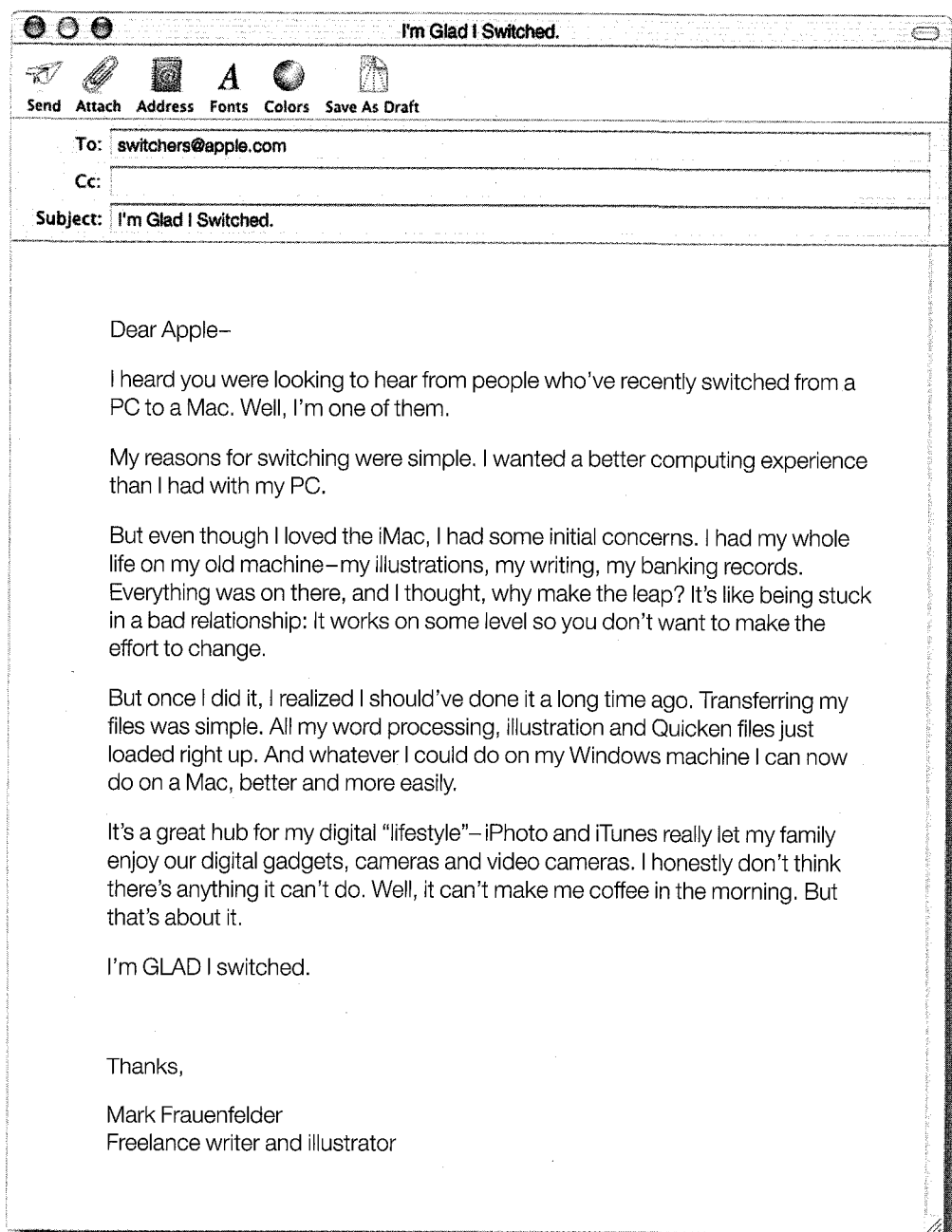
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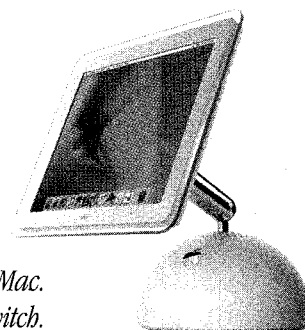
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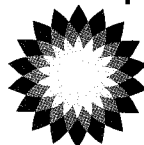
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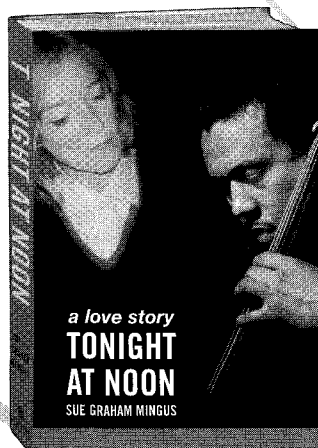


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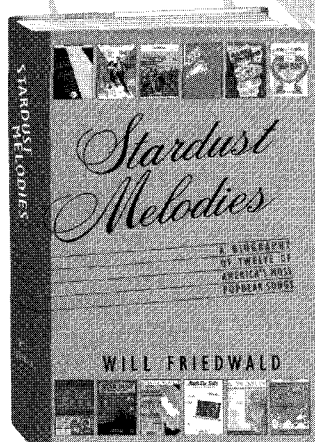
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Joan Acocella (Dancing, p. 92) writes about dance and books for the magazine. ♦

ARRIVALS



"You really think this will work?"

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THE MAIL

FEAR AND FREEDOM

Seymour M. Hersh quotes the director of the F.B.I., Robert Mueller, as telling the Senate that "as long as we continue to treasure our freedoms we always will run some risk of future attacks" ("Missed Messages," June 3rd). The suggestion is clear: to stop terrorism, we must give up some of our freedom. How is sacrificing our civil rights going to solve management issues at the F.B.I.? As Hersh's reporting makes clear, it's a fallacy to say that those who safeguard our national security and, more specifically, airport security have been doing as good a job as possible within the limits set by our freedoms. Instead, the mantra of liberty for peace prevents any real discussion of how best to solve the problems we face.

Michael S. Cloud
San Rafael, Calif.

INVENTING TELEVISION

As the son of Philo Farnsworth, I have to take issue with Malcolm Gladwell's argument that both my father and the story of television's invention would have been happier if he had accepted the offer to go and work for David Sarnoff's RCA rather than struggle as a "lone inventor" (A Critic at Large, May 27th). Gladwell captures my father's agony, but he diminishes his contributions. I'm not sure what the portrait (accurate or not) of him as a poor businessman has to do with his worth as an inventor. For that, one need only look at his list of patents, which is considerable, ranging far beyond raster scanning for television to include wartime work for the government. Finding that a man who lived by his own dreams and principles (while developing and making available his art) is somehow less successful because he wouldn't sell out to Sarnoff offers a truly cynical message. At this late date, certainly, judging my father's accomplishments should have to do less with his economic success and more with his forty-plus years of invention.

Kent M. Farnsworth
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Farnsworth invented an electronic television system. So did Vladimir Zworykin of RCA. Neither man's system worked in any practical sense without the other's contribution, much less without the patents and insights of hundreds of other inventors and engineers. Sarnoff, the head of RCA, on the other hand, could effectively claim to be the father of television because he used the company to integrate all those contributions into the system on which American television broadcasting is based. This is all the more remarkable considering that he committed ten million dollars to this project during the Depression, with no political or commercial encouragement and in fact with considerable resistance, not only from radio broadcasters and manufacturers but from within RCA itself.

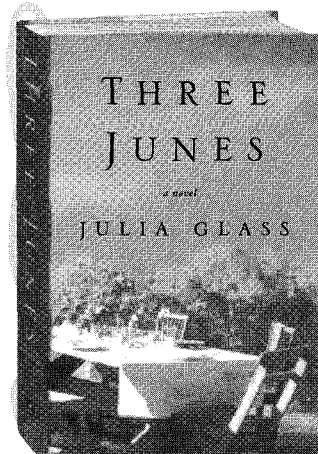
Alexander B. Magoun
Executive Director, David Sarnoff Library
Princeton, N.J.

RCA, far from demonstrating a steady commitment to progress, as Gladwell suggests, held back or misdirected the technological development of television and broadcasting when that suited its corporate goals. For example, when the F.C.C. allowed limited commercial broadcasting for the first time, in 1939, RCA attempted to flood the market with its sets (which received only RCA transmissions), in order to create de-facto broadcasting standards before the F.C.C. could set them. The fact that American television technical standards are lower today than they are in Europe can be directly attributed to RCA's maneuvers. Television, which has profoundly shaped American society, could have been developed in a number of ways; for instance, with a stronger sense of the public interest.

Sudeep Sharma
Los Angeles, Calif.

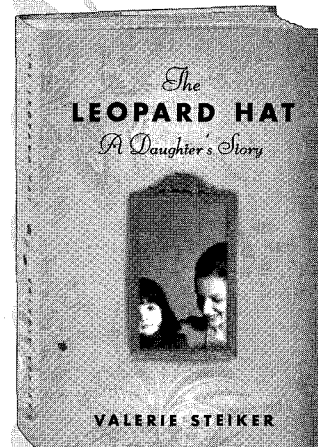
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From Pantheon



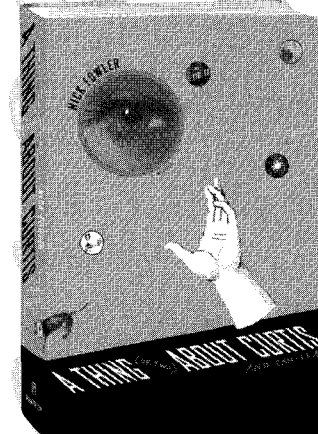
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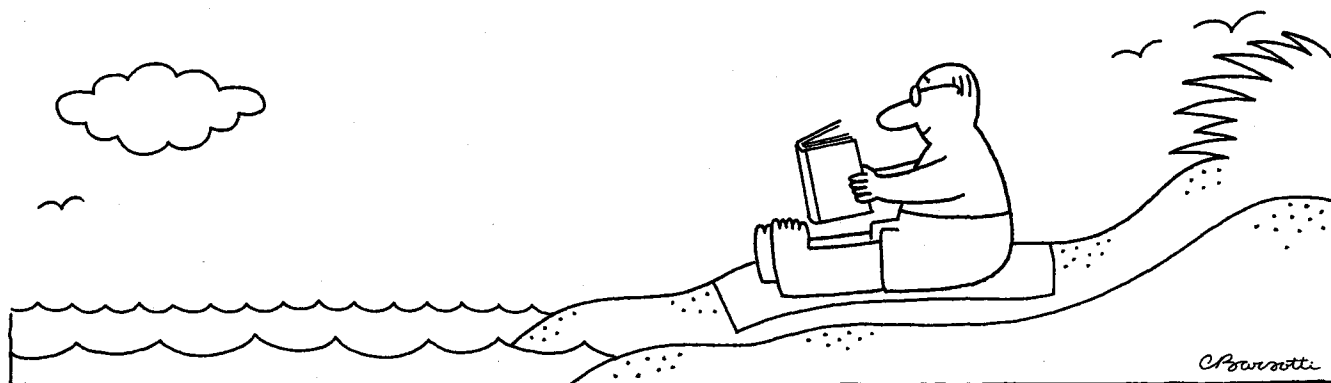
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE OPENINGS & PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

ALL OVER

The wife (Rosemary Harris) and the mistress (Michael Learned) of a wealthy man come together at his deathbed, in Edward Albee's 1971 drama. Emily Mann is the director. Two previews on June 26. Opens June 27 at 7:30. (Gramercy, 127 E. 23rd St. 307-4100.)

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

The Aquila Theatre Company's staging of Shakespeare's play is set in the twenties in Turkey. In previews. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 239-6200.)

PLAY YOURSELF

Craig Lucas directs a New York Theatre Workshop staging of Harry Kondoleon's play, about an aging Hollywood actress. In previews. (Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

TWELFTH NIGHT

Kristen Johnston, Christopher Lloyd, Oliver Platt, Jimmy Smits, and Julia Stiles are in the New York Shakespeare Festival's first and only outdoor staging of the summer. Brian Kulick is the director. In previews. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 539-8750.)

OPENED RECENTLY

BAD WOMEN

Cassandra, Medea, Phaedra, Agave, Clytemnestra, and Deianira get worked over by five contemporary New York City gossips, in a Talking Band production. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Closes June 30.)

CAPITOL STEPS:

WHEN BUSH COMES TO SHOVE

The Washington, D.C., comedy troupe returns to New York with their latest satirical revue. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

THE CARPETBAGGER'S CHILDREN

Jean Stapleton, Hallie Foote, and Roberta Maxwell portray three daughters of a Union soldier, in Horton Foote's latest play. Michael Wilson is the director. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/10/01.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes June 30.)

CHICAGO CITY LIMITS

The improv company presents a new revue, "Chicago City Limits' Director's Cut," which incorporates short films and videos. (Chicago City Limits

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Theatre, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. 888-5233.)

DEATH IN VENICE

A stage adaptation of Thomas Mann's 1912 novella, by Robert David McDonald. (Manhattan Ensemble Theatre, 55 Mercer St. 239-6200. Closes June 30.)

ENDPAPERS

A drama by Thomas McCormack, former C.E.O. of St. Martin's Press, about the fallout that follows the retirement of the C.E.O. of a small, financially unstable publishing company. Pamela Berlin is the director. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

THE FIREBUGS

Laurence Luckinbill leads the cast in a revival of Max Frisch's 1958 dark comedy about man's naïveté in the face of evil. (Neighborhood Playhouse, 340 E. 54th St. 369-0799. Closes June 29.)

FOOL FOR LOVE

Tim Corcoran's precise, insightful direction is the heart of this revival of Sam Shepard's 1983 play about a misbegotten love. The evening's power lies mainly in the monologues, which are superb. (29th Street Rep, 212 W. 29th St. 206-1515. Closes June 29.)

FORTUNE'S FOOL

Turgenev's little-known 1848 play, set at a Russian country estate, stars Alan Bates as a down-on-his-luck gentleman living there and Frank Langella as his wealthy, arrogant neighbor. It becomes almost unnecessary for anyone else to be present, so completely do the two actors dominate the stage. Directed by Arthur Penn. (4/15/02) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes July 21.)

FREE TO BE YOU AND ME

The Drama Dept.'s new production is based on the popular children's book, album, and television special conceived thirty years ago by Marlo Thomas and Friends. (Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. 239-6200.)

THE GOAT; OR, WHO IS SYLVIA?

Edward Albee's ninety-minute anecdote about a happily married, successful architect who falls in love with a goat called Sylvia. It takes all of Albee's expertise to tease this joke into an evening; but it allows Mercedes Ruehl some hilarious moments of high dudgeon as she trashes the house and her husband (Bill Pullman) for "cruising livestock." David Esbjornson is the director. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE GRADUATE

This pointless production, starring Kathleen Turner as Mrs. Robinson, is endless and full of dead air. There are exactly two pleasures here: Victor Slezak, as Mr. Robinson, and Murphy Guyer, as Benjamin's father; they depict beautifully the anger and anxiety that underlie their postwar poolside bonhomie. (4/15/02) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE GUYS

A dialogue between a fire captain who lost eight of his men on September 11th and an editor who helps him prepare their eulogies, written by Anne Nelson, a journalist, and directed by Jim Simpson, the Flea Theatre's artistic director. It's an artful and moving re-creation of the relationships New Yorkers formed as a result of that day—of the way that people "jumped tracks" and suddenly saw into each other's lives—and an admirable tribute to the men who died. (The Flea, 41 White St. 226-2407.)

HOUSE AND GARDEN

Alan Ayckbourn's linked plays "Garden" and "House" are set at the same time and place—a late-summer day, at an English country house where a garden fair is to be held—and they run simultaneously, with the same cast, on separate stages. (The actors have the unusual challenge of having to speed through the lobby in order to get to their places on each stage on time. But the audience sees no sign of this activity.) Most of the tiers of the English class system which you might expect to find at a country house are represented, so the plays are a sort of "Indoors, Outdoors" version of "Upstairs, Downstairs." It would have been interesting if our assumptions about the characters, based on what we saw in one play, were overturned or altered in some way when we saw the other, making us realize how little we know about people and their relationships and their history when we see them in only one context. But the surprises that do occur carry no psychological weight or emotional charge. All the care and professionalism lavished on making sure that this train runs on time can't alter the fact that it has no destination. John Tillinger is the director. (6/3/02) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes July 14.)

KAREN FINLEY

The performance artist presents a work in progress, "The Distribution of Empathy," which explores the emotions of New Yorkers after September 11th. Tuesdays at 9, through July 30. (Cutting Room, 19 W. 24th St. 691-1900.)

INTO THE WOODS

Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's 1987 fairy-tale-derived musical isn't so much a rethink-

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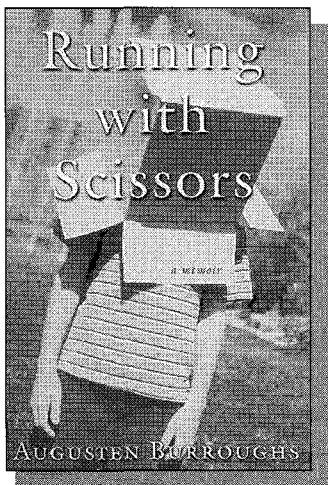
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ing of fairy tales as it is a parable about growing up and finding your place in the community, and about learning to live with uncertainty and ambivalence. The archetypal material is treated with suitable directness and simplicity, and yet the show lacks none of the intelligence or emotional honesty we expect from Sondheim. Mr. Lapine is the director. (5/13/02) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

THE MAN WHO HAD ALL THE LUCK

In this beautifully cast production of Arthur Miller's 1944 play, the terrific actors, under the direction of Scott Ellis, illuminate the drama as fully as it is possible to do. The play asks whether what happens to us is the result of character or luck, and whether character itself is a matter of luck, but it doesn't try to answer the question, which is why, after fifty-eight years, the work still has plenty of life in it. (5/13/02) (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 719-1300. Closes June 30.)

METAMORPHOSES

Ovid's tales, loosely adapted and directed by Mary Zimmerman, who has had the ingenious idea of staging the caprice of the gods in a swimming pool. The production is fun and full of wonder, but it illustrates rather than dramatizes psychic struggle. The show's gimmick, the pool, turns out to be its metaphor—refreshing and shallow. (3/18/02) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

MORNING'S AT SEVEN

The question all of the characters in this revival of Paul Osborne's 1939 back-porch drama ask one

stein's 1943 American classic. Many of them are due to the high-spirited, humorous choreography of Susan Stroman, and to Anthony Ward's picturesque set. But technique, which can make a show work, is not enough to make it wonderful. (4/1/02) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

Mark Twain's novel has been adapted for the stage and musicalized by Neil Berg (score and lyrics) and Bernie Garza and Ray Roderick (book). (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

PRIVATE LIVES

In Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners, two wonderful actors, Alan Rickman and Lindsay Duncan, play the embattled exes Elyot and Amanda—dandies of detachment who jilt their new spouses and run away together to a Parisian love nest. Howard Davies's radical notion is to play Elyot and Amanda's physical passion for real. This allows him to capitalize on the wonderful chemistry between Rickman and Duncan, but it also throws the comedy weirdly off kilter. (5/6/02) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

REBEL WITHOUT A PAUSE

The monologist known as Reno offers her thoughts on life in New York in the aftermath of the World Trade Center attacks. (Lion, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

RICKY JAY: ON THE STEM

The master magician's tribute to the flimflammy and weird entertainments that have cropped up over the years along the length of Broadway, "the



Chuck Cooper and Peter Jay Fernandez, in "Thunder Knocking on the Door."

way or another is: What am I going to do with my life? It's bland stuff, sort of Chekhov light, but the pleasing all-star cast puts this rickety workhorse through its paces. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes July 28.)

MUSEUM

The Keen Company's revival of Tina Howe's 1976 comedy of manners. (Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. 560-7284. Closes June 30.)

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The third annual celebration of playwrights and performers working in the genre. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. For more information, call 718-782-2621. Closes June 29.)

THE NOTEBOOK

Wendy Kesselman's new play, about the relationship between a passionate private-school teacher and two of her most gifted students. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 246-4422. Closes June 30.)

OKLAHOMA!

There are stupendous pleasures in the Royal National Theatre's version of Rodgers and Hammer-

stein that winds the watch" of New York City. Prepare to be happily hornsogged. Directed by David Mamet. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422. Closes July 14.)

SHOPPERS CARRIED BY ESCALATORS INTO THE FLAMES

Denis Johnson's dark comedy about a dysfunctional lower-middle-class family in Ukiah, California. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

Just like the 1967 movie it's based on, this musical is supposed to be all madcap Jazz Age fizziness, but the harder the cast sings and dances, the flatter the enterprise falls. The colors seem garish rather than gay, the manic energy feels forced at gunpoint, and the only thing you recall about Sutton Foster's Millie after you leave the theatre is her huge white teeth and bouncy black bob. Call it thoroughly boring, shrilly. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

THUNDER KNOCKING ON THE DOOR

Leslie Uggams and Chuck Cooper lead the cast of a musical set in rural Alabama in the sixties, written by Keith Glover (book) and Keb' Mo' and

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ATELIER

50 Central Park S. (521-6125)—Gabriel Kreuther, the former chef de cuisine at Jean Georges who has taken command of the restaurant in the splendid new Ritz-Carlton hotel overlooking the Park, announces his credentials with a broken egg. To start things off, the waiter arrives at your table with little cups holding decapitated brown eggshells that contain the warm, barely poached yolk of a quail's egg, lukewarm mushroom soup, and a cool purée of chives, each ingredient layered as if to defy gravity. You can investigate this with a demitasse spoon or toss the whole thing back like schnapps. Either way, the earthy combination of textures, temperatures, flavors, and colors adds up to what must be the most sensuous starter in town.

The long room's pale-green banquettes and sycamore panelling match the kitchen's winning strategy of applying the principles of modern French haute cuisine to regional produce from America and from the chef's native Alsace—although some of the ingredients would test a botanist's knowledge. Appetizers include a tangy tartare of diver scallops and bluefin tuna with caviar, and a terrine of rabbit, complemented by a green coulis made with Riesling and the highly aromatic herb hyssop. (The animal's tiny, tasty innards make for a picturesque garnish.) Among the main courses, fish takes precedence, notably a poached halibut in a sea-bean sauce and a saffron broth; a whole steamed sea bass in a mustard-sharpened pink-grapefruit juice, accompanied by celery cannelloni; and lobster, which arrives roasted in the company of artichokes, rhubarb, and caramelized baby fennel. The desserts would seem to be Eloise's idea of the perfect birthday-party fare: peanut-butter ice cream with Rice Krispies, chocolate leaves, and condensed-milk cappuccino; a chocolate fondant with cinnamon frozen milk, and chocolate puffed wheat; and apple crumble with a blueberry-and-goat's-milk sorbet. The wine list is copious but well chosen, and the service—from the doorman's effusive "Good evening!" to the waiter's discourse on the deft alchemy of each dish—is excellent. (Open daily for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Entrées \$28-\$40; prix fixe \$68.)

—Charles Michener

Anderson Edwards (music and lyrics). (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 307-4100.)

TOPDOG/UNDERDOG

The Public Theatre's production of Suzan-Lori Parks's play, starring Jeffrey Wright and Mos Def. George C. Wolfe is the director. (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Closes July 28.)

21 DOG YEARS: DOING TIME@AMAZON.COM

Michael Daisey spent three years at Amazon during its headiest, do-no-wrong period. And now he's telling all. Mr. Daisey is a charismatic performer, and most of his show has the insightful hostility of the best comedy. Though the audience doesn't learn anything new about the dot-com bubble and its discontents, it's fun to get the view from the inside. Toward the end, though, the show drags, when Mr. Daisey justifies his departure from Amazon with a self-righteous explanation of what he came to see as selling out. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

VIENNA: LUSTHAUS (REVISITED)

In this splendid revival of Martha Clarke's 1986 dance-theatre piece, inspired by the psychosexual steaminess of fin-de-siècle Vienna, a handsome troupe of dancers, sometimes clothed in the style of characters in a Schnitzler play, sometimes unclothed in the style of figures in a Schiele painting,

enact various states of alienation and desire in a gauzy atmosphere charged with premonitions of the Second World War. The actors intone Charles L. Mee's cryptic scraps of monologue, taken in part from the notebooks of Freud; the musicians play plangent scraps of music composed by Richard Peaslee. Inexorably, the whole thing gets to you like a beautiful, bad dream. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 239-6200.)

WHAT THE HELL'S YOUR PROBLEM:

AN EVENING WITH DR. BOB NATHELSON

Tom Noonan's latest play, in which he portrays a television self-help guru whose books include one titled "You Made Your Parents Hate You." (Paradise, 64 E. 4th St. 206-1515.)

LONG RUNS

AIDA

Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4747.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4747.

BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES

Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.

CABARET

Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200.

CHICAGO

Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (ABRIDGED)

Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.

CONTACT

Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.

DE LA GUARDA

Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY:

20TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.

42ND STREET

Ford Center, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.

THE FULL MONTY

Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.

I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT,

NOW CHANGE

Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

THE LION KING

New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.

LOVE, JANIS

Village Theatre, 158 Bleecker St. 307-4100.

LES MISÉRABLES

Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.

NOISES OFF

Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.

PERFECT CRIME

Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

THE PRODUCERS

St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

PROOF

Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.

PUPPETRY OF THE PENIS

John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.

RENT

Nederland, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.

STOMP

Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.

THE TALE OF THE ALLERGIST'S WIFE

Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.

TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING

St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200.

URINETOWN

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES

Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

Final performances of the season. June 26-28 at 8, June 29 at 2 and 8, and June 30 at 3: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

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AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE

June 26 and June 29 at 2 and 8 and June 27-28 at 8: "Giselle." ♦ July 1-2 at 8: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through July 6.)

PILOLULUS

For this summer engagement, the sextet (with its four storied artistic directors) brings three new works ("The Four Humours," "The Brass Ring," and "Ben's Admonition") and a selection of repertoire. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. June 24-28 and July 1-2 at 8 and June 29 at 2 and 8.)

DANCEGALAXY

The four-year-old company, a troupe of traveling ballet all-stars founded by Judith Fugate and Medhi Bahiri, presents works by Thaddeus Davis, Stanton Welch, William Forsythe, and Sarah Slipper. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 25 at 7:30, June 26-29 at 8, and June 30 at 2.)

"WHEN WE WERE PRETTY"

The choreographer Monica Bill Barnes has made zippy and understated magic from a somewhat suspect premise—that women (the "we" of the title) are pretty whenever they make a mess of their roles as brides, mothers, vixens. The show's dancing, to a medley of Elvis love songs, specializes in comic gangliness. And the large cast includes a bumpy chorus line of girls ages nine to fourteen, whose straightforward—even unadornable—manner looks much more fun than the coy sexiness of the women they think they're impersonating. At a recent rehearsal, one girl, the eleven-year-old Lydia Martin, said mournfully, "We were pretty when we didn't know if we were. Now we're just self-conscious." But when she

Charlie Parker with the saxophonist Kenny Garrett, the trumpeter Nicholas Payton, the pianist Dave Kikoski, the drummer Roy Haynes, and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 307-7171.) Also on June 26: A jazz-vocal get-together with Jane Monheit, the Barbara Carroll trio, and the Peter Cincotti quartet. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448.) The following night, June 27, finds the smooth-jazz saxophonist Dave Koz at the Beacon Theatre. The Mothership returns June 27-28 when George Clinton and Parliament/Funkadelic land at the Apollo Theatre. (253 W. 125th St. 531-5305.) June 28: A supergroup bringing together the pianist Herbie Hancock, the saxophonist Michael Brecker, and the trumpeter Roy Hargrove, along with the bassist George Mraz and the drummer Willie Jones III, celebrates the collective genius of Miles Davis and John Coltrane. (Carnegie Hall.) That same night, two world-music divas, Brazil's Bebel Gilberto and the Benin native Angélique Kidjo, shake up the Beacon Theatre. New York-style Latin music gets a workout on June 29 from the ensemble of the venerable pianist and bandleader Eddie Palmieri. Sharing the bill is Cuba's rhythmically sleek Orquesta Aragón. (Carnegie Hall.) Also on June 29: Two more world-music vocal queens—Cuba's Omara Portuondo and South Africa's Miriam Makeba—close the festival. (Beacon Theatre.) (For more information about all shows, call 501-1390. See also Birdland and the Village Vanguard. All shows at 8.)

MIDSUMMER NIGHT SWING

Alfresco dancing under the stars at Lincoln Center gets under way on June 26 with the big-band stylings of the Sultans of Swing. June 27: Issac Del-

years ago in the far East Village. Those who caught the sixties musical happenings that were the Sun Ra Arkestra's appearances at Slugs' are still talking about them today. The present-day Arkestra, minus such linchpins as the saxophonist John Gilmore, not to mention Ra himself, attempt to summon up those good old days. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 220-1460. June 27 at 7:30. Note: At 6 there is a panel discussion featuring veterans of the Slugs' scene.)

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE

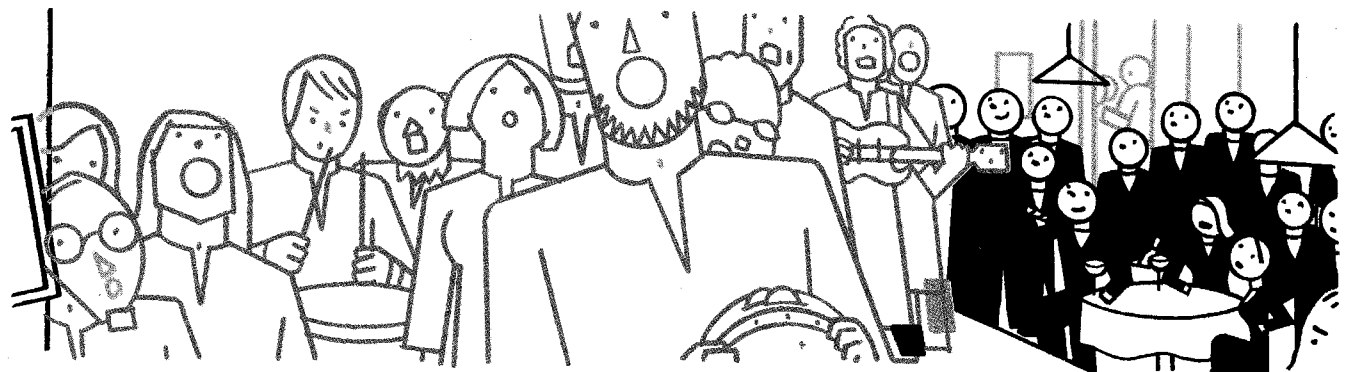
June 29 at 3: The twenty-fifth anniversary of the legendary disco Paradise Garage features performances by the d.j.s David Depino and Joey Llanos. June 30 at 3: An afternoon of Canadian musicians with neo-soul singer Remy Shand, the funky Bullfrog, featuring the turntablist Kid Koala, and others. (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. 360-2777.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL

237 W. 42nd St. (997-4144)—June 27: The earnest folk-pop of Scotland's Proclaimers. With Hem, a sextet with a penchant for atypical instrumentation (guitar, mandolin, glockenspiel) and cloudy fairy-tale melodies. July 2: Steel Pulse. This Birmingham, England, outfit has turned out more than a dozen albums during the past two decades,



The Dallas, Texas, ensemble the Polyphonic Spree performs five nights at five different local venues (see the Knitting Factory).

stands on a chair and sings "Can't Help Falling in Love," with absolute, childlike faith, as if she meant the words for her mother, it's hard to imagine anything prettier. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. June 27-30 at 8:30.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL

June 26-29 at 8 and June 30 at 2: Ronald K. Brown/Evidence. ♦ June 27-28 at 8:15, June 29 at 2 and 8:15, and June 30 at 5: "Petrushka," created by the puppeteer Basil Twist. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 413-243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE CONCERTS

JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL

The gathering winds down this week. June 26: The magisterial trio of the pianist Keith Jarrett, the bassist Gary Peacock, and the drummer Jack DeJohnette. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.) A promising double bill the same night features the Wynton Marsalis septet and an all-star tribute to

gado and his band offer a night of Cuban timba. June 28: African Blue Note, featuring former members of the backing bands for such African stars as Fela Kuti, Papa Wemba, and Youssou N'Dour, stoke the *soukous*, *mbalax*, and *makossa* rhythms. June 29: Los Soneros de Oriente perform the earthy Cuban folk music known as *son*. July 2: The Afro-Cuban sounds of the Machito Orchestra. (For more information, call 721-6500. All shows are at 8, with dance lessons starting at 6:30.)

CHER

Still enjoying the fruits of the Faustian contract struck in her youth, the proto-pop diva strides the stage yet again, this time under the guise of a farewell tour. (Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. June 26-27 at 8.)

SIMPLE MINDS / INXS

The anthemic Scottish rockers Simple Minds, best known for their big 1985 hit, "Don't You (Forget About Me)," hits the lucrative nostalgia circuit. INXS, still reeling from the tragic and untimely death of its charismatic front man, Michael Hutchence, five years ago, joins in with a new lead singer, Jon Stevens (formerly of the Australian band Noiseworks), attempting to fill Hutchence's very large shoes. (Jones Beach Theatre. 307-7171. June 27 at 7.)

"LOST JAZZ SHRINES"

A concert series paying tribute to Slugs', a temple of hard bop and free jazz that operated thirty

but it is best experienced live, when the gravelly vocalist David Hinds converts even the most strident polemic into a party.

BOTTOM LINE

15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—June 28: The organist Garth Hudson, an instrumental member of the Band, and others revisit the days of "The Last Waltz."

BOWERY BALLROOM

6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—June 28-29: Born in the ashes of the equally hushed Galaxie 500, Dean Wareham's Luna proves that you don't have to make a big noise to make a splash. A longtime favorite of the Lower East Side music scene, Luna has built a substantial following based on their endearing, lo-fi music, which is full of nods to their downtown Manhattan forefathers, the Velvet Underground and Television.

JOE'S PUB

425 Lafayette St. (539-8777)—June 29: Jazz, funk, and rock raucously collide when the drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson of Last Exit, the manic guitarist Vernon Reid of Living Colour, and the bass behemoth Melvin Gibbs of Defunkt and Rollins Band fame combine strengths to blow a hole in this hip nightspot's unsuspecting roof. July 2: The elegant pop of Elysian Fields.

KNITTING FACTORY

74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—June 29: The Polyphonic Spree,

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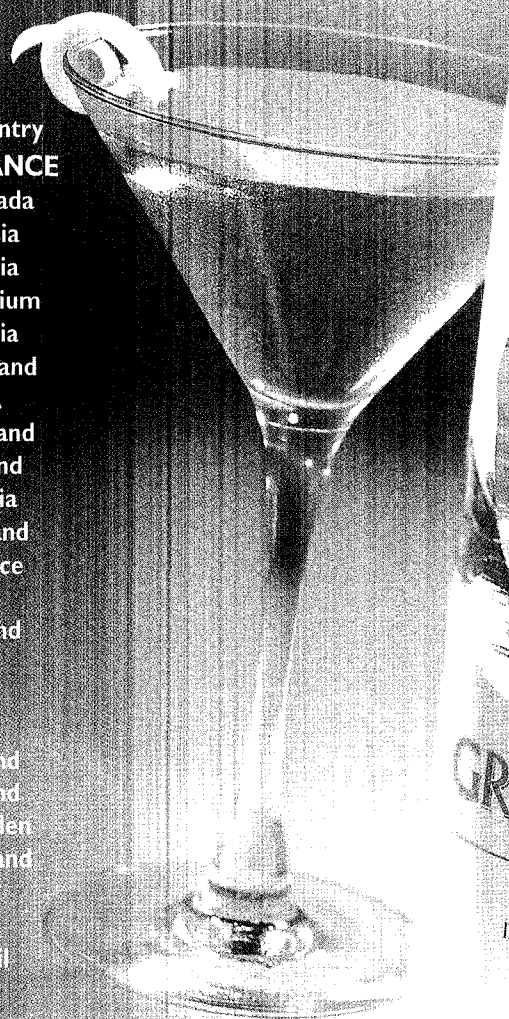
In 1998, the Beverage Testing Institute of Chicago conducted a blind taste test of more than 80 vodkas. They awarded points based on smoothness, nose, and most importantly, taste. Of all the vodkas, Grey Goose® Vodka emerged victorious, receiving 96 points out of a possible 100.

Founded in 1981, the Beverage Testing Institute conducts tests in a specially designed lab that minimizes external factors and maximizes panelists' concentration. The Institute selects judges based on their expertise, and its tasting and scoring procedures are widely praised as the best in the industry.

Rank	Vodka	Country
96	GREY GOOSE® VODKA	FRANCE
94	Canadian Iceberg Vodka	Canada
93	Stolichnaya Gold Vodka	Russia
92	Staraya Moskva Premium	Russia
91	Van Hoo Vodka	Belgium
91	Stolichnaya Vodka	Russia
90	Tanqueray Sterling Vodka	England
90	Rain 1995 Harvest Vodka	USA
89	Ketel One Vodka	Holland
88	Wyborowa Vodka	Poland
87	Kremlyovskaya Vodka	Russia
86	Finlandia Vodka of Finland	Finland
86	Alps French Vodka	France
85	Skyy Vodka	USA
82	Original Polish Vodka	Poland
82	Glenmore Special	USA
82	Fleischmann's Royal Vodka	USA
81	Mr. Boston Vodka	USA
80	Pole Star Vodka	Poland
80	Lukusowa Potato Vodka	Poland
80	Absolut Vodka	Sweden
78	Cardinal Vodka	Holland
78	Barton Vodka	USA
78	Barclay's Vodka	USA
78	Amazon Vodka	Brazil
76	Skol Vodka	USA
74	Smirnoff Vodka	USA
74	Crystal Palace Vodka	USA
74	Belvedere	Poland
72	Schenley	USA
69	Mr. Boston's Riva Vodka	USA

NOTE: THIS REPRESENTS A SAMPLING OF THE 86 VODKAS TESTED.
SOURCE: BBTI BEVERAGE TESTING INSTITUTE INC.

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INTRODUCTION

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*Grey Goose
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Cosmopolitan*

3 oz. Grey Goose® L'Orange
1/2 oz. Grand Marnier®/Cointreau®
Splash of cranberry juice
A squeeze of fresh lime
Garnish with lime peel

*To make the best
Cosmopolitan in the world,
start with Grey Goose L'Orange.*

In a blind taste test, the Beverage Testing Institute of Chicago sampled seven Cosmopolitans, each made with a recipe of Cointreau, cranberry juice, and the leading premium and ultra-premium vodkas. After careful consideration, all judges chose the Cosmopolitan made with Grey Goose L'Orange, the best tasting vodka in the world with a whisper of orange. Imported from France, L'Orange is a blend of choice grains and naturally filtered mineral water infused with the sweetness of succulent oranges.

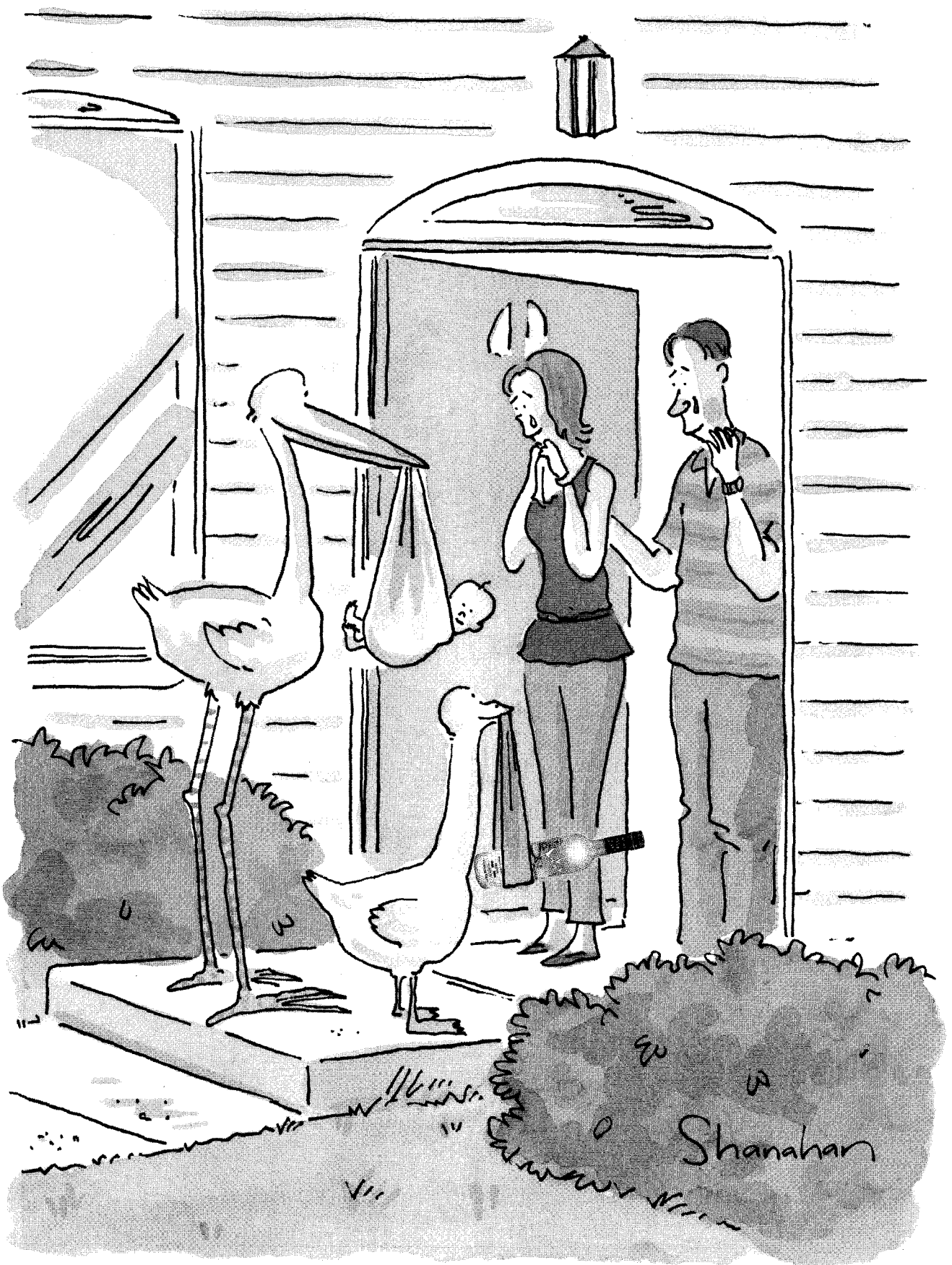
Rank	Vodka Cosmopolitans	Country
1st	Grey Goose® L'Orange "Aromatic citrus nose. Lush, smooth mouth-feel. Robust, natural orange flavors . . . Long evolving finish. Very refreshing and highly drinkable"	France
2nd	Grey Goose® Vodka	France
3rd	Belvedere	Poland
4th	Ketel One	Holland
5th	Stolichnaya Gold	Russia
6th	Absolut	Sweden
7th	Absolut Mandrin	Sweden

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In 2001, the Beverage Testing Institute of Chicago conducted a blind taste test of ultra-premium lemon vodkas. Awarding points based on smoothness, nose and taste, the BTI concluded that "other comparative vodkas . . . aren't in the same league" as Grey Goose Le Citron. Featuring an "exceptionally smooth, medium body with subtle lemon peel notes," Grey Goose Le Citron is far and away the world's best tasting lemon vodka.

Grey Goose Le Citron Martini
3 oz. Grey Goose Le Citron
Garnish with a lemon twist

Rating	Vodka
92	Grey Goose Le Citron France <i>"Finishes very cleanly with an incandescent wash of ripe lemon flavor."</i>
89	Stolichnaya Limonaya Russia
87	Absolut Citron Sweden
83	Tanqueray Sterling Citrus England
81	Ketel One Citroen Holland

Source: (BTI) Beverage Testing Institute Inc.

Grey Goose® Le Citron 40% Alc./Vol. Lemon flavored vodka. Imported exclusively by Sidney Frank Importing Co., Inc. New Rochelle, NY 10801



"It's Martini, and he sounds shaken."

in the midst of a weeklong run in New York (see Maxwell's, the Mercury Lounge, Northsix, and the Village Underground, below). The band's recent performances at the South by Southwest music festival in Austin, Texas, caused a stir when jaded listeners realized that the group's relentlessly positive harmonizing offered an alternative to the conventional view that the music industry is in the doldrums. Led by the former Tripping Daisy singer Tim DeLaughter, the twenty-plus members of the Spree, who perform in long white robes, chant and sing their way to rebirth. July 1: The **Candy Butchers**, the local Beatle-esque act led by the singer-songwriter Mike Viola.

MAXWELL'S

1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-653-1703)—June 26: The **Polyphonic Spree** (see the Knitting Factory). June 29: Representing the lighter side of punk rock, the willfully silly members of Scotland's **Rezillos** were more likely to be found thirty years ago leaping about aimlessly in ridiculous sunglasses while singing about sculpture, rather than plotting a teen-age coup d'état and starting a riot.

MERCURY LOUNGE

217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—June 27: The **Polyphonic Spree** (see the Knitting Factory). June 28: The former Wilco guitarist and multi-instrumentalist **Jay Bennett** and his old friend the songwriter **Edward Burch** stop by with songs from their new album, "The Palace at 4 A.M." July 1: The singer-songwriter **John Dee Graham**. July 2: The swamp funk of Florida's **Mofro**.

NORTHSIX

66 N. 6th St., Williamsburg (718-599-5103)—June 28: The **Polyphonic Spree** (see the Knitting Factory).

TONIC

107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—June 28: Brooklyn's **Barbez** binds together *musette*, tango, punk, and klezmer to create Brecht-flecked café rock for sophisticated audiences. The band is celebrating the release of its new self-titled album. June 29: The inscrutable and vaguely alt-country musicians in the Oldham family—Ned, Will (a.k.a. Bonny Prince Billy), and Paul, in the order of their birth—unite for the first time ever, according to the group's record label, in the **Anomoanon**, a band led by the oldest brother. Four years ago it released its first record, "Mother Goose," which filtered the children's fairy tales through a country-rock lens. The band's latest, "Envoi Villon," is a slow and concentrated interpretation of the writings of the fifteenth-century poet and outlaw François Villon.

VILLAGE UNDERGROUND

130 W. 3rd St. (777-7745)—June 30: The **Polyphonic Spree** (see the Knitting Factory).

WARSAW

261 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn (718-387-5252)—June 28: The **Cynics**, led by the frantic singer and independent-record-label mogul Gregg Kostelich, have been cranking out high-voltage garage punk since shortly after Ronald Reagan's landslide reelection. With the **Rezillos** (see Maxwell's).

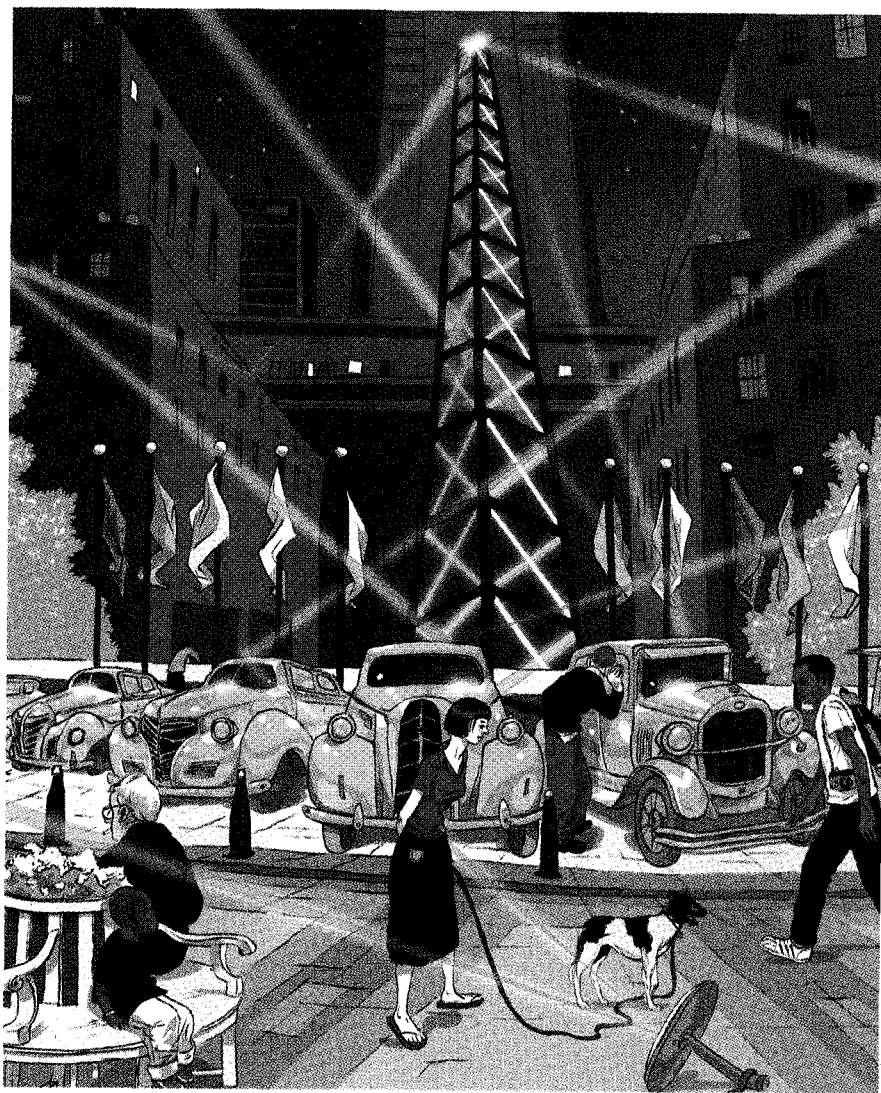
JAZZ AND STANDARDS

BIRDLAND

315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—The JVC Jazz Festival continues on June 26 as the Hammond-organ master **Dr. Lonnie Smith**, along with, among others, the guitarist **Joe Beck** and the drummer **Carl Allen**, interprets the music of Jimi Hendrix and John Coltrane. June 27: The pianist **Kenny Barron**, who has fashioned himself a new quartet. June 28-29: The **Charles McPherson** quartet. The now-legendary alto saxophonist gets assistance from a contemporary-keyboard sparkplug, the pianist **Cyrus Chestnut**. Dining.

BLUE NOTE

131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through June 30: The **Dizzy Gillespie Alumni All-Star Big Band**. The great trumpeter has been gone for nearly a decade, but the presence of so many of his trusted associates, including Slide Hampton,



Nam June Paik's laser-and-cars-playing-Mozart installation, at Rockefeller Center.

Jimmy Heath, and Jon Faddis, insures a virtuosic and feisty take on Gillespie's inspired blend of bop, big band, and Latin music.

IRIDIUM

1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2121)—Through June 30: **Lea DeLaria**, Broadway's favorite comic foil, also gives quite a turn as a feisty jazz-inflected singer. On her current album, "Play It Cool," she and a sharp jazz ensemble reveal the inner swing in theatrical material by the likes of Sondheim, Kander and Ebb, and LaChuisa. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul**.

JAZZ STANDARD

116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—Richard Rogers, the genius who brought us the music to everything from "The Lady Is a Tramp" to "The Sound of Music" to "Victory at Sea" gets a well-deserved jazz-styled salute in honor of his centenary June 27-30. The imaginative trumpeter **Don Sickler**, acting as musical director, unites the pianist **Bill Charlap** and pianist-singer **Barbara Carroll** with the marvellous drummer (and occasional vocalist) **Grady Tate**. (The vocalist **Nnenna Freelon** and the pianist **Norman Simmons**, a world-class accompanist, take over on the final night.) June 28 and 29: **Andy Bey**, he of the octave-shifting voice, suave piano playing, and glacier-slow tempos, settles in for the late shows. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD

178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The JVC Jazz Festival finishes its run. June 26: The virtuosic clarinetist **Don Byron** delves into the Latin jazz that he's played since he was a teen-ager, with his band **Music for Six Musicians**. June 27: **Mark Turner**, a tenor saxophonist with an unlikely blend

of influences, from cool school to sixties expressionist, and his trio. June 28: The provocative trumpeter **Dave Douglas** and his New Quintet. June 29-30: The pianist **Jason Moran** holds forth with his trio. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** plays on Mondays.

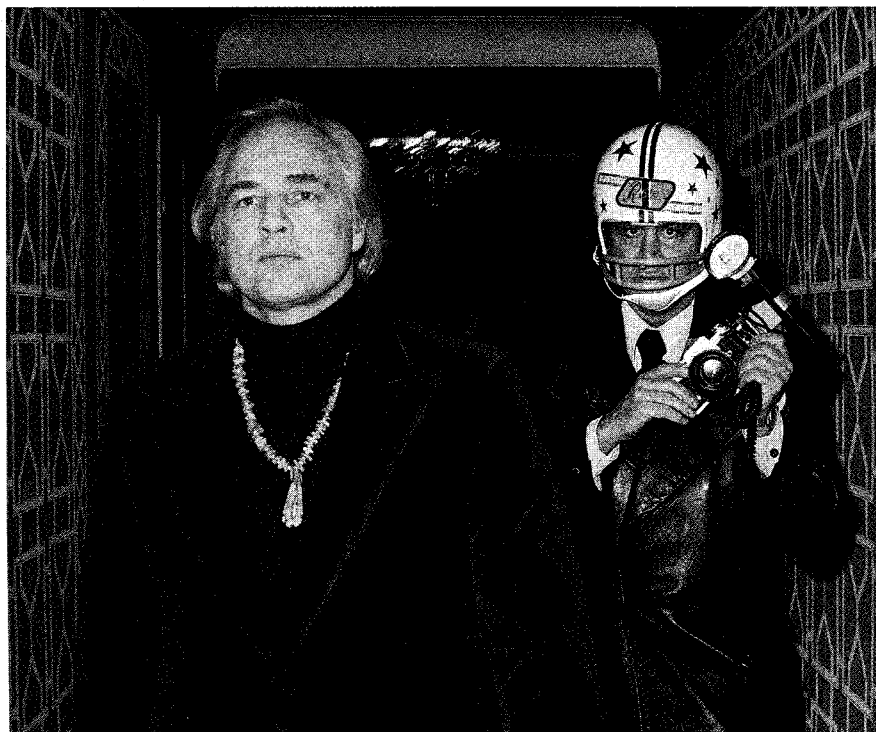
ART MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—Thomas Eakins (1844-1916), perhaps the greatest American artist before Abstract Expressionism, was American by the usual test: he couldn't have been anything else. The same might be said of his art, which is styleless. There is no Eakins look, only a distinctive pitch of ambition and excellence. A magnificent retrospective, originally organized by the curator Darrel Sewell for the Philadelphia Museum of Art, endorses the opinion of the artist's older friend and hero Walt Whitman: "Eakins is not a painter, he is a force." Cannily intermingled paintings, photographs, drawings, sculptures, and miscellaneous artifacts—such as grisly casts taken from parts of dissected cadavers—reveal the artist as a yeoman genius, strenuous in all things. Eakins made aesthetics sweat. It is astonishing how contemporary he feels today. Through Sept. 15. ♦ "New York, New York: Photographs from the Collection" offers a sedate, charming tour through our grandparents' Manhattan,

from an eerily unrecognizable Washington Square to a spindly, spanking-new Ninth Avenue El. In true Met style, the show feels a little conscientious and dry, weighted toward classic images like Steichen's misty Flatiron Building or Hine's lone steelworker shimmying up a cable. Viewers with archival and architectural appetites will feast quietly. People persons, however, would do better to walk a few blocks to the Jewish Museum's survey of street photography. Through Aug. 25. ♦ **"Adrian: American Glamour,"** an exhibition of the designs of Gilbert Adrian (1903-59), at the Costume Institute. Through Aug. 18. ♦ The venerable husband-and-wife team of Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen has installed four recent sculptures in the roof garden. The best is a twenty-three-foot-tall garden spade, its jaunty red blade lodged in the patch of grass that sprouts from its pedestal. It looks as if an Olympian landscaper has just taken a lunch break, and it's perfectly suited to the panoramic view of Central Park. Less satisfying is a baroque white form atop a black rectilinear base. Though based on a Man Ray photograph of Mies van der Rohe's pocket square, it looks more like a crumpled sheet of paper or a gawky rendition of a cloud. Through late fall. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MOMA QNS)
33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City. (708-9480)—The museum's new home, until 2005, opens with a slew of shows perfect for its big warehouse of a space, including the ongoing **"To Be Looked At: Painting and Sculpture from the Collection,"** and **"AUTOBODIES: Speed, Sport, Transport,"** the museum's car collection. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 10 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:45.)



Photographer Ron Galella with his frequent prey Marlon Brando (see Photography).

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Selections from the permanent collection are on display. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—The museum has quietly amassed the world's largest collection of drawings by Claes Oldenburg, highlighted in two exhibitions. One shows pieces he

made from 1959 to 1977, the other offers collaborative works made from 1992 through 1998 with his wife, Coosje van Bruggen. Through Sept. 15. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6; Fridays, 1 to 9.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART

Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—**"Star Wars: The Magic of Myth"** adds many artifacts from the original trilogy (and first prequel) to a well-attended travelling exhibition that opened at D.C.'s National Air and Space Museum in 1997. Through July 7. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

FRICK COLLECTION

1 E. 70th St. (288-0700)—An exhibition of some seventy drawings aims to ratchet up our estimation of Jean-Baptiste Greuze, the eighteenth-century French master (1725-1805) who was a favorite of Diderot's and Catherine the Great's. Greuze's virtuosity is faintly generic, but nobody could fault him for lack of skill or energy. The show teems with whiplash figure studies, incisive portraits, and adorably over-the-top melodramas like **"The Beloved Mother,"** which shows a Donna Reed of the ancien régime nearly disappearing under her clambering progeny. A study for the latter looks so voluptuous that Diderot wondered if she wasn't perhaps experiencing an altogether different kind of marital bliss. "If women pass quickly by this work," he observed, "men stop in front of it for a long time." Through Aug. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Friday evenings until 8:45; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM

Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200)—**"New York: Capital of Photography"** offers an exhilarating archive of New York street life, seen through the lenses of such observers as Hine, Strand,

GALLERIES-UPTOWN

Summer-hours warning: many galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Others follow the normal Tuesday-to-Saturday schedule. It's best to call ahead.

PATRICK HENRY BRUCE

The expatriate American modernist (1881-1936) enrolled as a student at Henri Matisse's art school the year it opened, in 1908. At the time, Matisse was working through the influence of Cézanne. As you might expect, the paintings Bruce made over the next few years are mostly still-lives, rendered in patchy parallel brushstrokes. All are appealing; a few are much more. A 1912 plate of mixed fruit (Cézanne's apples, Matisse's plums) might be the tastiest thing showing in New York. Through June 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606.)

NAM JUNE PAIK

The pioneer of multimedia installation has parked a fleet of classic cars, all painted silver, around a thirties-era radio tower, which is subject to hourly transmissions of laser beams ricocheting off nearby mirrors. The interiors of the cars are rigged with old hi-fis and stereos, all of which play Mozart, creating a sweeping nostalgia for bygone visions of the whiz-bang future. (30 Rockefeller Plaza.)

"COMING TO LIGHT"

Starting in the summer of 1957, three old friends—Mark Rothko, Adolph Gottlieb, and Milton Avery—began spending the summer in Provincetown. Do the paintings they made in the following years show a renewed sense of mutual influence? It's an appealing thought, but most of the works here, a mix of august canvases and nimble watercolors, show the three artists moving in disparate directions. Avery grows ever more childlike and lyrical, Gottlieb plugs away at his trademark nuclear ideographs, and Rothko, whose works are the show's centerpiece, switch-hits between horizontal and vertical condensations of gorgeous dourness. Through Aug. 15. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. 794-0550.)

"A FAMILY AFFAIR"

Even quiz-show contestants who already know that Jackson Pollock's brother Charles studied social realism with Thomas Hart Benton, or that Norman Rockwell's son Jarvis has an installation at Mass MOCA this summer, may be surprised to see the quantity of artistic kin and descendants crowded into Perlow's main room. This multiple-family reunion took some politicking to assemble, but the few family photographs included show only smiling faces. Through July 25. (Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. 644-7171.)

Short List

DENNIS CLIVE

Stone, 113 E. 90th St. 987-4997.
Through June 28.

GALLERIES-CHELSEA

AIMÉE BEAUBIEN

It's not clear that the Chicago artist's photocollages "emancipate the female nude from the oppression of the male gaze," but they certainly offer an appealing brand of figurative abstraction. Beaubien cuts up Westonish black-and-white nudes, reassembling them into kaleidoscopic patterns surrounded by fields of painted color. Four bent legs become a sort of comical clover; three squashed torsos stack up like an improbable cairn. If images like these aren't laddie-magazine material, it's only because they're too calmly decorous. Through June 30. (Marvelli, 526 W. 26th St. 627-3363.)

JOE FYFE

Fyfe paints simple bright shapes—lines, circles, or blotchy daggers—on fields of rough, primed

June 18 -
October 20
2002

Paul Gauguin, *la Orana Maria* (detail), 1891, The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Bequest of Sam A. Lewisohn, 1951.

Gauguin *la Orana Maria* (detail) The Culture of the Exotic

SUEZ is proud to be the corporate sponsor of The Metropolitan Museum of Art for the first major New York exhibition of Paul Gauguin's work in more than four decades. SUEZ, a global leader in providing essential services, a company listed on the New York Stock Exchange, delivers clean energy, pure water and planet-friendly waste services to millions of homes and businesses throughout the US. Energy, Water and Waste Services are all essentials of life. And so is art. Delivering the essentials of life.

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BOOK CURRENTS

When Audible Meets Edible

In Ted Nugent's recent cookbook, **KILL IT AND GRILL IT** (Regnery), the seventies macho-rock icon ("Cat Scratch Fever," "Wango Tango") and avid bowhunter declares, "If mankind is anything, we surely are hunters." Throughout this



gleefully carnivorous guide to stalking and grilling wild game, the Motor City Madman's prose is as electrically confrontational as his "dangerass hi-velocity R&B MotorCity guitarstorm." He disdains vegetarians as being in "terminal Gomer denial," praises free-range flesh as "gonzo octane racefuel," and extolls the "full predator spiritual erection" afforded by the hunt. Despite the vein-popping aggro, the book reveals a surprisingly environmental and health-conscious world view as it presents recipes for Ted's Favorite Porkfeast and Sweet 'n' Sour Antelope.

Don't expect to find the Nuge waiting for a table at the Grit. This Athens, Georgia, vegetarian bistro—housed in a building owned by R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe—has a far-flung reputation as the indie-rock Moosewood, although, as owners Jessica Greene and Ted Hafer point out in **THE GRIT COOKBOOK** (Hill Street), "we're not food snobs or health police." Mac and Cheese, 45 rpm Pancakes, and BBQ Tofu are the restaurant's idea of down-home veggie fare, whose glories are sung by members of the B-52's, Cracker, and Fugazi.

Somewhat more traditional soul food is on the stove in **THE BLUES HIGHWAYS COOKBOOK** (Blue Chef), by Jason R. Girard. With asides about bluesmen such as Blind Lemon Jefferson, Girard, the chef of the blues club Buddy Guy's Legends, in Chicago, serves up recipes for Hoppin' John, sweet buttermilk cornbread, and peach cobbler—homey grub that would have any road-weary musician singing for his supper.

—Mark Rozzo

burlap. The effect is willfully casual, anti-precious to the point where you may begin to feel exasperated. But at least one of Fyfe's paintings, "A Sock Pulled Off," is as enchantingly quirky and unadorned as its title. Fyfe comes across a gruffer, younger version of barefoot aesthetes like Raoul de Keyser or Richard Tuttle. Through July 12. (Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. 564-7662.)

"EMPIRE/STATE"

After September 11th, the curatorial fellows of the Whitney Independent Study Program must have thought that a show on globalization and the failure of so-called "frictionless capitalism" would be a gripping subject. But in this group, the results fail to come together, due in part to the imbalanced installation in the main gallery, where a preponderance of computer and video monitors face off against a lone sculpture (a conceptually top-heavy tent by Emily Jacir, embroidered with the names of Palestinian towns uprooted by the establishment of Israel in 1948). Still, individual works are often engaging, especially Martha Rosler's video of a drive through rural Chile with a soundtrack sampling themes from "Star Wars" and the evening news, and Mark Lombardi's flow-chart tracing the connections between the arming of Iraq and a failed Italian bank. Through July 14. (Art Gallery of the City University of New York, 365 Fifth Ave., at 34th St. 817-7386.)

"SUNDAY AFTERNOON"

Repetition in art is generally associated with minimalism, but this thoughtful group show highlights its role in the development of two generations of conceptual artists. The emphasis is on the poetic and the obsessive, from two notebooks filled with an anxious swell of scrawls by Charles Crumb to Ceal Floyer's drawings of brightly colored circles made by holding a pen in place until the ink drains. The show's laconic mood is best summed up in a looped animated projection by Francis Alys; a man drags a stick lazily and endlessly along a fence, like Sisyphus on his day off. Through July 19. (303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121.)

Short List

MERLIN JAMES

Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. 929-2262.
Through July 3.

GALLERIES-DOWNTOWN

TYNNE ESKO

The self-taught Finnish artist paints political subjects (the follies of bureaucracy—symbolized by a tree full of monkeys—and the hardships of the rural poor) in a Grandma Moses style. Esko, whose formal education ended in the fourth grade, began painting thirty years ago at the age of fifty-two. This show, her first in New York, serves as a mini-retrospective, with works dating from 1974 to 1991. Through July 26. (Luise Ross, 568 Broadway. 343-2161.)

RUTH MILLER

This drawings retrospective shows Miller looking around her and finding Cézanne everywhere. Twisting lovely tree branches, sleeping friends, skulls on tabletops: each emerges as a tender, skillful homage. When Miller draws her husband, the noted critic and painter Andrew Forge, the result is a gaunt handsome likeness, but you half expect him to be posing for "The Cardplayers." Through July 6. (Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. 673-6466.)

"TRICKY ADIOS:

HELLO TO HANDMADE WORDS"

From Stuart Davis to Pop, American painters have looked to commercial signs for inspiration. This lively, well-installed show, curated by the artist David Humphrey, combines examples of found and outsider art with contemporary examples by insiders. The difference can be hard to discern. An ad for a cat sitter that looks torn from a lamppost is in fact an etching by Robert Gober. Across the room a glass-studded assemblage by the late Birdie Lusch ("Aspire to inspire ere you expire") has all the declarative authority of its terse black-and-

white neighbor, Christopher Wool's "You Make Me." Through June 29. (K.S. Art, 73 Leonard St. 219-9918.)

Short List

ELLSWORTH KELLY

Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 219-2166.

Through July 24.

JASON RHOADES

Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-9074.

Through June 29.

GALLERIES—QUEENS

"PRESCIENT THEN AND NOW"

This overcrowded group show pays homage to support/surface, a movement active in France from 1966 to 1974 determined to liberate abstract painting from its historical constraints (i.e., they took the canvas off the stretcher). Seven works by members of the original group hang alongside work by like-minded young French and American artists. Curator Saul Ostrow stresses the movement's elastic definition of painting by including work in other media, including a handsome photographic inferno by Curtis Mitchell and an assemblage of red dots on a candy-striped sheet by Polly Apfelbaum which looks like a happy and orderly outbreak of measles. Through July 3. (Dorsky, 11-03 45th Ave., Long Island City. 718-937-6317.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

DANA BUCKLEY

Cuba's decrepit mansions, sparkling '57 Chevys, cigar-smoking grandmothers, and laughing schoolkids attract photographers; Buckley transcends the clichés more than most. Images such as a field of royal palms seen through a rainstorm or a simply framed forties-era photograph hung on a wall quietly convey both the Cuban people's singular history and their current quandary. Through July 12. (Connors-Rosato, 39 Great Jones St. 473-0377.)

ERIC FISCHL

The eighties art star lifted not just figures but whole compositions from these snapshots, which he took in Saint-Tropez. In one scene, a topless sunbather runs lotion up the inner thigh of the prone body next to her; in another, a Speedoed father carries his naked daughter through the sand. The abundance of offhand nudity conspires to make the occasional clothed subject, including one relatively prim woman concentrating on her makeup, seem quaint and strangely fascinating. Through July 31. (Mary Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. 397-0669.)

RON GALELLA

Many of the images here show celebrities hiding, running, glaring, yelling, or raising a hand in the unmistakable pose that says, "No more pictures!" Galella photographed Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis doing all of these—even as she swam away from him in Italy—and in the process set up the shift from paparazzi to stalkerazzi. It's hard to tell if he derived pleasure from hounding these celebrities, who manage to appear momentarily as if they don't crave attention, but it's impossible to deny that powerful photographs come from the hostile exchanges. Opens June 27. (Paul Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. 563-4474.)

BURT GLINN

On New Year's Eve in 1959, Magnum photographer Burt Glinn hopped a plane to Cuba, fuelled by champagne and rumors that Fulgen- cio Batista had fled the country and Fidel Castro was rolling toward Havana. For the next ten days he made black-and-white records of the euphoria (jubilant crowds fill the streets, spilling up into tree branches) and chaos (wild-eyed revellers shoot pistols as bystanders shrink in fear). The photographs are riveting, but the exhibition suffers from too many words. Text runs above (in English), below (in Spanish), and alongside (in both languages) the photographs, which di-

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PHOTO BY ROBERT MAXWELL

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lutes their impact. Through June 30. (Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950.)

FRANK HORVAT

Horvat, who has prided himself on shooting frugally throughout his fifty-year career, set out in 1999 to see if he could take "at least one significant photograph each day (though not necessarily an excellent one)." He has succeeded in that modest goal, and the three hundred and sixty-five photos he took as he toured childhood haunts in Croatia and Switzerland, or went on joyrides through Paris, London, Rome, and Vienna, catalogue the primary concerns of the aging photographer: time, old loves, and old homes, as well as ravishing women and vistas. Through June 29. (Janos Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. 327-0441.)

RUSS MEYER

The eighty-year-old director of such rambunctiously silly cult films as "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" and "Mondo Topless" did some pinup photo work back when the bosoms favored for that sort of thing were pendulous, not pneumatic. The Technicolor blowups collected here look more gently domestic than you'd expect. In fact, on the prurience meter, Meyer's work is completely outstripped by a nearby light table loaded with hundreds of slides of the performance artist Annie Sprinkle engaged in the most oddball varieties of hard-core porn—in the name of art, of course. Through July 27. (Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. 929-0500.)

Short List

TOM BAMBERGER

Leslie Tonkonow, 535 W. 22nd St. 255-8450. Through June 29.

KAREN HALVERSON

Klotz/Sirmon, 511 W. 25th St. 741-4764. Through July 6.

DANNY LYON

Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070. Through July 19.

See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum and at the Jewish Museum.

CLASSICAL MUSIC OPERA

"MET IN THE PARKS"

Each summer the Metropolitan Opera spreads its wings beyond the cement confines of Lincoln Center, presenting free concert performances of operas throughout the tristate area. These are the final offerings of the season. "The Barber of Seville," with Jennifer Larmore, Matthew Polenzani, Dwayne Croft, and John Del Carlo; Maurizio Benini conducts. (Brookdale Park, Montclair, N.J. June 26.) ♦ With Theodora Hanslowe, John Osborn, Earle Patriarco, and Paul Plishka; Benini. (Cunningham Park, Queens. June 29.) ♦ "La Bohème," with Pamela Armstrong, Jan Grissom, Alfredo Portilla, and Christopher Schaldenbrand; Julius Rudel. (Miller Field, Gateway National Recreation Area, Staten Island. June 28.) ♦ Note: All performances begin at 8. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 362-6000.

OPERA FESTIVAL OF NEW JERSEY

When this hardy festival started out in the early eighties, performances were given at a high school, with patrons picnicking on the lawn at intermissions, Glyndebourne-style. Now that they've moved into the McCarter Theatre, on the Princeton University campus, the company is far better equipped to offer a mix of traditional and twentieth-century repertory, featuring both rising and well-established talents—and you can still eat outside. June 28 at 8, June 30 at 2, and July 2 at 7:30: "La Traviata," with Yali-Marie Williams, Mark Hervieux, and Christopher Robertson; Joseph Rescigno conducts. ♦ June 29 at 8: "The Barber of Seville," with Margaret Lattimore (a favorite guest of the company, as Rosina), Daniel Belcher, Jesús García, and Kevin Glavin; Bernard Labadie. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 609-258-2787. Through July 21.)

RECITALS

BARGEMUSIC

The violinists Philippe Graffin and Mark Peskanov, the violist Toby Hoffman, and the cellist Jan Vogler present two programs built on the solid foundation of the Haydn quartets. June 27-28 at 7:30: A concert of extremes. Haydn's "Rider" Quartet, in G Minor, is the most seductively Romantic (and perhaps the most popular) of his late masterpieces in the form; Sibelius's only mature quartet, "Voces Intimae," a bleak five-movement essay in the manner of the Fourth Symphony, is a puzzler that gets taken out on very rare occasions. Consider yourself privileged. In between come works for solo violin by two contemporary composers, Vytautas Barkauskas (from Lithuania) and Philippe Hersant (from France). ♦ June 29 at 7:30 and June 30 at 4: Tranquillity returns, with Haydn's sunny Quartet in C Major, Op. 54, No. 2, and Debussy's String Quartet along with a performance (by Peskanov) of Bach's Sonata in G Minor for Violin Solo. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

DANA HANCHARD

On her album "Once Canciones," eleven melancholy songs on family life by the Ecuadorian composer Diego Luzuriaga, this soprano proved that she could give the same dusky authority to Jobim-like material that she lends to Handel and Gluck. She performs selections from the album, along with two Hawaiian folk tunes and several jazz-influenced songs of her own, at Barbès, a new bar and performance space in Park Slope. (Sixth Ave. at 9th St., Brooklyn. 718-965-9177. June 28 at 9:30.)

MUSIC AT THE MORRIS-JUMEL MANSION

The Baroque flutist Andrew Bolotowsky and the recorder player Gregory Bynum perform a concert of flower-themed music by van Eyck (the seventeenth-century blind carillonneur, not the fifteenth-century painter), Loeiller, and De la Vigne in the mansion's octagonal drawing room, decorated in floral-patterned Chinese-export wallpaper. Actual gardens, surrounding New York's oldest remaining Colonial residence, can be enjoyed outside. (65 Jumel Terrace, between 160th and 162nd Sts. 923-8008. June 29 at 2.)

SUNDAYS ON THE ISLAND

A concert of wind music, with the flutist Bart Feller and the oboist James Roe performing works by Saint-Saëns, Britten, Debussy, and Quantz. The setting—a French-style country inn nestled amidst the yacht slips of City Island—is as welcoming as the program itself. A reception follows. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., the Bronx. 212-927-9194. June 30 at 12:30.)

CONCERTS OUT OF TOWN

STORM KING MUSIC FESTIVAL:

"CROSSOVER REDEFINED"

This four-year-old new-music series, which celebrates the interaction of classical music and high technology, provides a stark contrast to the rather safe concert programming in which most summer festivals indulge. The music may be cutting-edge, but the stately mountains of the Hudson Highlands provide a timeless backdrop. June 26 at 8: The first of two "composers' concerts" features music by Elizabeth Brown, Harold Farberman, and Yuzuru Sadashige. ♦ June 27 at 8: More new music, by Carman Moore, Sidney Corbett, and others. ♦ June 28 at 8: The microtonal-music group Newband (featuring the flutist Stefani Starin and the percussionists Dean Drummond and Tom Kolor) performs pieces by Brown and Lou Harrison along with classic works by Harry Partch. ♦ June 29 at 8: The closing concert, featuring songs by Purcell, Dowland, and Monteverdi reinterpreted by the vocalist Sarah Pillow and Nuove Musiche, an avant-garde band mixing the influences of rock, jazz, and the early Baroque. (Storm King School, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.)

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CARAMOOR FESTIVAL

The festival, held on the verdant grounds of a hundred-acre estate, is Westchester's calmer, more genteel answer to the ever-growing bustle of Tanglewood. June 27 at 4:30: The violinist Erika Raum performs a recital of Brahms, Bartók, and Ysaÿe. ♦ June 28 at 8: A program from the Rossetti String Quartet features music by Mozart, Debussy (the Quartet in G Minor), and Beethoven (the Quartet in C Minor, Op. 18, No. 4). ♦ June 29 at 8:30: "Carnival in Venice," an all-Vivaldi concert performed by members of the Orchestra of

the more elegant young American ensembles, performs a concert of Debussy, Beethoven (the Quartet in E-Flat Major, Op. 127), and Osvaldo Golijov (a set of songs, with the soprano Dawn Upshaw and the clarinetist Todd Palmer). ♦ June 30 at 8:30: Vocal fellows of the Tanglewood Music Center present an evening of Bach arias. ♦ July 2 at 5 and 8:30: A "String Quartet Marathon," featuring more T.M.C. fellows. (Lenox, Mass. 888-266-1200.)

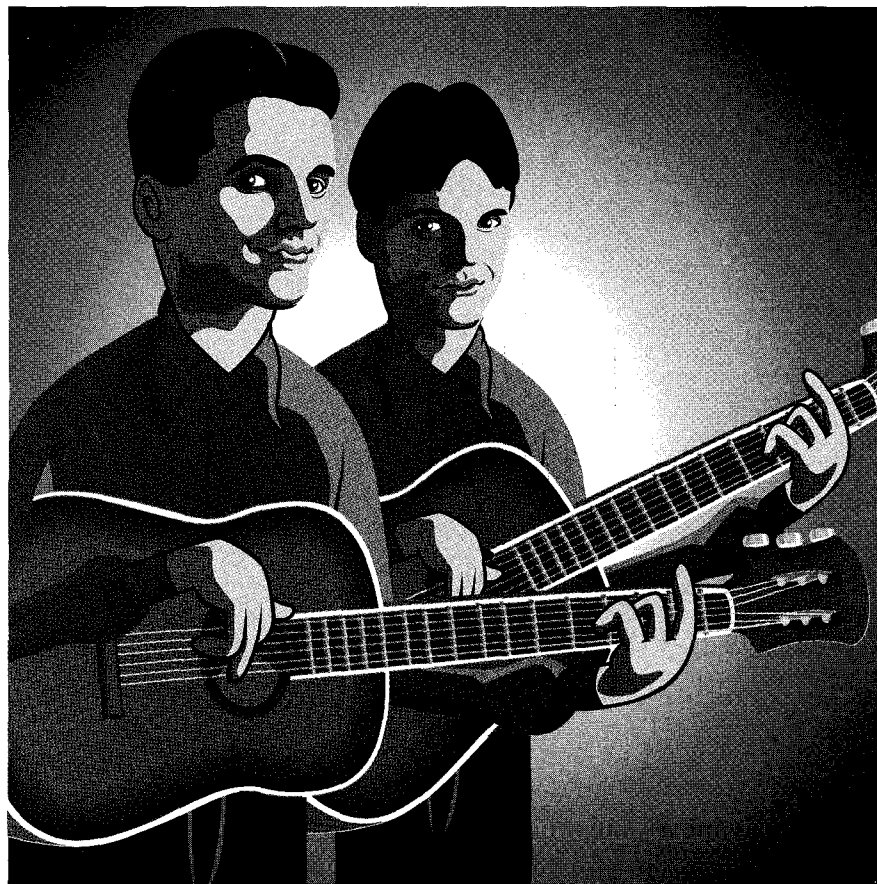
THE KATONA TWINS

European critics have heaped praise upon this good-looking young guitar duo, winners of the 1999 Concert Artists Guild Competition, virtu-

Gershwin, and Porter. ♦ June 30 at 3: A rangy program of classic works from Denmark's Zappelski String Quartet, including music by Nielsen, Brahms, Beethoven (the Quartet in F Minor, "Serioso"), and Fauré (the seldom-played Piano Quintet in C Minor, with the pianist Volodymyr Vynnytsky). (Routes 63 and 126, Falls Village, Conn. 860-824-7126.)

MAVERICK CONCERTS

This venerable festival, the oldest continuing summer chamber-music series in the country, also enjoys one of the most rustic of settings, a 1916 concert hall of native wood nestled amid the forests of Woodstock, New York. Their eighty-seventh season opens with a concert by the Rossetti String Quartet, performing music by Debussy, Mozart, and Dvořák (the Piano Quintet in A Major, with Ursula Oppens). (June 30 at 3. For more information, call 845-679-8217.)



The Katona Twins perform in Westport, Connecticut, on June 28.

St. Luke's. ♦ June 30 at 4:30: Skitch Henderson and the New York Pops present "The French Connection," a concert featuring music by Offenbach, Ravel, Gershwin, and Cole Porter. (Katonah, N.Y. 914-232-1252.)

TANGLEWOOD

America's supreme summer music festival begins intimately, with a procession of string-quartet concerts in Ozawa Hall. June 27 at 8:30: The Juilliard Quartet starts things off with an evening of Beethoven, Schubert (the magisterial Quartet No. 15 in G Major), and Elliott Carter (the Fifth Quarter, which, compared to its predecessors, has a divertimentolike lightness and shine). ♦ June 28 at 8:30: Ralph Shapey—who died on June 13 at the age of eighty-one—was a difficult composer and a difficult man. His verbal outbursts could be as abrasive, idealistic, and self-absorbed as his music, which, magnificently, married modernist atonality to a grand and passionate late-Romantic style. The Juilliard was one his most devoted champions, and will doubtless remain so; they perform the Quartet No. 10, one of his final pieces, on a program that also includes late works by Haydn and Beethoven (the Quartet in C-Sharp Minor, Op. 131). ♦ June 29 at 5:45: In a respite from profundity, Garrison Keillor brings his *Prairie Home Companion* troupe to the Tanglewood Shed. ♦ June 30 at 2:30: The Borromeo Quartet, one of

osos who play with an almost eerie unanimity of style (and considerable charm). The brothers offer a concert of Handel, Rossini, Rodrigo, and Piazzolla (an arrangement of "Le Grand Tango") in South Shore Music's recital series. (Saugatuck Congregational Church, 245 Post Rd. E., Westport, Conn. 866-776-8745. June 28 at 8.)

MOHAWK TRAIL CONCERTS

The soprano Sari Gruber and the pianist Cameron Stowe perform a program including music by Barber, Ives, Rachmaninoff, Schubert ("The Shepherd on the Rock," with the clarinetist Michael Sussman), William Bolcom, and Ted Masur (a premiere). (Hills Chapel, Smith College, Northampton, Mass. June 28 at 8. ♦ Federated Church, Charlemont, Mass. June 29 at 8. For tickets and information about both concerts, call 888-682-6873.)

HUDSON VALLEY CHAMBER MUSIC CIRCLE

The Tokyo String Quartet performs a rather serious program of Janáček ("The Kreutzer Sonata," a piece that mirrored the troubled state of his marriage), Smetana (the first of the "From My Life" quartets), and Joan Tower ("In Memory")—a professor at Bard College, where the concert takes place. (Olin Hall, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. 845-340-0044. June 29 at 8.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN

June 29 at 8: Jazz from the Mark Templeton Trio, savoring their favorite standards by Ellington,

ABOVE AND BEYOND

BROOKLYN BIRDHOUSE

The National Audubon Society, eager to turn more city dwellers into bird lovers, recently opened its first urban Audubon Center in Brooklyn's Prospect Park, in the lovingly restored 1905 Beaux-Arts boathouse. Visitors to the cool terracotta building are greeted by the metallic rasp of a house wren, the flutelike whistle of a wood thrush, or the squawk of the pied-billed grebe—the front doors have motion sensors that are wired to recorded bird calls. Wonderful interactive sculptures (such as a giant cardinal's head with a video monitor that gives a bird's-eye view of the world) and educational exhibits engage potential birders of all ages. Outside there's even more to look at—some two hundred different species were spotted in the park last year, including the shore-loving great cormorant, the horned grebe, and some sixty other rare, at least for Brooklyn, birds. For more information, call 718-287-3400.

READINGS

June 26 at 8: Louisa Ermelino offers passages from her latest novel, "The Sisters Mallone: Una Storia di Famiglia." (Rocky Sullivan's, 129 Lexington Ave., between 28th and 29th Sts. No tickets necessary.) ♦ June 27 at 7:30: Michael Tolkin, the author of "The Player," reads from his latest novel, "Under Radar." (Barnes & Noble, Sixth Ave. at 8th St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ June 28 at 7: Sue Graham Mingus reads from her account of her marriage to the great jazz bassist Charles Mingus, "Tonight at Noon: A Love Story," and David Amram reads from "Offbeat," his memoir about working with Jack Kerouac in the late nineteen-fifties. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. 360-2777.)

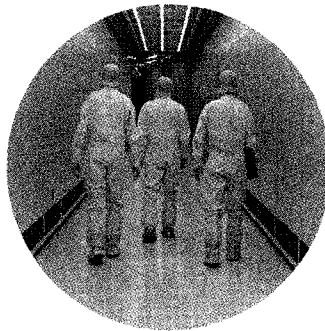
TALKS

June 26 at 7: The PEN American Center presents "Secret Sharers: Writers Reveal Their Favorite Overlooked Writers," in which Paul Auster talks about his appreciation of the poet and playwright Charles Reznikoff, Rick Moody discusses the Austrian novelist Thomas Bernhard, and Joyce Carol Oates holds forth on the modern poets James Dickey and May Swenson. (Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union, 51 Astor Pl. For reservations, which are required, call 334-1660, ext. 107.) ♦ June 27 at 6:30: Mark Crispin Miller, a professor of media studies at New York University and the author of "The Bush Dyslexicon," discusses the President's locution. (Housing Works Used Book Café, 126 Crosby St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ June 27 at 7: Robert Clary, who portrayed Corporal Louis Lebeau on the television show "Hogan's Heroes," talks about his childhood experiences in a concentration camp and his life in Hollywood. (Museum of Jewish Heritage, Battery Park City. For more information, call 945-0039.) ♦ June 27 at 8:15: The psychoanalyst Dr. Gail Saltz interviews the writer Andrew Solomon, whose latest book is "The Noonday Demon: An Atlas of Depression." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5400.)

MICHAEL WELDON

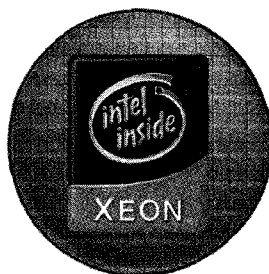
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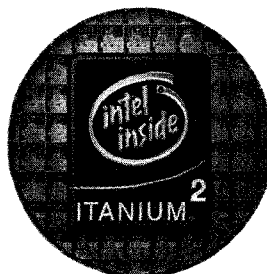


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MOVIES OPENING

THE CEDAR BAR

A film by Alfred Leslie ("Pull My Daisy") that uses appropriated footage and dramatic readings to explore the volatile relationship between the critic Clement Greenberg and the Abstract Expressionists. Opening June 27. (Anthology Film Archives.)

HARVARD MAN

Sarah Michelle Gellar plays a cheerleader and Mob daughter in this tale of campus corruption written and directed by James Toback ("Black and White"). Also with Adrian Grenier and Joey Lauren Adams. Opening June 28. (Cinema Village.)

HEY ARNOLD! THE MOVIE

The Nickelodeon cartoon series comes to the big screen. Opening June 28.

LOVELY & AMAZING

Nicole Holofcener ("Walking and Talking") wrote and directed this drama about a mother, her three daughters, and their neuroses. With Catherine Keener, Brenda Blethyn, Emily Mortimer, Raven Goodwin, and Jake Gyllenhaal. Opening June 28.

MR. DEEDS

In this homage to the 1936 Frank Capra comedy, Adam Sandler plays a media-town yokel who unexpectedly inherits a media empire. With Winona Ryder and Steve Buscemi. Opening June 28.

PUMPKIN

An Alpha Omega Pi sister (Christina Ricci) becomes a pariah when she falls in love with a disabled boy (Hank Harris), in a dark comedy directed by Adam Larson Broder and Tony Abrams. Opening June 28.

FILM NOTES

ABOUT A BOY

In this adaptation of the Nick Hornby novel, Hugh Grant's usual character, the shy and charming English bachelor, gets seriously revised into a kind of media-age Oblomov, Will Freeman, a connoisseur of pop music and old movies. Will bestirs himself only to chase girls whom he has no intention of sticking with. By degrees, this selfish layabout becomes friends with Marcus (Nicholas Hoult), an unhappy twelve-year-old boy whose mother (Toni Collette) is a seriously depressed hippie in feathers. The directors Paul and Chris Weitz—the "American Pie" brothers—have tried hard not to make a tearjerker, and at its best the movie is knowing and tart. But the structure of the story inevitably encourages shamelessness: there's an awful scene in which Will makes a fool of himself, singing "Killing Me Softly" in a school auditorium to save Marcus from performing alone.—*David Denby* (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/02.) (Battery Park 16, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

BAD COMPANY

The plot is about suitcase nukes, so the movie has been sitting on the shelf for a while. It's also a Jerry Bruckheimer production, so forget about subtlety. But Chris Rock and Anthony Hopkins make for a pretty good odd couple, and the director Joel Schumacher shoots some glossy and effective show-downs. So far so good, that is, until the final set piece in Grand Central Station, a doomsday scenario that gives this popcorn flick a nightmare afterglow.—*Michael Agger* (Battery Park 16, Cinema 3, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE BOURNE IDENTITY

In this latest iteration of the international thriller, two young people—an amnesiac American who possesses mysterious violent skills (Matt Damon), and a beautiful European vagabond with a taste for adventure (Franka Potente)—race across Europe to escape powerful forces eager to kill them both. Adapted by Tony Gilroy and William Blake Herron from a 1980 novel by Robert Ludlum, the picture has tons of up-to-date surveillance equipment, and

COMING ATTRACTIONS



it features an unfamiliar Filipino martial art called *kali*, a kind of stuttered karate (block, block, slash, kick). But the movie is still a relic of the bipolar Cold War, and suffers from a fatal lack of purpose. Great actors like Brian Cox and Clive Owen are wasted in tiny roles, and Julia Stiles, as an operative lucky enough to be assigned to Paris, is stuck in a closed room wearing headphones all the time. Directed by Doug Liman, who used to make nifty little movies like "Swingers" and "Go."—*D.D.* (6/17 & 24/02) (Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Olympia I and II, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE FAST RUNNER (ATANARJUAT)

A three-hour marathon of ice, snow, and raw seal meat. This Inuit epic may be something of a tough

sell, but many of the visual sequences—the Arctic in summer and winter—are sublime and unprecedented. A ten-minute episode showing the hero, Atanarjuat, running across a frozen sea has been hailed, justifiably, as a masterstroke, but there are many other discoveries, like sunshine filtering through the cracks of an igloo and the polar sunrise. Directed by the Inuit filmmaker Zacharias Kunuk, the movie's straight-arrow tale of murder and revenge carries it through the more tedious "Nanook of the North" moments. But even these digressions—for example, scenes that show the way the Inuit greet each other, carry themselves, and cut their food—stay with you. At the extreme north, the basic motions of life somehow seem startling and fresh. In Inuktitut.—*M.A.* (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Sunshine Cinema.)

GANGSTER NO. 1

This is an unexpected treat—a gangster-as-sociopath movie that doesn't try to coddle its antihero. The movie is set, for the most part, in sixties London, and it's built around a magnificent, ice-cold performance by Paul Bettany as a thug who covets his boss's power. (The boss is played by David Thewlis, in a performance inspired by Pete Townshend and Cliff Richard.) There's an unspoken erotic charge to Bettany and Thewlis's scenes together; they're wound so tightly that when the movie erupts into violence it has the visceral impact of some of Scorsese's best work. The bulk of the story is told via flashback (Malcolm McDowell, as the aged version of Bettany's gangster, bookends the film), and the director Paul McGuigan gets the details right. His London underworld is filled with nattily dressed teddy boys, sunken living rooms, and beautiful women with their hair piled high. It's the gangster flick as over-the-top Greek tragedy.—*Bruce Diones* (Quad Cinema.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

In the years right after the worst of the Depression, the John Steinbeck book was compared with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Les Misérables" and widely, if not very astutely, regarded as the greatest novel ever written by an American. The 1940 movie version is full of the "They can't keep us down, we're the people" sort of thing, and a viewer's outrage at the terrible social injustices the film deals with is blurred by its gross sentimentality. High on most lists of the great films of all time, this famous movie seems all wrong—phony when it should ring true. Yet, because of the material, it is often moving in spite of the acting, the directing, and the pseudo-Biblical poor-people talk. In some externals, the production is as authentic as a documentary; the cast includes Henry Fonda as Tom, John Carradine as Casey, and Jane Darwell as Ma Joad. She's impossibly fraudulent, though there's a memorable scene with Ma burning her old postcards.—*Pauline Kael* (Bryant Park; July 1.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

An impish, sunny, and perfectly unnecessary production of the Wilde classic, directed by Oliver Parker. The Anthony Asquith version, from 1952, was stagey and artificial, which felt right for Wilde's confection. This movie is set in a "real" London of top hats, naughty music-hall girls, and primitive automobiles. Frances O'Connor, as Gwendolen Fairfax, is sexually very knowing, and gets the name Ernest tattooed on her rump. Colin Firth is a good Jack Worthing, but Rupert Everett's limited comic resources are exposed in the role of Algernon—he's arch rather than funny. Judi Dench makes the odd mistake of playing Lady Bracknell as if she were a real person, rather than the most entertaining caricature in the history of the theatre.—*D.D.* (Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Eastside Playhouse, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, and Orpheum VII.)

INSOMNIA

A dark and fidgety picture from Christopher Nolan, who made such a splash with "Memento." Al Pacino plays Will Dormer, a detective from Los Angeles, who is flown to the wilds of Alaska (couldn't they find anyone closer?) to unravel a nasty, intractable killing. Soon, he is fouled up in another death, which everyone hopes was accidental. Meanwhile, a local suspect (Robin Williams) shows his face, or, at any rate, gives Dormer



Christina Ricci and Hank Harris in "Pumpkin," opening June 28.

something to run after. The ensuing chase scenes are the best thing in the film: Nolan's busy, ravenous technique has something to bite on. The rest of the movie shows what happens when a style goes in search of a mystery; the fretful power play of the two leads, like the cop's yawning sleeplessness, seems not so much grounded in character as applied like makeup. Still, Nolan's depiction of desolate backwaters is immaculate, and the women in the tale—Hilary Swank as a perky cop and Maura Tierney as the sad-faced keeper of the hotel—somehow leaven the air of contrivance.—*Anthony Lane* (5/27/02) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Battery Park 16, East 86th Street Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Sutton 1 and 2, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

LATE MARRIAGE

An Israeli in his early thirties, Zaza (Lior Ashkenazi) has all the rueful moroseness that you would expect to find in a graduate student in philosophy. He is also marriageable but single, a predicament that drives his parents to despair. The cause of such diffidence, even when Zaza is faced with prospective brides of unquestionable beauty, can be traced to his secret girlfriend, Judith (Ronit Elkabetz), a divorced mother of one. Dover Koshav's film swings back and forth between the hero's family, with their impositions and great expectations, and the loving, liberated randiness of his semi-hidden life. Up to the end, you are kept guessing as to which will prevail. In Georgian and Hebrew.—*A.L.* (5/27/02) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Cinema Village, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

MINORITY REPORT

Reviewed this week in *The Current Cinema*. (Battery Park 16, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Murray Hill Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Union Square.)

THE PIANO TEACHER

Michael Haneke's calmly lucid masterpiece is about a seemingly unmanageable subject: a sado-

masochistic piano teacher, Professor Erika Kohut (Isabelle Huppert), who maintains a sternly proper façade at the Vienna Conservatory while tormenting and playing dirty tricks on her talented students. Erika tries to control the insolently charming and handsome young piano student (Benoît Magimel) who wants to be her lover. She's a remarkable dramatic creation—an appalling but plausible human being brought to life by one of the world's bravest actresses. This is a genuinely shocking movie (one scene of self-mutilation is hard to take), but it's supremely intelligent, too, and there isn't a trace of sensationalism. In French.—*D.D.* (4/1/02) (Cinema Village.)

PORT OF SHADOWS

This 1938 film was the first of the three major collaborations of the director Marcel Carné and the writer Jacques Prévert—followed by the infinitely superior "Daybreak" in 1939 and by "Children of Paradise" in 1944—the movies that helped to create the French film style of poetic fatalism. In "Port of Shadows," which is a drearily predictable film, the central figure of the French movies of the period was, nevertheless, created—the hopelessly rebellious hero, the decent man trapped by society; it was the beginning of the Jean Gabin era. A man (Gabin) is running away from the police; he arrives at a dockside backstreet looking for a ship in which to escape. He meets a girl, the exquisite, raincoated Michèle Morgan, and tries to free her from her disreputable guardian (Michel Simon) and his crony (Pierre Brasseur). He doesn't escape. "Port of Shadows," rather like Robert E. Sherwood's "The Petrified Forest," is gloomy and shallow, but at the time the defeatism of the film was like a breath of fresh air to American filmgoers saturated with empty optimism. In French.—*P.K.* (Walter Reade Theatre; June 28 and June 30.)

SPIDER-MAN

The perils and advantages of being bitten by a genetically modified spider are made abundantly clear in Sam Raimi's enjoyable, if broken-backed,

exercise in high-cost pulp. Tobey Maguire plays Peter Parker, who develops a useful ability to hurl threads of web from his wrists and thus becomes, to his delight, the highest swinger in town. This prowess earns him the adoration of Mary Jane (Kirsten Dunst) and the enmity of the Green Goblin (Willem Dafoe), whose infinite capacity for evil is slightly undercut by the fact that he began life as a man called Norman. The movie is all over the place, unable to decide, for instance, whether New York should be shot as a livable city or as a Gothamite gulf of crime; similarly, Dafoe delivers a cartoon while Maguire offers a funny, rueful study in uncertain heroics.—*A.L.* (5/13/02) (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

STAR WARS:

EPISODE II—ATTACK OF THE CLONES

The Republic? The Federation? The Separatists? The clone army? The droid army? The Siths? The Kith? The Kin? The plot is incomprehensible to anyone over fourteen, and the actors intone their starched-collar lines as if they were attending a convention of rural vicars. But, allowing for some dull moments, George Lucas's latest movie has considerable style. Digital invention is becoming grander, wilder, more free-spirited: the multi-levelled cities of the past overflow with life. It would be nice to think that Lucas's visual imagination is just now taking off.—*D.D.* (5/20/02) (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Murray Hill Cinemas, Olympia I and II, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 64th and 2nd, Union Square, and Ziegfeld.)

THE SUM OF ALL FEARS

It has a female chorus—it's that important a movie. This latest in a series of super-productions devoted to Tom Clancy's fictional C.I.A. agent Jack Ryan (Ben Affleck) also features such familiar sights as mockups of the White House Situation Room, nuclear missiles rising on their launchers for takeoff, and an international cast of grimly serious actors



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speaking in foreign languages and dragging their subtitles from room to room. It's not the fault of the filmmakers (Paul Attanasio and Daniel Pyne wrote the script; Phil Alden Robinson directed) that actual events have overtaken the portentous clichés. But, as an evocation of danger, the movie is nowhere near serious or intelligent enough to satisfy our current sense of alarm. In a bold updating of Clancy's plot, the villains of the piece are turned into . . . Nazis.—*D.D.* (6/3/02) (Astor Plaza, Battery Park 16, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

SUNSHINE STATE

The writer-director John Sayles spins a long-winded yarn about Delrona Beach, a small Florida town that's threatened by one of the more rapacious versions of the American dream: golf courses, mini-malls, and accountants from Ohio. As might be expected from Sayles, the ensemble cast is a highly mixed bunch, encompassing both black and white, as well as young and old. His movie is relentlessly low-key and regional in a good way. It's about being rooted in a place whose history is being erased. Sayles's script (the movie's strength) is like an intricately plotted, panoramic social novel shot through with gallows humor. Angela Bassett is excellent as the prodigal daughter returned home, confronting her old-school mother and the legacy of a black upper-class. But closer to this film's melancholic heart is Edie Falco's character, a native Floridian running her father's motel. She gives a deft and affecting display of the various shades of resignation—to family, to a job, to her ex-life.—*M.A.* (Empire 25 and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

13 CONVERSATIONS ABOUT ONE THING

Jill Sprecher's sophomore effort is one of those movies in which everyone speaks like a French philosopher and the camera cuts away just as things are about to get clumsy and interesting. It's set in New York and structured like a puzzle, complete with intertitles offering fortune-cookie wisdom. As the piano soundtrack plays, a veteran cast of all ages (John Turturro, Clea DuVall, Amy Irving, Matthew McConaughey) show up to ponder true happiness and their distance from it. The movie's salvation is Alan Arkin, as world-weary and gravel-voiced as always. He's the one true cynic in the bunch, and as he puts the screws to a blissful co-worker, the film finds some of the lift it's been searching for.—*M.A.* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Sunshine Cinema.)

THREE WOMEN

In the Robert Altman canon, no picture is stranger—and more fascinating—than this 1977 phantasmagoria, set in the California desert near Palm Springs. It looks backward to Bergman's "Persona" and ahead to Lynch's "Mulholland Drive." Sissy Spacek, in her peerless spooky-naïf period, plays Pinky Rose, a small-town Texas girl who gets a job as an attendant at a geriatric center and emulates her co-worker and roommate, Millie Lammoreaux (Shelley Duvall), to the point of stealing her identity. What's both sad and hilarious is that Millie has created her identity from women's supermarket magazines—she's all about staying true to her favorite colors and filing recipes according to the cooking time. Duvall and Spacek pull off a virtuoso bout of psychological transference. But there's a third woman in the mix: a mysterious muralist named Willie (Janice Rule), who with her husband, Edgar (Robert Forster), owns both the Purple Sage apartments, where the other two gals live, and the Dodge City bar where they hang out and hunt for men. When this couple is around, the movie veers into flimsy surreal melodrama, ending up as a cockeyed parable of female solidarity. Yet the film is full of images so rich that they transcend its metaphoric structure, like Millie watching Pinky's parents embracing in bed. And throughout, Duvall, who won the Best Actress award at Cannes, is brilliant: she coins a brand-new caricature of the confident yet clueless single female, then suggests a real person underneath.—*Michael Sragow* (Film Forum; June 28-July 2.)

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

A comedy that tries for the cheesy innocence of the blaxploitation movies it both worships and mocks:



Jake Gyllenhaal and Catherine Keener in "Lovely & Amazing."

"Foxy Brown," "Shaft in Africa," and others. The premise: in the latter half of the twentieth century, an enigmatic mastermind known only as "the Man" has been undermining the potency of black culture—the only reasonable explanation for the descent from Jim Brown to Urkel. From this solid beginning, the movie doesn't exactly go on to chart new satiric territory; the screenwriters serve up racial humor of the Caucasians-can't-dance variety. The best sequences are when Undercover Brother (Eddie Griffin) disguises himself as Anton Jackson, a white-acting black man unafraid of mayonnaise and mock turtlecenes. Near the end, there's also a brilliant moment involving Chris Kattan and a shark, but much of the film is hit or miss.—*M.A.* (Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

UNFAITHFUL

Connie (Diane Lane), a suburban New York housewife, gets picked up in SoHo by a sexy young Frenchman (Olivier Martinez) and falls into a passionate afternoons-only affair; her husband, Edward (Richard Gere), senses from the beginning that something is amiss. The director Adrian Lyne has been making erotic dramas for years, and this is his most earnest and nonexploitative effort to date. The movie is very scrupulous about the feelings of Connie and Edward and the damage adultery can do to a family. If only the characters were more interesting. The three principals have no dimensions beyond what's functionally required by the situation, and we can't quite tell if the husband and wife are silent because their marriage is a zero or because the screenwriters forgot to give them something to say. Lane goes through the stages of denial, resistance, joy, and guilt with virtuoso ability; Gere, looking a little older these days, is quiet and saddened—it's amusing to see him wearing the horns for a change. The movie is based on Claude Chabrol's 1969 thriller

"La Femme Infidèle," but it lacks the cool perversity of the original; it's a highly responsible sex movie.—*D.D.* (Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

WINDTALKERS

Joe Enders (Nicolas Cage), a guilt-ridden Marine hero in the Second World War, receives a peculiar assignment: he must babysit one of the American Indians who speak a valuable battlefield code based on their Navajo language. The twist: Joe doesn't want to get close to his charge, Ben Yahzee (Adam Beach), because he might have to kill him to protect the code. In some ways the movie, directed by Hong Kong's pride, John Woo, is a standard platoon film, but some of the battle episodes, set on the island of Saipan, in 1944, are spectacular and harrowing. Woo has a weakness for slow-motion sequences, but he stages fierce moments of hand-to-hand combat, and the grouch, hard-won, never acknowledged love between the two men is touching, even if we've seen things like it before.—*D.D.* (6/17 & 24/02) (Battery Park 16, Chelsea West, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

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DOGTOWN AND Z-BOYS
Angelika Film Center.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

First and 62nd Cinemas and Union Square.

MONSOON WEDDING (2/18 & 25/02)
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Film Forum.
Y TU MAMÁ TAMBIÉN (3/18/02)
Empire 25, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and
Sunshine Cinema.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave.,
Brooklyn.
Battery Park 16, West St. at Vesey St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinemas 1, 2, and 3, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
(398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave.
(727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Twin, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Pioneer, 155 E. 3rd St. (254-3300).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St.
(334-2100).
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
Sunshine Cinema, 139-143 E. Houston St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Theatre, 312 W. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—
Through June 30: "Rudolph Valentino and Other
Exotic Lovers." June 29 at 2: "Camille" (1921,
Ray Smallwood). ♦ June 29 at 4: "Camille" (1927,
Fred Niblo). ♦ June 30 at 2: "In Gay Madrid"
(1930, Robert Z. Leonard). ♦ June 30 at 4: "Under
a Texas Moon" (1930, Michael Curtiz). ♦ Reper-
tory nights, June 29-30 at 6:30: "Bay of Angels"
(1963, Jacques Demy; in French).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—
June 26 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: The critic Leonard
Maltin selects classic Chuck Jones cartoons. ♦ June
27 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Smoke on the Potato
Fields" (1976, Frantisek Vlácil; in Czech). ♦ June
28 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Adelheid" (1969,
Vlácil; in Czech). ♦ June 29 at 4:30 and 9:30: "Mil-
lennium Mambo" (2001, Hou Hsiao-hsien; in
Mandarin). ♦ June 30 at 3: "La Commune (Paris,

1871)" (2001, Peter Watkins; in French). ♦ July 1 at
4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "My Son the Fanatic" (1997,
Udayan Prasad). ♦ July 2 at 4:30 and 8:15: "Reds"
(1981, Warren Beatty).

BRYANT PARK

Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. (512-5700)—Mondays, start-
ing at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing. The fea-
ture on July 1 will be "The Grapes of Wrath" (†).

FILM FORUM

W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—
June 26-July 2 at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30: A new print
of the uncut, European version of "Kiss Me, Stu-
pid" (1964, Billy Wilder). ♦ June 28-July 2 at 2,
4:30, 7, and 9:30: "Three Women" (†).

THE GOLDEN AGE OF CINEMA FESTIVAL

Cantor Film Center, 36 E. 8th St. (917-750-3651)—
July 2 at 6:30: "Do the Right Thing" (1989, Spike
Lee), followed by an interview with the director.

SUNSHINE CINEMA

139-143 E. Houston St. (358-0573)—Midnight
movies, June 26-27: "Flesh Gordon" (1972, How-
ard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste).

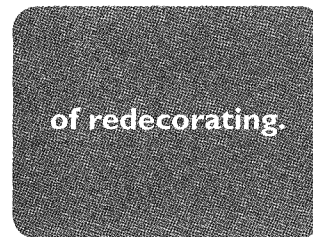
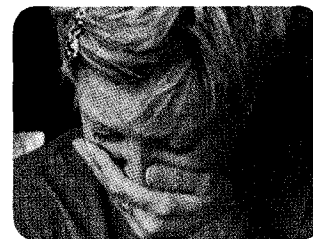
THALIA THEATRE

2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400)—Classic
French cinema. The 1 P.M. screenings are double
features, June 29 at 1, 6, and 8:45 and June 30 at
1: "Plein Soleil" (1959, René Clément). ♦ June 29
at 3:15 and June 30 at 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Riffifi"
(1955, Jules Dassin).

WALTER READE THEATRE

Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Through July 18:
"Everybody's Star: Jean Gabin." Unless otherwise
noted, all films are in French. June 28 at 12:30,
4:45, and 9 and June 30 at 2:50: "La Grande Illu-
sion" (1937, Jean Renoir). ♦ June 28 at 2:45 and 7
and June 30 at 5:10 and 9: "Port of Shadows"
(†). ♦ June 29 at 1, 5, and 9: "The Human Beast"
(1938, Renoir). ♦ June 29 at 3 and 7 and June 30
at 1 and 7: "Pépé Le Moko" (1936, Julien Du-
vivier). ♦ July 1 at 1: "The Impostor" (1944, Du-
vivier; in English). ♦ July 1 at 3: "Moontide"
(1942, Archie Mayo and Fritz Lang; in English).

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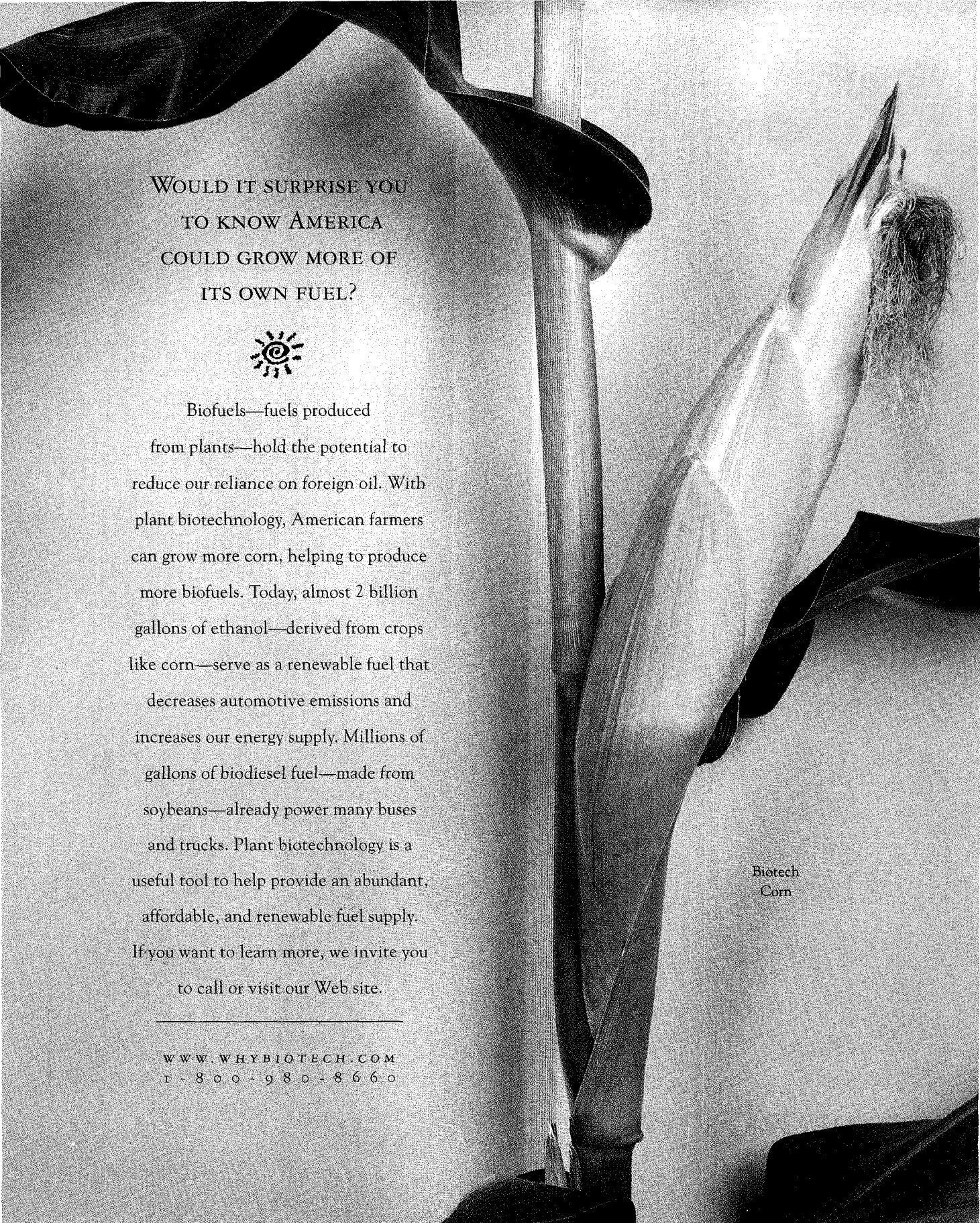
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT HOMELAND TRUTHS



A few mornings ago, Bill Clinton came downtown from One-Two-Five Street to Vanderbilt Avenue to give a speech. He was a few minutes early, which pleased and flattered his audience—four hundred nicely tailored suits, assembled at the Yale Club by the Council on Foreign Relations—at least as much as the fact that he had forgone his usual rock-star-size fee. Peter G. Peterson, the council's chairman, introduced him as “a Renaissance policy wonk,” and he did not disappoint. Speaking from notes, the former President talked for an hour and a half, offering detailed analyses of questions ranging from the Middle East to Kashmir—all shaped into a cogent argument for an anti-terrorism strategy based not only on military strength and domestic vigilance but also on the kind of global cooperation and alliance-building that helped steer the Cold War to a peaceful and positive conclusion.

It was a dazzling performance, one that left members of the audience a little stunned. It also left some of them (if post-speech conversations in one corner of the room were any guide) a little sad. The very rigor of Clinton's presentation was an ironic reminder of the private indis-
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

cipline. And there was no avoiding the melancholy thought of how little chance there is of his successor's ever achieving a like degree of substantive mastery.

The speech didn't get much bounce. The big papers ignored it, apart from a nine-inch wire-service story in the *Washington Post*, which left unreported Clinton's take on Washington's obsession of the moment: President Bush's proposal for an enormous new Department of Homeland Security, with a Secretary, a Deputy Secretary, five Under-Secretaries, six Assistant Secretaries, a hundred and seventy thousand employees, and a budget, to start with, in the neighborhood of forty billion dollars a year. “Finally, what about homeland defense?” Clinton

asked himself as his *tour* neared *l'horizon*. “Should there be a department? Probably. It probably will do some good and won't do much harm.” In Washington, he went on to say, “Presidents and Administrations come and go, and a lot of people hang on forever, and just because you ask somebody to do something doesn't mean they're going to do it. So there needs to be somebody at Cabinet-level rank who has some swat. And I think there's something to be said for that.”

That seems about the right level of enthusiasm. Clinton didn't bother to mention that the idea for the new department originated with a panel—its ungainly official name was the United States Commission on National Security/21st Century—that was appointed by his Administration, three years before the attacks of last September 11th. The panel was not only bipartisan but also ideologically diverse: its chairmen were Gary Hart and Warren Rudman, and its members, reading from left to right, included Andrew Young, Leslie Gelb, James Schlesinger, and Newt Gingrich. The principal recommendation of its final report, which came out less than a month after Bush took office, was that numerous existing agencies ought to be grouped together into a new one, at Cabinet level, devoted to “homeland security”—a suggestion that the incoming Administration ignored before the attacks and scorned afterward. The idea collided with the taboo against big government, just as the idea of checking on terrorists going on small-arms buying sprees at firearms fairs had



collided with the taboo against gun control. Indeed, it's not too hard to imagine what the radio shouters and the more combustible Republicans would be saying if the Florida shoe had pinched the other foot and the Department of Homeland Security were now being proposed by President Gore. Look at these Democrats—it's just like them to set up a gigantic new bureaucracy, name it after the problem, and call it a solution. Just like them to take refuge in shuffling boxes on an organization chart. Just like them to cook the whole thing up in secret—shades of Hillary's health plan!—and then time the announcement to divert attention from some woman's embarrassing testimony before a congressional committee.

Bush's about-face carries a faint echo of his father's famous (and admirable) switch from no-new-taxes tough guy to fiscally responsible tax raiser. It suggests that Bush *file*s, like more than one "un-Washington" President before him, is falling inexorably into a call-and-response routine with the chorus of Washington opinion and its incessant demands for action. His new approach—which has involved not just embracing the new department but also trying to "get ahead of the story" by having John Ashcroft announce collars (like that of the Chicago gang member turned Islamic radical, Jose Padilla) at the risk of compromising ongoing investigations and by having Tom Ridge strobe between telling us to be confident and telling us to be very afraid—is exactly the kind of reaction pattern that the son, mindful of Dad's political fate, had vowed to avoid. In this instance, though, there will be no political price.

"Creating a Cabinet post doesn't solve anything," griped Ari Fleischer, the White House press secretary, a couple of months before his boss proposed creating one. Well, better late than never. No doubt there will be some bickering over the details. It would be nice, for one thing, if Congress would change the name. "Homeland"—a bit of jargon imported from missile-defense circles (where "homeland" defenses trump "theatre" ones)—sounds frightened, creepy, and un-American, with unfortunate overtones of *Kinder, Kirche, Küche*. In the end, though, under whatever name, the new department will be created, and it will have the overwhelm-

ing support of Democrats as well as Republicans. It will do nothing, alas, to solve the problem of excessive white space in the topmost box of the organization chart. But it may do some good, and it probably won't do much harm.

—Hendrik Hertzberg

AMAZIN' DEPT. POWER OF THE PENNE



Gino's, in Yorkville, is one of those modest Italian restaurants, more pizzeria than trattoria, that are rarely frequented by people outside the neighborhood. A couple of weeks ago, its co-owner Phil Mangiafridda got a take-out order from one of his newer regulars, the Mets pitcher Shawn Estes, who was preparing for the biggest start of his major-league career—a game the next day at Shea against the Yankees and, more important, against Roger Clemens, whose notorious beaming of Mike Piazza two years ago had Mets fans demanding vengeance. To fortify himself, Estes wanted the usual: penne vodka with grilled chicken.

Estes had the penne that night, and the game of his life the next afternoon—

five hits, no runs, eleven strikeouts—in an 8–0 drubbing of the Yanks. While Estes did not, as Mets fans had urged, throw the ball at Clemens (he threw it *behind* him), he did manage to club a home run, the first ever off Clemens by a fellow-pitcher. It was but the latest manifestation of the peculiar abilities conferred on certain ballplayers by the penne at Gino's.

"About two months ago, this guy comes in and he orders the penne vodka with grilled chicken," Vinny Mangiafridda, Phil's brother, said the other day. "I tell him it's too early and the kitchen isn't open yet—we're just doing pizza and sandwiches. So he says, 'But Al sent me. I'm Shawn Estes. Al said to order what he eats.'"

Al was Al Leiter, the ace of the Mets' pitching staff. "Al comes in before every night start," Vinny said. "And he always gets the penne vodka with grilled chicken. Every time. Al's the best. Him, his wife, and even his kids." Leiter is thirty-six years old and has been in the majors for sixteen years, but he remains one of the better pitchers in the National League. Last week, he gave up just one run—and got two big hits—in a win over the Twins at Shea. ("IT'S ALL LEIT NOW," the *Post* declared.) "Penne vodka's my dish," he said in the clubhouse the next day. "It's worked. It's had good games. When Shawn got here, he asked me, 'Where's a good place to get pasta?' I said, 'Pasta? No way! You gotta go to Gino's.'"

Pre-penne, Estes, a lefty whom the Mets acquired from the San Francisco Giants during the off-season, had been pitching poorly—no wins, two losses, with an earned-run average of 5.09. But six hours after his first Gino's visit Estes had a phenomenal night—a one-hit, complete-game shutout of the Milwaukee Brewers. Post-penne, the Mets went 4–1 in his home starts. His confidence surged, his E.R.A. dropped, and the chicken-penne routine took hold.

Ballplayers can be superstitious about food. Before every game, the great batsman Wade Boggs had to have chicken and cheesecake (and, after the game, two hot dogs, a bag of barbecue potato chips, and an iced tea). One afternoon, his cheesecake came with strawberries on top, and that night he went hitless. Boggs never made this mistake again.

During a recent visit to Gino's, Estes, who is tall and has sandy-blond hair, was



Shawn Estes

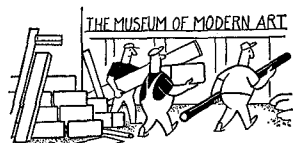
sitting at his table in a back corner, slowly working his way through the *News*, when his cell phone rang. It was Leiter. "Hey, Al," Estes said. "Yeah, I'm here now." He stood up and handed the phone to Vinny, behind the counter, and Vinny spoke briefly with Leiter. ("Al was checking up on him," Vinny said later. "He told me to make him up a two-hitter tonight. I'm gonna start calling it the E.R.A. special.") After a few minutes, Vinny came over with the penne. Estes ate methodically. When he was done, he tried to leave a tip, but Vinny adamantly refused.

The penne, for all its powers, may be partisan. Not long ago, David Wells, who pitches for the Yankees, stopped in at Gino's. Wells lives down the block, in the same high-rise as Leiter, and had heard about the restaurant from their doorman. He ate heartily but pitched ineffectively, giving up eight hits and four runs in a loss to a mediocre Baltimore Orioles ball club.

The fact that the Mets have so far been the sole beneficiaries of the penne doesn't bother Phil Mangiafridda, a lifelong Yankees fan. "It don't matter," he said. "I root for anyone who comes in here to eat."

—Tim Struby

AT THE MUSEUMS THE VIEW FROM THE SEVEN



When you approached the old Museum of Modern Art, on West Fifty-third Street, it didn't much matter whether you arrived on foot, by bus, in a taxi, or in a limousine. After the museum's new temporary quarters, in the former Swingline staple factory in Long Island City, Queens, open on June 29th, things are going to be very different, and not only because a lot of the MOMA crowd is more accustomed to walking around Paris than around Queens. It is best to approach the old factory by subway—the No. 7 line—because the architect, Michael Maltzan, has designed the building to be seen from the elevated train.

"There are almost two different to-



"It appears we've moved from proactive to preëemptive."

pographies in this part of Queens—there is what you see from the street level and the other level, from the train," Maltzan said the other day as he sat looking out the window of a No. 7 train rattling past the back of the huge Silvercup Studios sign. "All of those roof signs had an incredible effect on what we were doing—the roofs of these buildings really are like a second façade," he went on. "The idea of skirting across the rooftops—it gave us a way of imagining the people passing this building on a daily basis."

Maltzan decided that MOMA needed some kind of rooftop sign of its own, so that the building would take its place alongside its Queens neighbors. Huge neon letters, however, aren't quite MOMA's style, so Maltzan, along with the graphic-design firms Base Designs and 212 Associates, came up with a sign that consists of several black panels affixed to the mechanical-equipment enclosures on the old factory's roof. Each panel contains a piece of one of the letters of the MOMA logo, and they are arranged so that at first, from a distance, the letters appear disconnected, but as the train nears the Thirty-third Street station they come together to form the logo.

Maltzan, who worked on the project in association with the architectural firm Cooper, Robertson & Partners, has run his own architectural practice in Los Angeles since 1995. He grew up on Long

Island and has a particular fondness for what he calls "the middle landscape"—those industrial areas on the edges of cities that most serious architects disdain. "Here we had the opportunity to make a horizontal building in a landscape that seems antithetical to New York City," he said. "When I got the job, I realized that one of the most interesting things about it was that it was temporary. This was in opposition to the usual idea of an institution as a great, permanent safe house."

Maltzan was lucky, because MOMA's board was spending most of its time worrying about the expensive and difficult renovation of the Manhattan site, by the Japanese architect Yoshio Taniguchi. The Long Island City project, by contrast, was to be simple, fast, and relatively cheap, if you can call a fifty-million-dollar job cheap, and everyone agreed that the architecture had to be loose and easy.

MOMA's traditional primness would have seemed diffident and aloof at the intersection of Queens Boulevard and Thirty-third Street, especially since the new museum's closest neighbors are a grocery store and a diner, both garishly lit. Maltzan decided that to keep his building from looking too stuffy or demure he'd make it straightforward and bright. The façade is now an intense blue, with the MOMA logo sandblasted onto glass at the new front door.

Inside, visitors climb a stairway that leads toward a narrow break between

two lobby walls; the opening offers an enticing glimpse of Picasso's "Les Femmes d'Alger (O. J. R. M.)." Instead of moving straight ahead to the Picasso, however, you turn to the left, past a mezzanine with a café and a bookstore, and make a couple more turns, all the while passing a series of stairs and ramps and shifting walls. Maltzan has managed, almost miraculously, to design all this complexity in such a way as to make you feel serene rather than jostled.

The galleries themselves are understated and deferential to the art, but you never quite lose the sense that you are in a converted factory—there are polished concrete floors, white walls, and a black-painted ceiling. Although Maltzan's hand is always visible, it is clear that he didn't want to obscure the building's industrial origins. The new MOMA feels a bit like a loft blown up to ten times its normal size. "To stand in front of a Rousseau in the middle of Queens is an amazing moment—people will see all of these paintings differently," Maltzan said.

They will see the entire experience of museum-going differently, too. Instead of Sette MOMA for lunch, there is now the Van Dam Diner, where the view is of trailer trucks instead of Maillol sculptures. Maltzan says it reminds him of industrial sections of Los Angeles, like Culver City, and he is puzzled that not everyone is as thrilled about being there as he is.

"The other day, I walked over to the temporary offices MOMA has a few blocks from here, and I said to the people there how amazing this neighborhood was, how incredible, how lucky they were to be here," he said. "They looked at me like I was crazy."

—Paul Goldberger

ALL ABOARD FLAWLESS



A foamer is an exceptionally avid hobbyist. Some of the model-railroad foamers who gather every fourth Tuesday or so in Phil Chiavetta's garage, in New Jersey, are the species of train buff likely to hoard branch-line schedules

and jubilee tickets, and some of them just really like toy trains. Chiavetta is a dentist. He lives in Harrington Park, a few miles north of the George Washington Bridge. In his garage, he has built a replica of the railroad line belonging to the New York Central which ran along the western shore of the Hudson forty years ago. The garage isn't deep enough for the tracks to run north to south, so the main part of Chiavetta's layout has the shape of a horseshoe. The southern terminus resembles Jersey City, and is called Pavonia. It has brownstone buildings, a turning globe on top of its newspaper office, and an illuminated sign on the Shamrock Hotel that lights up one leaf at a time. Chiavetta has given the towns what he calls "mythological names" because, as he says, "railroaders are notorious nitpickers, and, if I give real names to places, people will show up and criticize." Chiavetta is proud of his setup and does not appreciate criticism.

Between fifteen and twenty buffs attend Chiavetta's sessions, which usually begin at seven-thirty in the evening and end at around eleven. The majority live in New Jersey, but several—a set designer, an architect, and a guy who owns a custom metalworks—come from Manhattan, and a guy who builds model railroads for rich people comes from Long Island. In Chiavetta's garage, it is always February 18, 1961, the day he turned seventeen. From a weather service he learned that there had been snow the day before, so the buildings, the tracks, and the fields have a powdering of pulverized marble, held down with glue. The buffs run about forty trains, some of which are replicas of those that actually operated on that day and some of which Chiavetta has invented—the railroad had eliminated steam engines several years earlier, but he runs some anyway. On the wall is a clock that takes about eight seconds to advance one minute. The first train leaves at five-thirty in the morning, and the last arrives at around ten-thirty at night, depending on whether there have been any collisions or derailments or breakdowns.

A dispatcher with a clipboard stands in the center of the horseshoe and, in a loud voice, makes announcements, such as "KP2, you're cleared through to Lake Catherine," or "Fifty-one, you have the backdoor to Kingston." There are three

areas for a buff to engage himself in: the yard, where the trains are assembled; the tracks; and the switching yard, where empty freight cars are exchanged for full ones. Some buffs specialize. They arrive and ask for a switching list, for example, and go to the switching area, in a town called Brewer, and stay there the entire session. "We don't see them all night," Chiavetta says.

Chiavetta began building his layout eight years ago. He had been interested in trains since childhood, and had for a long time wanted to have sessions. Then he had a couple of heart attacks and decided there was no longer any good reason to wait. He laid the tracks, and a friend, Steve Zeff, laid the wires. As far as Chiavetta and the other buffs are aware, there is no other layout as intricate as his in the vicinity of New York City. A guy about an hour west has a good one, full of hills and valleys, but it's an oval, and, in the opinion of most buffs, after a while you get bored watching trains go round and round. An F.B.I. agent in another town has a layout in his garden, but since September 11th he's been preoccupied, and word has it that he has developed an enthusiasm for white-water rafting. Chiavetta's layout has lights that resemble real railroad overhead signals. "It would be nice if the guys knew what they meant," Chiavetta says. "But it gives us a chance to yell at people when they go through them."

At around nine-thirty, someone stops the clock, and the buffs climb the stairs to Chiavetta's playroom to watch videos of steam trains and have a snack. Big guys on bar stools polishing off store-bought cakes is what it amounts to. Because of the cholesterol and the heart attacks, Chiavetta doesn't take part. He walks his dog instead.

Chiavetta says that foamers are essentially welcoming, if reserved. Only a few people have attended sessions and not been asked back. "One guy was looking at the scenery," he says. "He told me, 'If you want to learn how to do the scenery right I'll give you the number of a guy—he'll come down and correct your mistakes.' Now, a guy doesn't want to hear that. I mean, the thing about model railroading, it's an ego-driven hobby. And, as far as I'm concerned, there are no mistakes."

—Alec Wilkinson

THE FINANCIAL PAGE THE LAST CONGLOMERATEUR

In William Gaddis's 1975 novel "J R," a sixth grader from Long Island named J R Vansant quickly parlays one share of stock in a cable company and a deal to sell Navy-surplus wooden picnic forks into a vast empire he calls "the J R Family of Companies." J R owns, among other things, a textile mill, a matchbook producer, and a chain of nursing homes and funeral parlors, and is acclaimed by the press as "a man who sees where the parade is heading long before the paraders themselves do."

J R was modelled on the conglomerate kings of the nineteen-sixties, men like Jimmy Ling, of L.T.V., and Harold Geneen, of I.T.T. But he might well have served as the inspiration for L. Dennis Kozlowski, the recently deposed C.E.O. of Tyco International. During the nineteen-nineties, Kozlowski made Tyco an acquisition machine, spending tens of billions of dollars to buy hundreds of companies, in such lines as commercial lending, undersea cable, industrial valves, and disposable diapers. Working out of a small headquarters in New Hampshire, Kozlowski earned a reputation as a remorseless cost-cutter with an uncanny ability to discern value in overlooked companies. Analysts spoke glowingly of Tyco as a new-model G.E., and in April of last year *Business Week* named it the best-performing company in America.

Not this year, though. Under the weight of rumors about dubious accounting and financial chicanery, Tyco's stock has collapsed, shrinking the company's market cap by more than eighty billion dollars in six months. Each week brings accusations of misdeeds in the executive suite. (The other day, the company sued its own former chief corporate counsel, charging a "broad pattern of misconduct for personal gain.") This month, Kozlowski resigned and, a day later, was indicted on charges of evading more than a million dollars in sales tax on purchases of art. Instead of joining Jack Welch and Alfred P. Sloan in the pantheon of great C.E.O.s, Kozlowski has joined Kenneth Lay, Sam Waksal, and, apparently, all of Arthur Andersen in the ever-expanding gallery of corporate rogues.

Though Kozlowski may be a chiseler, that doesn't necessarily make Tyco a fraud. Nonetheless, he molded Tyco in his own image: it played fast and loose—incorporating itself in Bermuda, failing to disclose acquisitions, larding its financial statements with confusing footnotes—and placed more emphasis on clever asset-shuffling than on solid business practices. And the much heralded success of its business model was a bull-market fiction. Kozlowski claimed that he was building the next great American corporation, but, in resurrecting the discredited idea of the conglomerate, he ended up running a great American con game instead.

In everyday speech, people use "conglomerate" to mean any giant company.



In fact, a conglomerate is a company made up of many different businesses that have very little to do with one another. A few decades ago, conglomerates ruled. During the sixties, I.T.T., under Geneen, bought two hundred and fifty companies, while W. R. Grace expanded into snack food, electromagnetic shielding, and recreational vehicles. By the end of the seventies, almost eighty per cent of the companies in the Fortune 500 were conglomerates. Not coincidentally, perhaps, American corporations performed horribly in the seventies, and eventually the conglomerates were torn limb from limb, as companies "de-diversified." With rare exceptions, today's powerhouses are focussed on one kind of business.

Why did the conglomerates die? One

argument is that the market just wised up. In the sixties, the stock market was small, insular, and relatively ill informed, and that made it easier for a disciplined management team to find hidden gems. But over time the capital markets got better at finding the hidden gems. A conglomerate can succeed only if the people running it are brilliant investors and exceptional managers. There are many who are one or the other, but almost no one who is both.

Kozlowski presented himself as a man who could do it all—who had a knack for buying companies on the cheap and whipping them into shape. But what he really had a knack for was buying everything in sight, using Tyco's inflated stock as currency. He put a host of profitable companies under one roof but spent an appalling amount of money to do so (Tyco has twenty-seven billion dollars in debt), and there's little evidence that those companies performed better after Kozlowski came along.

Kozlowski insisted, to the end, that Tyco was not a conglomerate but "a multi-industrial company." In fact, conglomerateurs almost always reject the term. In the sixties, Rupert Thompson, of Textron, liked "non-related diversification." In the seventies, would-be J R Vansants preferred "freeform company." And when Jeffrey Immelt, the C.E.O. of G.E., was asked recently what he thought when people called G.E. a conglomerate, he said, "Hate it. . . . We run a multibusiness company with common cultures."

Call them what you like—conglomerates don't work. What investors want now, post-Enron, is transparency, clarity, and security, and conglomerates offer the opposite. It's no coincidence that companies with opaque and complex financials have been hammered in the last six months. (According to a recent Morgan Stanley study, the longer a company's annual report, the worse its stock-market returns.) Even G.E. is suffering. When it came to conglomerates, G.E., needlessly obfuscatory but phenomenally profitable, was always the exception that proved the rule. But then that's what people said about Tyco, too. After Enron, after Arthur Andersen, after Tyco, investors have had enough of exceptions. Now they'll take the rule.

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LETTER FROM FRANCE

ORANGE ALERT

The National Front conducts an experiment.

BY ISABEL HILTON

In 1996, shortly after the National Front unexpectedly won control of the historic Provençal town of Orange, in the South of France, the newly elected mayor, Jacques Bompard, declared that the town would become a laboratory for far-right ideas. Exactly how the anti-immigration, anti-government ideas of Jean-Marie Le Pen, the National Front leader, would be enacted on the local level of a town was not clear. Bompard, a former dentist and the founder of the National Front in Vaucluse, is a populist with an abrasive style. In council meetings, in the elegant *mairie*, or town hall, he has been known to announce loudly when an opposition member rises to speak that he is going for a piss. His unconventional manners have not dented his popularity, though, or prevented him from rendering acceptable here a party that makes most French citizens shudder. Le Pen was not elected President. But in 2001 the Mayor of Orange was reelected, with an overwhelming sixty per cent of the vote. In this apparently peaceful town, National Front government is now an entrenched reality.

Orange, with a population of twenty-nine thousand, sits on a low plateau east of the Rhône River. There has been human settlement here since prehistoric times. On the slopes outside the town grow the vines that produce Côtes du Rhône. The Romans, who occupied Orange two thousand years ago, also appreciated its vineyards and, in return, left an important physical legacy—a commemorative arch and a magnificent open-air theatre that seats nine thousand. In summer, it hosts a short opera season, which ranks as the fifth most popular festival in the country. To the visitor's eye, Orange is a town comfortable with its rituals and traditions.

I arrived in Orange at the end of April, between the first and second rounds of the Presidential elections. In the first round, the campaign was paralyzingly dull: the two main candidates, the So-

cialist Prime Minister, Lionel Jospin, and the conservative President, Jacques Chirac, had been power-sharing for five years, and voters were weary of the ill-defined political debate that resulted. Jospin is a buttoned-up Protestant, honest but almost wholly devoid of charisma. Chirac has personality and guile, but his honesty had been seriously questioned by allegations of bribery. Voters were bored, the turnout was low, Jospin was eliminated, and, to the mortification of the French élite, the second round of the Presidential contest was now between Jacques Chirac (who polled the lowest number of votes of any incumbent President in French history) and Jean-Marie Le Pen.

As I watched the nightly television news, it seemed that the streets of France had been given over to protests against what was widely perceived as a catastrophe. But in Orange, where Le Pen had won nearly twice as many votes as Chirac, there was almost no trace of crisis. In fact, there was almost no trace of the election—no posters, no leaflets, no banners across the streets. The only concession I noticed was that an annual military parade held by the Foreign Legion, which normally passes through town, had been reduced to a ceremony at the barracks; a public military display, I'd heard, was felt to be too inflammatory in the aftermath of Le Pen's success. Attendance was by invitation only, but the Legion was happy to issue me one.

At the entrance to the barracks, an officer whose chest clanked with oversized medals waved me through. I found a seat in the bleachers, among a small audience of veterans and legionnaires' relatives, all smartly dressed for the occasion. On the parade ground, the 1st Battalion was drawn up, white képis and red epaulets bright in the morning sun. The French Foreign Legion has always been a refuge for men with a past to escape, and it is still possible to lose a difficult identity by joining up with few questions asked. But it's

not exactly a soft option—recruits are not allowed out of the country for the first five years. The presumption is that whatever they are trying to escape must be far worse. These days, most of them, I was told, are from Eastern Europe.

When Orange first went National Front, some analysts sought comfort in a military explanation. What would you

of *pieds noirs*—the French settlers who were expelled when de Gaulle abandoned the struggle to hold on to the colony of Algeria, in 1962. The *harkis* came then, too—Algerians who had worked and fought for the French, and who, fleeing the revenge of their compatriots, settled with their families in France. All three groups have an emotional connection to

ate from a position of equality.” Guin was now a National Front voter. “The kids are demonstrating because the teachers are Socialists,” he said. “There’s no authority here. In one town, the postmen refuse to deliver the electoral mail because, they say, it’s too heavy.” He went on, “The people of Orange are not Fascist. They just want to reinstate author-



One Le Penist said, “The people of Orange are not Fascist. They just want to reinstate authority.” Photograph by William Klein.

expect, they said, of a town that was full of right-leaning Army types? Orange has always been a garrison town and a place where veterans come to settle—ever since the soldiers of the Roman legion colonized the district, two millennia ago. Today, the town is also home to a mobile company of gendarmes and a major Air Force base.

But the explanation doesn’t hold up. The legionnaires are, of course, foreign, so they do not vote. The Air Force has had pointedly little to do with the town since Jacques Bompard came to power, and the gendarmes are mostly registered to vote elsewhere. In a more historical sense, though, the military presence does have an influence. Provence has its share of military veterans, and more than its share

the National Front: the loss of Algeria, for the National Front, is an almost sacred grievance, an example of the betrayal of the true France. While mainstream French political parties long ago turned the page on an inglorious chapter of colonial history, Jean-Marie Le Pen—himself a veteran of the Algerian War—has never forgotten or forgiven.

Pierre Guin is a veteran who quit the service over Algeria. He was sitting in front of me, watching the ceremony. He turned back his lapel to show me a campaign ribbon, discreetly worn out of sight.

“I fought in Indochina, and in Algeria,” he told me. “But then I lost my motivation. De Gaulle knew that Algeria would be independent, but thousands had to die because he wanted to negoti-

ity—especially in the schools.” Nor were they anti-Semitic, he added. He paused and smiled. “Well, maybe a bit.” Immigration was also high on Guin’s list of complaints—a dislike of people he called “uneducated Arabs.” And there was, above all, a resentment of the overweening nature of the French bureaucratic state. “Do you know how many mayors there are in Britain?” he asked. “Six thousand. In Germany? Five thousand. There are *thirty-six thousand seven hundred* mayors in France. Seventy per cent of our elected deputies are *fonctionnaires*”—public servants—“and there are five hundred and seventy-seven of them. In the United States, there are two hundred and fifty.” Although I wasn’t sure about the statistics, they had clearly been

much quoted, a litany of frustration at the top-heavy nature of the French state.

Despite the surfeit of mayors, Pierre Guin approved of the current mayor of Orange. Jacques Bompard's moment in the ceremony had come, and he was on the parade ground, dressed in a dark suit with the red-white-and-blue republican sash that his office bestows on him. Mayor Bompard marched solemnly, his hands held stiffly in place, thumbs cocked, back rigid, chin high, more assiduously military in his bearing than many of the legionnaires.

On my way to Orange, I had stopped to see some friends who live a few miles south of the town. Their neighbors, mostly farmers, they explained, were exasperated with a state that no longer worked for them—one that, in their view, had been hijacked by political correctness and was run by featherbedded politicians and civil servants who neglected the basic duties of looking after its citizens' security. "A third of the French Air Force can't fly, and a third of prison sentences are never served," they told me. The issue of crime had featured large in the Presidential campaign—along with the sense that the police were impotent. Only the National Front articulated these frustrations. "Remember what Laurent Fabius"—a Socialist and a former prime minister—"said about Le Pen," my friends reminded me as I left. "The solutions are wrong, but the problems are real. The main parties don't even acknowledge the problems."

In Orange, there had been no specific crisis before Jacques Bompard was elected, but there had been grumbling. In the previous two decades, the town hall had been run by a Communist, a Socialist, and a member of the conservative right. Nobody seemed particularly proud of the previous administrations, not even their supporters. There was a feeling that they had accomplished little, while local taxes had climbed—or, as Pierre Guin put it, "Where was the money going before Bompard?" It had been years since a mayor had been given a second term.

Bompard's first victory, in 1995—by eighty-seven votes—was a result of a divided vote: too many candidates on the right split the moderate vote between them, in an electoral mishap similar to the one that had produced Le Pen's success in the first round of the Presiden-

tial elections. But the second victory, six years later, when the Mayor was reelected with that astounding sixty per cent of the vote, was harder to explain.

I strolled along the Rue de la République, in the heart of the town. In a shop on a corner, the proprietor was friendly but reluctant to talk politics. "It's bad for business," he said. "And, to be honest, it hasn't really affected me much, except that some clients no longer care to come to Orange." Many of his fellow-*commerçants*, he conceded, were National Front voters, but it was a sensitive subject. The press was perceived to be hostile. He glanced out his window and brightened. "Christiane will talk about the Front. She's a great supporter."

He went to the door and called across the street to a woman in late middle age. She was wearing a bright summer dress, pink high-heeled mules, an ankle bracelet, and diamanté-studded dark glasses. She bustled into the shop, beaming. "The National Front? I'll talk about the National Front," she said. "We had the right—they did nothing. They stole. We had the left—they did nothing. What has the Front done to be so hated? I am very happy. I always voted to the right, but they did too much for the immigrants." Christiane talked rapidly and loudly, her weight shifting from one pink mule to the other, as she elaborated on her grievances. "I was in business," she said. "I'd worked all my life. When I needed a little assistance, they told me I wasn't entitled to any. But they give it to the immigrants. I am happy—and, as for the Mayor, if you can find anyone who's unhappy with the Mayor—well, I don't know what else he's meant to do." Her monologue continued for another five minutes and touched on Socialist teachers, the high birth rate among immigrants, and the wickedness of letting children demonstrate on the streets instead of making them do their lessons.

After Christiane left, the shop proprietor shook his head. "She's a little extreme, perhaps, but she says what other people think and don't say."

I stepped outside. The Mayor's supporters were happy to point to the beautification of the city center. This was Bompard's doing. Even his enemies concede that Orange has been cleaned up; roads have been mended and limestone flags laid. Bompard prides himself on responding swiftly to any complaint

about town functions. There was a sense that the money he spent was producing results—and at the same time he had cut local taxes. He had even managed, by his own account, to reduce crime.

While Bompard was spending money on new limestone, he was also saving it in a number of ways. His most popular economy was to reduce dramatically the number of public servants. When Bompard took over, the town had six hundred and twenty-nine employees; today there are five hundred and twelve. (The unions say there are only four hundred and thirty left.) In France, it is all but impossible to fire a *fonctionnaire*. "They need to be raping a child in front of you, and even then it's doubtful," André-Yves Beck, the Mayor's director of communications, says. But even *fonctionnaires* have feelings, and life can be made so unpleasant for them that they leave. That is what the Mayor did—he made their lives very unpleasant.

Jacques Bompard did not invent the practice of getting rid of public employees whose faces did not fit a new political regime. But he took it, his critics say, to pathological extremes. Fabienne Renard Haloui was a victim. She came to see me one evening, along with a *fonctionnaire* who is still employed at the town hall and who was anxious to remain anonymous. "I haven't found a way out yet," he explained, "and you don't know how unpleasant they can be if they find out you have talked." Haloui is an activist in the C.G.T.—the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, France's largest trade union—and a member of the Communist Party. (And, as one National Front supporter whispered to me, as though it were all I needed to know, her husband is an "Arab.") None of these factors had prevented her from working with different mayors in the past. But when Bompard came in she was abruptly downgraded, her bonuses stopped, and she was assigned to take care of the cemetery.

"Quite a few of us ended up looking after the cemetery or the crematorium," Haloui said.

"The atmosphere is horrible," her companion added. "There's real fear. If they want to get rid of you, they make it awful. People don't talk to you. They are forbidden to. There was a suicide—M. Nouveau. He couldn't take it."

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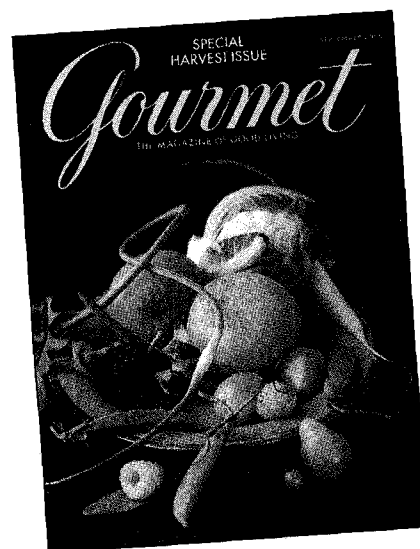
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famous locally. Nouveau ran the school meals and maintenance service, and he was also a trade-union secretary. When Bompard took over, he was demoted to looking after the town's parking lots. In May, 1996, he shot himself in his office, leaving a note in which he accused the Mayor, and two of his aides, of killing him. The Mayor subsequently hinted, without quite saying so, that Nouveau had had his hand in the till. Gérard Laussat is a union member with a similar story. He still works in the *mairie*, but, since the Bompard regime, his job has changed ten times in six years, and for three years he worked without a phone.

"It's appalling," he said. "Eighty per cent of the people who work there are afraid. Bompard's people have informers everywhere, so nobody speaks."

Catherine Canazzi is another employee who was pushed out, although her differences with the Mayor were over cultural matters. She had worked in the library for thirteen years, and when Bompard became mayor she was told that the library's collection was unbalanced. The Mayor's people insisted on introducing "hundreds of works of the extreme right," as Canazzi described them. "I said it was not the library's job to display these things. They said it was not my job to comment. They didn't actually purge the shelves, but they said they were determined to balance them." The suggested works ranged from the uncontroversial "History of France," by Jacques Bainville, to the polemical "Mysteries and Secrets of B'nai B'rith," by Emmanuel Ratier—a rant about "Judeo-Masonic plots" of a kind familiar to connoisseurs of Fascist literature. Even the children's shelves were censored: a series entitled "Regional Tales from All Countries" got the Mayor's thumbs-down.

Canazzi and three other librarians all quit. Now, though she still lives in Orange, she describes herself as *en rupture*—in a breach—with the town. "I think we haven't understood the dangers of this kind of thing."

Given the structure of French local government, it seems miraculous that Bompard managed to make any impression on the town at all. The conventional wisdom is that a mayor is so dependent on funds from elsewhere—from the region or the state—that he can do

little but beg for money from higher authorities, who will dispense or withhold it according to political whim. But Bompard is a rule-breaker, and has a knack for exposing the weakness of a system that is always saying what a mayor can't do but has no mechanism to punish him when he goes ahead and does it. By law, Bompard was not allowed to force out his public servants. So? The former public servants go to court, and the Mayor then ignores the judgments against him. The hapless litigant can only return to court and plead for enforcement. One such litigant told me gloomily that his cases (he had fifteen claims against the Mayor) could drag on for fifteen years. The town is currently fighting around twenty lawsuits on the Mayor's behalf.

Bompard's approach is also evident in the way he distributes municipal funds. Cultural projects run by people he considers politically unreliable, or social projects designed to benefit the town's immigrant poor, are simply no longer funded, and the money is spent on other things. In the event, the higher authorities, on the regional or state level, have had to step in to meet shortfalls. These financial interventions are meant as a political rebuke, but the net effect has been in Bompard's favor. The summer opera festival, for instance, had its funding suspended for two years, after the organizers refused to make the Mayor its chairman, preferring someone who happened to be a political rival.

The Mayor's sentiments in these matters might best be summed up in another expression of local culture. Until recently, a statue of Raimbaud II, Count of Orange, had perched peacefully on a hill overlooking the town. The Count distinguished himself as a Crusader in 1096. When Bompard was elected, the statue was recruited as a symbol for the mayor's contemporary cultural crusade, and it was moved to the Place de la République, in the center of town.

Sometimes the Mayor's interventions seem vindictive (for instance, in his insis-

tence that pork remain on the school menus, without an alternative for Muslim children, who cannot eat it). And sometimes they are outright personal. If the Mayor does not like you, his critics allege, he will use the town hall's powers to make your life as difficult as possible.

Thierry Mariani is a conservative member of the National Assembly for North Vaucluse and the mayor of the small neighboring town of Valréas. Mariani and Bompard belong to rival political parties and openly dislike each other. "In a normal town, three people say bad things about a mayor, and three people say good things," Mariani told me. "But, here, if people criticize this mayor there are consequences. Three restaurateurs complained about something, and they had their terraces removed. If the press criticizes him, he sues. Reporters from France 2—a television station—have been banned from the *mairie*. He has silenced all opposition. There are almost no cultural organizations left." But he added, "I have to admit—he has cleaned the center up. It is more beautiful than it was."

On May 1st, I followed the Mayor to Paris, where he lent his presence to the annual display of National Front force in the nation's capital. The march made its way through the city and ended at the statue of Joan of Arc, on the Rue de Rivoli, where Jean-Marie Le Pen struggled through television cameras to lay at the statue's feet a large bouquet of lilies of the valley, a flower that is traditionally offered to women in France on May Day. His supporters—many carrying a baguette under one arm as an assertion of national pride—continued on to the Place de l'Opéra, where Le Pen ended a ninety-minute speech with several renditions of the "Marseillaise." The march was a neat appropriation of several national symbols: the lily of the valley, the workers' traditional May Day holiday, the national anthem, and Joan of Arc.

In rival demonstrations that day, the challenge to Le Pen was expressed not simply in numbers but also in cultural signs. "Free Joan of Arc," said one homemade placard that I saw. "They have Joan, but they won't get Marianne"—the symbol of the French Republic—another said. The opposition seemed to be stumped for a response to the baguettes, though.



In Orange, unusually, there were also demonstrations against the National Front, although they were small. When the National Front first captured the town, there was an energetic civic resistance. Concerned opponents set up an organization called *Alerte Orange* to monitor the town hall's activities and to challenge the far right's cultural and political hegemony. But when Bompard was so convincingly reelected the resistance—and *Alerte Orange*—seemed to lose heart.

On the eve of May Day, there was a march by high-school students which ended under the window of the Mayor's office, on the first floor of the town hall. The Mayor's director of communications, André-Yves Beck, a tightly wound young man with small angry eyes, showed me photographs that had been taken of the march from the town hall.

"Nothing but Arabs," he said. "Although I don't know if that would be evident to *you*." (Beck had already voiced the suspicion that I was an "English anti-racist.") I looked at the photographs. They showed a group of about a hundred young people gathered in one of the pretty squares that the Mayor had repaved. Some of the demonstrators may have been of North African descent, but most of them simply looked like French high-school students. I had begun to suspect that Beck saw more Arabs in Orange than actually existed. When I asked him how many immigrants there were in the town, he replied, without hesitation, "Too many."

On a wall of Beck's office, there was a poster of a bare-breasted blonde posing beside the legend "With a five-per-cent tax cut, someone could afford to buy you a brassiere." For Beck, and the mayor he represents, France is in terrible danger from unchecked immigration. "The country has been invaded," he said. "Daily life is ruined, and the people suffer aggression. It's not home anymore, and we are not protected by the state, be it left or right."

The next day, May Day, there was another small demonstration, of about four hundred people, according to its organizers, who were all associated with the *Théâtre du Sablier*. The theatre is a tiny company that has operated independently of the town authorities since Bompard came to power. In the beginning, the Mayor, through one of his



"My gosh! You remind me so much of your father when he was in prison."

aides, had invited the director, Prosper Diss, to coöperate with the town hall and assured him of a grant, provided that he agree to produce no contemporary works and that he submit everything to the town hall for approval. Diss declined the offer, but not before telling the Mayor's aide that Bompard "represented everything that I execrate the most." When I met Diss, shortly after the May Day demonstration, he said, "For me, theatre is liberty. The Mayor and I have nothing in common. The Mayor likes domestic comedies. They change the sofa, the flowers. Apart from that, they are all the same." On May Day, the modest demonstrators started at the theatre and marched to the Arc de Triomphe. "It was a symbolic destination," Diss said.

When I met Bompard, in his large, blue-carpeted office a few days before the second round of the Presidential election, he seemed in good spirits. Dressed in a dark suit, his tie loosened and the top button of his shirt undone, he was sitting at an oversized desk puffing on a large cigar. He waved me to a chair.

He talked about his political past. He had been a Gaullist, he said, at fourteen, but by sixteen he realized his mistake:

de Gaulle had betrayed everyone over Algeria. Bompard moved to the National Front, and was a pioneer of the Party in Vaucluse. Although his success in Orange seemed to come from out of the blue, he had been cultivating support in the area for many years. Now he had set his sights on the National Assembly.

Bompard was affable until I challenged his account of his record in Orange. "Ask the people of Orange," he said. "The people of Orange have a mayor who takes care of them. Who have you been talking to? You've been talking to the left." They were people who did not respect municipal regulations, he said. As for the dismissed *fonctionnaires*, they all had some shadow over their records.

"A public servant in France has exorbitant rights," he complained. "I fired only one—who had stolen." He looked at me narrowly. "Well," he added, "there was a C.G.T. official who was missing from her post for three hundred days. There have been no strikes here for seven years. That's what counts for me." I asked him about his claim to have lowered the crime rate, a claim challenged by many, who point out that the Mayor quotes selectively to make his case.

"Who told you that? You've been

talking to Mariani," he said, with a sneer. "You keep bad company." He picked up his cigar and puffed angrily. "Mariani is a liar.

"Why does everyone take shots at me?" the Mayor asked. "Because Orange is a shopwindow where a different policy is on display. In France, the citizens who have voted for Le Pen are treated like Fascists. You don't attack voters in a democracy. They are sovereign. But not in France."

At 11 A.M. on the morning of May 5th, the square in front of the town hall was crowded with worshippers who had just come from the morning service in the nearby cathedral. Inside, there was a notice from the bishops urging French citizens to cherish their democracy—a thinly disguised appeal to vote against Le Pen. Inside the *mairie*, the reception area had been converted into a polling station, with a row of blue-curtained booths and a table on which were laid out small envelopes and two piles of slips with names printed on them—one for Jacques Chirac and one for Jean-Marie Le Pen. Voters took one of each, entered the booths, and emerged with one of the slips in an envelope, which they then deposited in a glass box. The Mayor was presiding, full of bonhomie, over the box itself. "Allez! Votez!" he boomed, as voters approached, their envelopes in hand.

Some citizens paused to shake the Mayor's hand. One woman with startling two-tone hair exchanged three kisses on the cheek with him. On the wall near the door, a chart recorded the steady flow of voters. By 11 A.M., thirty-four per cent of the polling station's nine hundred and thirty-seven registered voters had already cast their ballots. Before the polling station closed, 81.76 per cent of the voters had cast their ballots. Gilbert Brazzoni, an elderly National Front supporter, was waiting to fulfill his civic duty by taking part in the count. He had moved to Provence from Haute-Savoie thirty years before, he told me. "Did you know that Algeria was French before Haute-Savoie was?" he asked me. He supported the National Front because he admired its stand against the "Arabs," who were "poisoning our lives."

"But I'm really a royalist," he added. The National Front attracts support

from a wide range of groups who feel alienated from mainstream politics: some lamented the passing of a Catholic, agrarian France; some wanted to see the return of the Latin Mass; some felt that France had taken a wrong turn with the Revolution and wanted a king again, although the royalists were further split between two different pretenders.

I asked Brazzoni which royal house he supported.

"Anjou, of course," he replied, shocked that I could have been unclear about this crucial point of doctrine. He did not think that Jean-Marie Le Pen would win, but it did not matter. "Things will never be the same again," he told me.

When the count began, it rapidly became clear that, even here, in Orange, Le Pen was not going to win a majority, although he did manage to get more than thirty per cent, nearly double his national average. I watched the piles of Chirac voting slips grow. By the time the count was finished, Chirac's piles seemed twice the size of Le Pen's. The Mayor had lost a little of his bounce.

"You want to know my reaction?" he said. "I'll tell you." He beckoned me into his office and sat down to harangue me about what he saw as a conspiracy of the press and the established political order against the National Front. "I think we've had fifteen days of Stalinist and Hitlerite propaganda," he said. "I think we have descended into a banana republic. I am wounded, yes. But my second reaction is that it is an act of bravery to vote for Le Pen in the context of the totalitarian propaganda we have suffered."

He stopped to make note of a phrase on a scrap of paper. An hour later, I heard him repeat the speech before the audience that had gathered in the *mairie*'s debating chamber for the final results. Several opponents snorted and walked out. His supporters applauded both his words and the departure of the opposition.

The election was over. Bompard and his lieutenants headed downstairs to their waiting cars. As he left, I asked the Mayor what he thought the results meant for his chances of unseating Thierry Mariani in the legislative elections the following month. He had recovered his relentless optimism. "It's very good news," he said. "Lots of people who voted for Chirac did it reluctantly. They will want revenge. And I am the revenge!" ♦

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They may be little but their talent is anything but slight. The Little Singers of Monaco, H.S.H. Prince Rainier's "singing ambassadors", are coming to the Big Apple this summer for free performances at venues all around New York. Highlighting the Singers' to-do list is a free concert in Bryant Park on July 17th at 5:30 P.M. The following afternoon, the choir will make a cameo at Yankee Stadium, where they will proudly display Monaco's strong ties with the United States by singing "God Bless America" before the Yankees play the Detroit Tigers. The game, which begins at 1:00 P.M., will be televised on the YES network.

The Little Singers' 2002 North American tour is particularly significant as it commemorates the 20th anniversary of the death of H.S.H. Princess Grace of Monaco, Monaco's beloved American-born princess. Ranging in age from eight to eighteen, the Little Singers are an award-winning troupe that has delighted audiences and Heads of State across the globe.



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BABE RUTH: MY TEAMMATE, MY LOVER

BY ROGER ANGELL

Babe Ruth and I were teammates on the Yankees—and lovers, too. It was no big deal back then. After Sunday games were over, lots of players and writers would come by our little flat in the Morrisania section of the Bronx for one of Babe's famous bean dinners. I also remember the evening when Babe, wearing his familiar pink housecoat, turned out a nice catfish stew for Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Everyone in baseball knew how it was with me and Babe. After the company had gone home and we'd done the dishes, he would lie in my arms and I'd whisper, "You are my bambino."

Babe was a fine singer as well as a great cook. He was a natural mezzo-soprano. As we know, Harry Frazee, the owner of the Boston Red Sox, sold Babe to the Yankees in 1919 because he needed cash to back a Broadway musical. What hasn't been told is that he hoped to land Babe for the ingénue role in "No, No, Nanette." It was all day games back then, and once the Sultan of Swat had become a fixture at Yankee Stadium he'd have plenty of time to wrap up his work in the Bronx, hop on the subway, and sing and dance on Broadway that evening. An understudy would fill in for him at the Saturday matinées and when the Yanks were away on road trips. That was Frazee's plan, at least. As it transpired, however, there was a two-year production delay and by the time "Nanette" went into rehearsal Babe had grown too fat for the role. Louise Groody got the part instead. He was heartbroken.

The reason was steroids. These were readily available in the early nineteen-twenties, in the form of breakfast food. All you had to do was read the label. Babe went into a bit of a slump in the spring of '22 and, looking for a lift, downed a hundred and twenty-seven

bowls of Wheatnutz in one sitting. Typical Ruthean excess. By nightfall, his weight was up by fourteen pounds and he'd turned contralto. The svelte Babe had gone forever, except at the ankles.

The Babe and I were also involved with the Yankees' famous decision to wear pin-striped uniforms. He wasn't



a cross-dresser, but one night I was playing pinochle with him in a little Worth frock that had been given to me by Lady Cunard—tight in the bodice but flaring to that cute kneetop hem—and Babe said, "Say, wouldn't that organza stripe look great on our plain white unies!" Excited, we called Colonel Jacob Ruppert, the Yankees' owner, who came right up for a look. He agreed—he was that kind of executive—and once again baseball history was made.

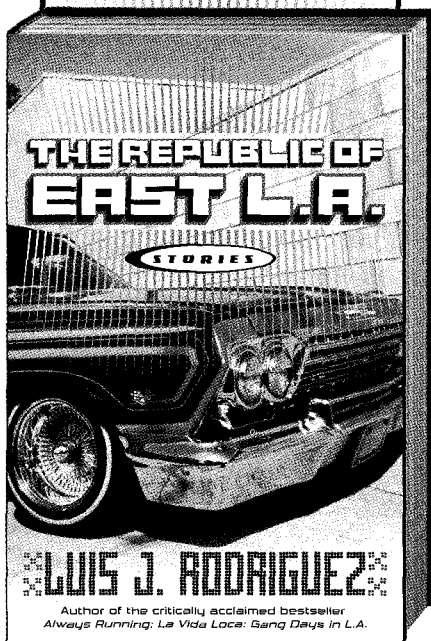
Not everyone was as broadminded about our relationship. Lou Gehrig seemed a mite stuffy about Babe's ways, but he cheered up when he understood that what Ruth wanted from him was something quite special. Babe had been

raised in an orphanage, and one day at Comiskey Park he popped the question—asked Lou if he'd legally adopt him. "Kid," he said (he called everybody "kid"), "you play like an old man, so why not be mine?" Lou was tickled—he was that kind of baseball immortal—but in the end his mother, Mom Gehrig, said no.

I'd only played on the Yanks with Babe for a couple of seasons when it became clear that I should give my full attention to our arrangement, undistracted by cheering and umps and train trips. So I quit. Babe never turned up at our place until late—he had a marriage and fatherhood to take care of, downtown—but I needed a whole day to get ready. Shopping, making dinner, and laying out his evening togs made the hours fly by. He'd come in smoking a cigar and full of that day's doings—"I bopped one good offa Walberg!" I can hear him exclaiming—and before you knew it the doorbell would ring and another of our soirées would be under way. Jimmy Walker, Neysa McMein, George Bernard Shaw, Jack Dempsey, Harpo Marx, J. Edgar Hoover, Theda Bara, Jimmie Foxx, Bernarr Macfadden, Edna St. Vincent Millay—ask rather who *didn't* make it uptown to our tasteful nest. Night ran into dawn, and lucky late-stayers might get to hear the Babe (insouciant on the lap of John McCormack, the great Irish tenor) reprise his tender "Caro nome," from "Rigoletto," or—standing tall with a bat held high—give us one more spirited "Apparvi alla luce" as La Fille du Régiment.

Us old baseball bores are all the same, and it's time for me to get off the field here. If you're wondering which Yankee was the Babe's sweetie for so long, I'll give you a little tip. Look carefully at the mid-twenties team photos and maybe you'll notice that on Babe's cap the famous "NY" logo is interlocked in a slightly different way than on the other guys'. The "Y" is sort of on top, instead of underneath. Then look for another smiling old Yankee with the same variation. That's me! That was our symbol, and Babe and I got our couturier to appliqué it onto our uniforms and, later, our hankies and hand towels. Everyone knew but nobody cared. Those were the days. ♦

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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE MORALIST

Can Lennox Lewis redeem the world of professional boxing?

BY DAVID REMNICK

From distant shores, it is hard to figure out why so few Britons have proved supreme in the prize ring since the passing of the Regency era and the advent of the padded glove. An age of futility has followed William Hazlitt's patriotic contention that "the noble science of boxing is all our own." England has certainly not lost its taste for the fight—there are still would-bes sparring in gyms from Merseyside to Brixton—and yet most of the British moderns, especially the heavyweights, pale, bony men like Henry Cooper, have been notable mainly for a stoutness of soul that is inevitably undermined by a propensity to bleed.

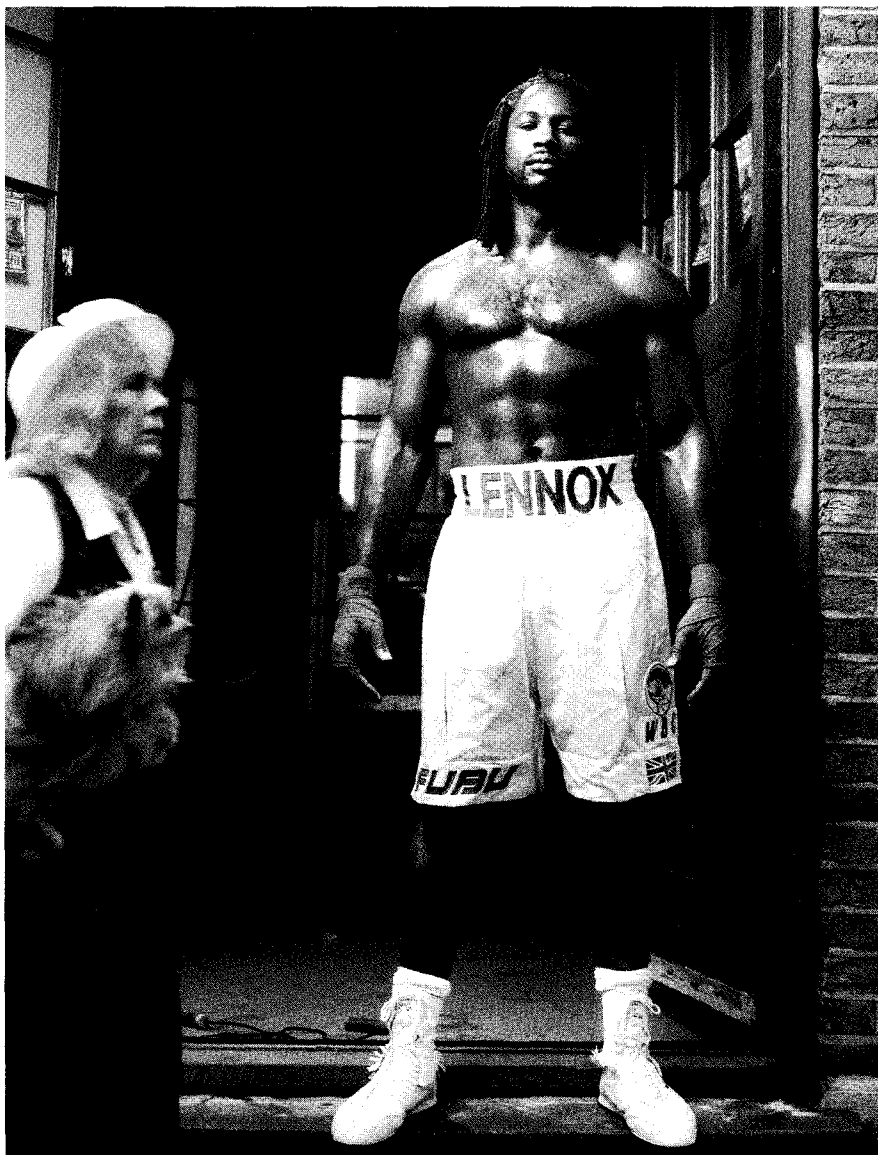
Until now, the last British champion among the heavies was Robert Prometheus Fitzsimmons, who won his title in Carson City, Nevada, in 1897 (a blow to the solar plexus doubled up "Gentleman Jim" Corbett), and lost it two years later to James Jeffries at Coney Island. Fitzsimmons was not a champion of the first rank. Nor was he an impressive specimen. He was spindly, knock-kneed, and rapidly losing his carrot-colored hair. "Stripped for action he looked like an elderly red pelican," O. F. Snelling, the estimable boxing historian, wrote. To make things worse for loyal Britons, Fitzsimmons was an inconstant national. He and his family had left England for New Zealand when he was nine, and he died, in 1917, in Chicago—a citizen of the United States.

Lennox Lewis, the current heavyweight champion, is a legit Brit. He is thirty-six and was born in England; he spent his childhood in the East End. But the story grows motley from there. Lennox was an adolescent in Kitchener, Ontario, won an Olympic gold medal for Canada, in 1988, and, since his parents are Jamaican, is, by his own description, "part Rasta man." Lewis speaks in what might be called High Plains-Cockney—Bob Marley, an accent rounded off by

the influence of the high-rent precincts he now inhabits in Hertfordshire and Miami, to say nothing of the Concorde waiting lounge. Lewis, in other words, is a man of the fluid modern world. This is not something the English customarily appreciate: to leave London and make a success elsewhere is ordinarily a mark of betrayal. And yet at Lewis's fights, wherever they may be, his most ardent fans, his most reliable supporters, are British. When Lewis fought Evander Holyfield at the Garden three years ago and the judges robbed him of a decision—they called it, preposterously, a draw after Lennox had pummelled Evander all night—Eighth Avenue was suddenly awash in men in Union Jack T-shirts and Bob Hoskins sharkskins, who improvised pleasantly obscene chants limning their outrage and their undying affection for Lewis.

It is no fault of Lewis's, but the heavyweight championship, like the British throne, is an ever more marginal office. Just as Elizabeth II struggles to dampen the *News of the World* impression of her unruly clan, Lewis has, for years, been haunted by his own tabloid ghost, Mike Tyson. No matter that Tyson has not been himself as an athlete since his incarceration, in the early nineties, for raping a beauty queen in Indianapolis. Somehow the legacy of Tyson's youthful ferocity—his string of one- and two-round knockouts when he was barely out of his teens—coupled with his penchant for theatrically toxic behavior and interviews scripted by a hip-hop Jean Genet, grabbed whatever little cultural fascination was left to the fight game. Lewis was justly convinced that he would not be acknowledged a "supreme sweet scientist" (he loves the Regency terminology) until he had defeated Tyson.

On January 22nd, the fighters and their myriad seconds gathered at the Hudson Theatre, on West Forty-fourth



Lennox in London: "The knight in shining armor." Photograph by Martin Schoeller.

Street, to announce that the fight would take place in Las Vegas. Unfortunately, Tyson decided to act up, and he walked toward his opponent in what Lewis described to me as "a most provocative fashion." Suddenly, the two fighters and their seconds were on the floor in a tumbling scrum, and somewhere in the pile, unseen by the cameras, Tyson bit Lewis on the thigh, a poetic echo of his double chomp of Evander Holyfield's ear, in 1997. Lewis wisely kept the crescent-shaped wound to himself; to have revealed it before the fight was safely rescheduled would have been to risk a fight he yearned for, to say nothing of a purse of at least seventeen million dollars. Tyson declared himself contrite (he allowed that he was no angel, but no mass murderer, either). Nevada could not bring itself to understand, but Mem-

phis, hungry for spectacle and revenue, was more forgiving. The match was set for June 8th.

A few weeks before the fight, I visited Lewis at his training camp in the Poconos. I went twice, first with a passel of other reporters, and a second time alone. At the initial meeting, Lewis decided that he could now confirm the bite without risk of cancellation. "I was surprised he saw my leg as a pork chop," he said, sitting on the edge of the ring mat. Lewis was wearing running clothes, and his dreadlocks were tucked demurely under a Jamaican knit hat. "I went up to my hotel room and got my tetanus shot," he continued. "I didn't say anything, so he couldn't get out of the fight." Lewis passed around a photograph that had been taken of his thigh: a terrible dis-

grace, we all agreed, as we solemnly passed the forensics from hand to hand. The bite, Lewis declared, "changed the whole thing." He would fight with vengeance, as well as simple victory, in mind. This was hard to believe. Lewis is enormous—six-five, two hundred and forty-odd pounds, and with the musculature of a tight end—and yet neither his fighting style nor his character suggests a tendency to rage. He is laid-back, meticulous in his training habits, a moralist. There is something high-minded about him, at least relative to Tyson. Lewis had been offended not merely by the nibble in New York but also by a meeting with some invited reporters which Tyson had conducted in his training camp in Hawaii just a few days earlier. It had been a vintage Tyson performance, full of contempt for his visitors and fury at the world; there is more nihilism in an hour with Tyson than in a chapter of "The Possessed."

"I'm just a dark guy from the den of iniquity," Tyson told the gathering. "You guys would rather be with someone else who's equal to your status in life. Tiger Woods, or somebody. I come across as crass, a Neanderthal, a babbling idiot sometimes. I like to show you that person. I like that person. He makes you want to come and listen to me."

"You guys have written so much bad stuff about me I can't remember the last time I fucked a decent woman. I have to go with strippers and ho's and bitches because you put that image on me."

Tyson expressed a desire to "kill" Lewis, to "smear his brains" around the ring. He had been disrespected, he said. At Crustacean, a restaurant in Beverly Hills, Tyson's wife at that time had spotted Lewis and told her husband to be gracious, to go over to Lennox and say hello. Tyson agreed reluctantly and approached the champion, but Lewis did not return the greeting. He just stared Tyson down, and Tyson was humiliated. Tyson explained the moment thus: "My wife took my balls from underneath me. She gave this punk-ass motherfucker my nuts."

And on it went. In the absence of a comedian like Muhammad Ali or a wizened don like Archie Moore, Tyson is what passes in the fight game for "colorful." We are asked to understand that he represents a certain racial and hip-hop generational "feeling," yet he rarely betrays a rapper's pleasure in the perquisites

he has allowed himself: the fleet of cars, the houses, the racing pigeons, the pet tigers. As the fight approached, loathing and self-loathing defined Tyson's entire sentimental range. "I wish that you guys had children, so I could kick them in the fucking head or stomp on their testicles so you could feel my pain," he said.

When these comments were played back to Lewis in the Poconos, his reaction was wry. "We've heard all these words before—though not the testicle ones, that was new," he said. "This is how he carries on. Life is evolution, and he shows he hasn't graduated. After a while, you have to self-teach. He sounds like a cartoon character when he says those things. He sounds like an ignorant person. Mike Tyson wants to be seen as the baddest man on the planet. But I don't even think he wants to fight, listening to what he's saying. You can't help but feel sorry for him. This is definitely a puppy with some problems."

A few days later, I drove back to Lewis's camp. He and his entourage, led by the trainer Emanuel Steward, a "chief confidant" from Ghana named Prince, and his mother, Violet, were set up in a series of cabins in the town of Scotrun, Pennsylvania, near the Delaware Water Gap. The cabins were part of a modest resort, where the honeymoon suites had heart-shaped tubs and there was archery and miniature golf for the kids and paddleboats on a lake. It was the

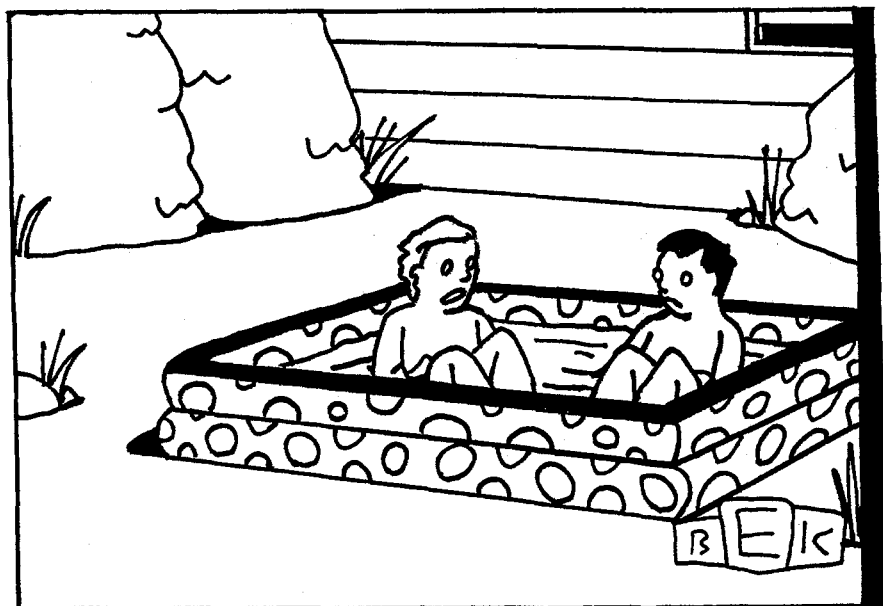
sort of quiet, sylvan outpost that boxers forty or fifty years ago used to favor. Every afternoon, Lewis did his floor work and sparring in a barnlike gym near the lake. His handlers made much of the fact that I was being allowed to watch him spar, as if his fight plan for Tyson could not have been predicted. (Survive Tyson's early charges, fend him off with the long left jab, tire him out, and then finish it.) In the ring, Lewis was dealing with a stumpy Tyson simulacrum named Egerton Marcus, who was fat around the middle but did a decent job of aping Tyson's bobblehead style. Lewis was trim and faster than usual, and he picked apart Marcus, bouncing jab after jab off the brow of his headgear. Lewis grew up idolizing Muhammad Ali and, like dozens of fighters of his generation, took on all of Ali's dubious habits, especially the way he kept his hands low and depended for defense on his ability to fall away from a punch. The imitation is reasonable—Raymond Chandler doing Hemingway—but not the real article, either. Lewis has never had Ali's foot or hand speed or his ability to shift tactics mid-battle. Still, he looked sharp, and it was only his gentlemanly adherence to custom that prevented him from flattening the Tyson doppelgänger before him. After eight rounds of sparring, Lewis climbed out of the ring, smiled at me, and said, "You wouldn't believe we're good friends, would you?"

While I waited for Lewis to shower, I met his mother, a plump, quiet woman in

her sixties, who had been present at her son's camp from the start. Lewis has a girlfriend, too, but she was barred from camp. In training, Lewis, unlike Tyson, unlike many of the moderns, practices the Spartan code: work, celibacy, boredom, and games—chess, mainly. The maternal presence provides warmth but a certain added discipline, too. "My mother grounds me," Lewis told me later in the day. "She still tells me to clean up my room."

Violet Lewis grew up poor in Port Antonio, Jamaica, and one of her few pleasures was to watch the rich people on the island, Errol Flynn among them, come and go from their yachts. When Violet was a teen-ager, her family shipped her off to London, where they thought the economic prospects would be better. In London, she lived in tenement houses and worked as a nurse's aide. She had a boyfriend, a Jamaican auto-plant worker named Carlton Brooks, but, when Violet became pregnant with Lennox, Brooks finally informed her that in fact he had a family back in Jamaica. He could not marry Violet. "I was thinking about it all the time. Should I abort the baby?" she told her son's ghostwriter, Joe Steeples. "The sister at the hospital booked an appointment for me, but I couldn't do it. The sister knew I had a son already, and she said, 'It's going to be even more difficult for you, Vi. It's going to be very hard. Think about it.' " She did, and gave birth to Lennox, already a giant at ten pounds, ten ounces. Years later, in another search for a better job, Violet left Lennox with an aunt in London while she tried to make a go of it in Kitchener. She found a job in a Styrofoam factory—a job that she held for seventeen years, until Lennox became a professional fighter and told her to quit. Lennox was a big athletic kid and a fighter, a hothead, who seemed to be on an errant path, especially during the years that he was separated from his mother. "I think to a degree I had it in me to become a delinquent, but always inside me I was ruled by good ethics and good moral codes," he once said. "When my mother sent for me to join her in Canada"—he was eleven—"I think I was caught at the right time. It was a complete change for me, a change for the better."

Manny Steward was waiting for Lewis to dress. Steward, who runs the Kronk Gym, in Detroit, is preternaturally calm, an abundantly experienced



"The inflatable pool is a harsh mistress."

trainer. When Lewis lost in 1994 to a mediocrity named Oliver McCall, he sensibly robbed McCall of his trainer, Steward, and they have worked together ever since. In recent years, the men in Tyson's corner have usually been hysterics of meagre knowledge. This, perhaps, was Lewis's most distinct advantage. As we looked out the gym window at a sailboat on the lake, I remarked to Manny that none of the vacationers here seemed to care much that the heavyweight champion was working out. "Well, camps are always a reflection of the fighter," Steward said. "Lennox likes the tranquillity here, the organization. But, you know, Lennox is my twenty-ninth champion—I've been in boxing for fifty years—and he is the biggest party animal of them all. He knows where to go in every city you can imagine. He's better than Leon Spinks, better than anybody. He'll pick me up at three in the morning and start from there. But when we're in training—nothing. He's the consummate professional. If he has a fault, it's that he thinks too much, he's too intelligent. But eventually he snaps out of it. When he gets hit, it kind of stimulates him. And then he responds."

Another Ghanaian in Lewis's camp, a "media man" named Kojo, took me to a cabin across the lake. I played chess there with Prince, who has known Lewis for years.

"Lennox plays all the time," Prince said, "and he always beats me."

"What have we got here?" Lewis said as he came in and settled on a couch. He was relaxed, happy to be finished with his work for the day. He was looking forward to dinner, a game of Ping-Pong, maybe a video. Every day followed the ancient prescription: roadwork before dawn and sparring in the afternoon.

"Boxing is a job. It's my job," he said. "And here I'm like a man who gets up and puts his suit on and goes to work."

Sometimes, Lewis said, he had trouble sleeping, so deep was his obsession with beating Tyson. "I dream about the fight. I think about it all day long and when I go to sleep at night and then in my sleep. I see the fight like a math problem and I have to go out and solve it. How do you solve the problem of this boxer? To me, Mike Tyson is an easy problem. He's one-dimensional. He's going to come straight forward, like a whirlwind, I suppose. I

NEW IN PAPERBACK

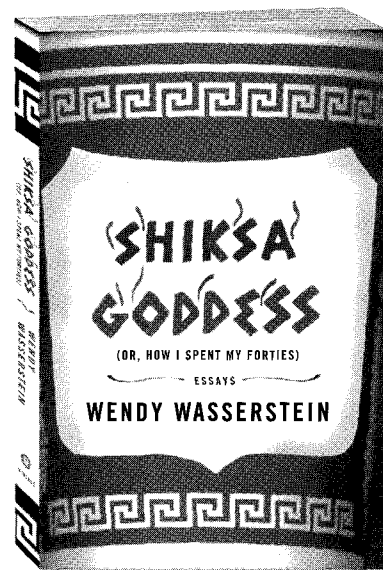
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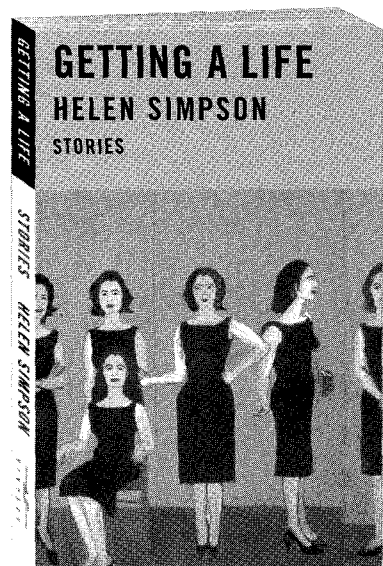
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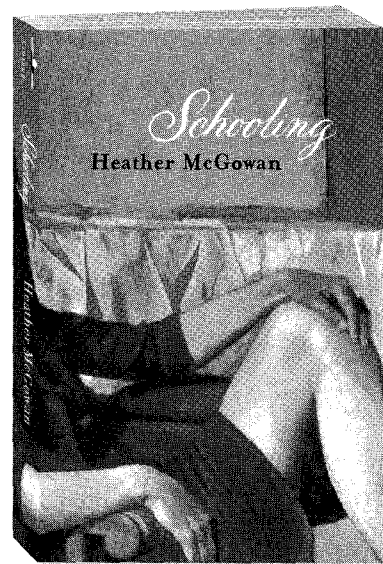
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OF SNOW

Husband of Water, where is your Concubine of Snow?
Has she laced your flooded desert with a wine of snow?

What a desert we met in—the foliage was lush!—
a cactus was dipped into every moonshine of snow.

One song is so solitaire in our ring of mountains,
its echo climbs to cut itself at each line of snow.

The sky beyond its means is always beside itself
till (by the plane) each peak rises, a shrine of snow.

Snowmen, inexplicably, have gathered in the Sahara
to melt and melt and melt for a Palestine of snow.

Kali turned to ice one winter, her veins transparent—
on her lips blood froze. A ruby wine of snow!

If Lorca were alive he would again come to New York,
bringing back to my life that one Valentine of snow.

Do you need to make angels, really, who then vanish
or are angels all you can undermine of snow?

I who believe in prayer but could never in God
place roses at your grave with nothing to divine of snow.

When he drinks in winter, Shahid kisses his enemies.
For Peace, then, let bars open at the first sign of snow.

—Agha Shahid Ali
(1949-2001)

won't have to go looking for him." Lewis said that he and Manny Steward had discussed how to react if Tyson tried to pull something. "I can't play into his madness," he said. "I had a dream that he bit me and I bit him back."

Lewis spotted a magazine tucked under my notebook.

"May I?" he said.

It was an issue of *Sports Illustrated*, which featured a photograph of Tyson on the cover, snarling, and a story that highlighted Tyson's profligacy between 1995 and 1997: \$411,777 for "pet expenses"; \$228,821 for child support; \$338,858 for "lawn care (Ohio)"; \$309,133 for "lawn care (Las Vegas)"; etc.

Lewis glared at the cover.

Then he said, "My friends say, 'Can you believe they're putting Mike Tyson on the cover of *Sports Illustrated*?' " He

was sounding more like Lady Astor now. "They focus on the evil and not on the good stuff. No one wants to celebrate the goodness, the gentlemen. Like me. Badness sells in America. I can understand the appeal of looking at train wrecks, but there are people getting killed in the meantime."

Lewis was not entirely censorious. He seemed almost wistful about four days he'd spent sparring in the Catskills with Tyson when they were both teen-age prospects.

"In those days, I was just a junior fighter and I still thought of boxing as a sport," he said. "We both needed training, and they got us together. On the first day we were together, he came right at me—I still remember it clearly—and he tried to hurt me. That's what opened me up to the ferocity of boxing, that moment, and I thought, Right! This is how the game

goes. And so I adapted. You need certain dramas in your life to wake you up to certain things. Tyson was the drama that opened me to the reality of boxing."

Lewis recalled fondly how the two would go at each other in the ring in the mornings and then hang up a white sheet on a bedroom wall in the evenings and, using a rickety projector, screen hours of old fights: Marciano, Louis, Willie Pep. But that had been a long time ago, before Tyson's rape conviction and the many other assaults on what Lewis called "decent society."

"Boxing's got a bad name, and he is the reason," Lewis said. "When I was coming up in the sport and trying to get sponsorship, they said no, back off, boxers rape people. This is what he created. I'm the knight in shining armor. And you know what else? I'm the hyena killer, the lion on my perch, watching those hyenas bothering my flock. When I'm good and ready, I swoop down and I snap their necks. Then I go back up on my perch and chill."

Forty years ago, when boxing was not the sideshow it is now, Presidents took an interest in matches of any moment, especially when there was a moral stake to be contrived. President Kennedy, in the hope of defending virtue against vice, encouraged Floyd Patterson, who had the endorsement of the N.A.A.C.P., to defend his heavyweight title against Sonny Liston, an ex-con, who did not. Vice knocked out Virtue in two minutes, six seconds of the first round. In Memphis a few days before the Lewis-Tyson fight, the putative morality play of the event was not the source of much conversation. The question was whether the fight would happen at all. Would Tyson find a way to cancel? Would he bite Lewis? Would he try to break his arm? As a precaution, the two fighters were not to meet before the opening bell: they would have their own press conferences and weigh-ins; yellow-shirted security guards would form a human wall across the ring to keep the two camps apart until the bell.

On the day of the weigh-ins, at the Memphis convention center, I asked one of Tyson's trainers, Stacey McKinley, about the peculiar arrangements. "Lennox is the coward," he said. "He's the one crying that we need separate press conferences, separate flights to Memphis, separation in the ring. He's worried

that he might run into Mike at Blockbuster. He's the coward. See, other than Mike, today's fighters are fraudulent. They hold, they hang on waiting for the bell to get some water. Everyone knows that when Mike Tyson fights he gives you a full three minutes. People want to see him. He's the original K.O. artist. Lennox is scared to death. He fights reluctantly. And a great fighter like Mike Tyson can sense that."

The oddsmakers did not. Lennox was favored to win fairly easily. The thinking was simple: In the past decade, Tyson had fought only one top heavyweight, Evander Holyfield—and he had lost twice. Lewis, on the other hand, although he was prone to distraction against inferior fighters, continued to get stronger, sharper, more dominant.

As the fight approached, planeloads of hucksters and hookers arrived in town. (This demographic shift could be accurately observed in the lobby of the Peabody Hotel in the evenings and on Beale Street at midnight.) Memphis is not a fight town. Geoff Calkins, a sports columnist for the *Commercial Appeal*, wrote that until Lewis-Tyson the top bouts in the city included Elvis Presley's 1956 fistfight with a gas-station attendant; the time when Al Green's girlfriend hurled a pot of boiling grits at him while he was in the bath; and Andy Kaufman's Dada pro-wrestling match in 1982 with Jerry (the King) Lawler. The biggest crowd for a fight in the city's history assembled on the banks of the Mississippi River in 1862: ten thousand Tennesseans saw the Union Navy rout the Confederate Navy, thereby securing the Memphis depot for the duration of the Civil War. The promoters of Lewis-Tyson were promising closer to fifteen thousand at the Pyramid, but they could not vouchsafe a sellout.

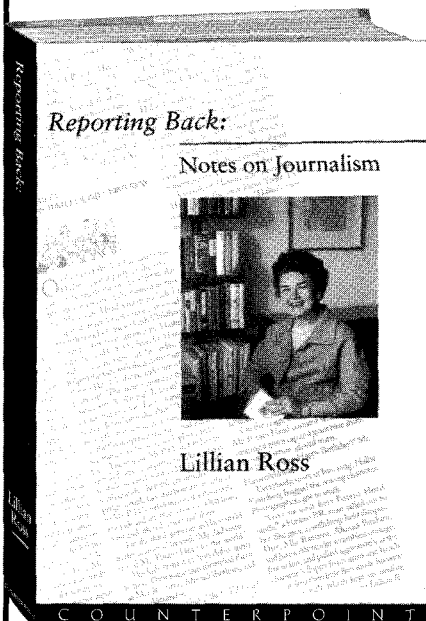
On the night of the fight, the skies above the Pyramid were choked with helicopters. It took a long time to get through the metal detectors and past the professional friskers, though it seemed that the women of uncertain profession, along with their raffish masculine handlers, were accorded more courtesy than the rest of us. There were certifiable celebrity types all around, mainly film stars like Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Samuel L. Jackson, and a flotilla of N.B.A. players. There was much relief

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in finding out that one hadn't been given a seat behind Dikembe Mutombo or Magic Johnson. At a quarter past ten, the processions began. Tyson, as the challenger, was herded to the ring first, skipping along to a rap beat and wearing his usual black Jack Dempsey outfit. Lewis let him linger there for a while, and then the P.A. system started pumping out Bob Marley's "Crazy Baldheads," and the champion made his entrance. I was sitting with two professorial figures, Michael Eric Dyson, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Stanley Crouch, of the *News*, and both assured me that Tyson still had enough of his old power to win with a single punch (though they did not guarantee it) and that the challenger would have the crowd. I was surprised to hear both opinions. They were right about the crowd. All the cheering was for Tyson. America First prevailed over considerations of character.

At the bell, Tyson reprised his *el toro* routine, charging out at Lewis, snorting all the way, and, for a time, his aggression was rewarded. He landed a couple of right jabs. Tyson was not hitting Lewis especially well or hard, but Lewis's expression was worrying. He was wide-eyed, nervous, pawing at the air like an upended colt. But then, with a minute left in the round, things began to go as Manny Steward had predicted. Tyson's blows seemed to arouse Lewis: first his concern, then his interest, and, finally, his own keenness. The transformation in Lewis was reminiscent of Wilberforce (Battling) Billson, in P. G. Wodehouse's "He Rather Enjoyed It":

A moment before the audience had been solidly anti-Billson. Now they were unanimously pro. For these blows, while they appeared to have affected him not at all physically, seemed to have awakened Mr. Billson's better feelings as if somebody had turned on a tap. They had aroused in Mr. Billson's soul that zest for combat which had been so sadly to seek in round one. For an instant after the receipt of that buffet on the ear the Battler stood motionless on his flat feet, apparently in deep thought. Then, with the air of one who has suddenly remembered an important appointment, he plunged forward.

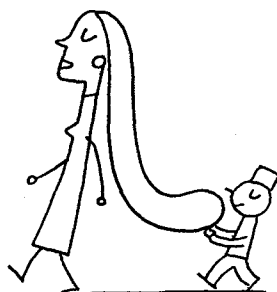
By the second round, the pattern was thoroughly woven: Tyson would charge out to begin the round, Lewis would rebuff him, tie him up, and then commence rapping off his brow the stiffest left jab since Ali's in mid-career. In his

prime, Tyson charged up to his opponent's chest and unleashed his blows; now, with Lewis stuffing his maw with jabs, he could not get within hitting range. For the rest of the bout, Tyson wore a permanent wince—the wince from the blow he'd just received and the wince anticipating the next.

"Tyson found it difficult to get to me," Lewis told me several days after the fight. "And it seemed that he burned up all his energy real fast. He exerts himself so much to do simple things and then he's gone. So I was playing the matador and he was the bull, running himself down. In the first round, he was like a whirlwind and I just let the whirlwind play itself out."

With every jab, a nimbus of sweat appeared around Tyson's skull and his head whipped backward on the stem of his neck. By the third round, there was a cut above his right eye and bloody little welts had begun to appear all over. In the third and the fourth, Lewis was utterly confident, cocky even, and he began following the jabs with harder right crosses and uppercuts, blows that would have knocked out nearly anyone else.

The cornermen also reflected the direction of the fight: there was panic and crosstalk in Tyson's corner, with two or three people trying to issue orders at once. They had little to offer him other than the imprecations to "get closer" and "use your hands." By contrast, Steward saw it as his job to point out to Lewis just how bad Tyson looked—"You got a dead man in front of you!"—and to encourage him to finish the fight before some x factor (a bad decision, a head butt, a bite, something untoward) robbed him of certain victory. Soon, Steward was screaming—"Get this motherfucker outta here!" But Lewis stared vacantly. He was doing what he could. What he did not tell Steward was that in the fourth round he had hurt his right hand punching Tyson on the top of the head.



Rounds five, six, and seven were repetitive in the extreme, with Lewis winning every exchange; he was outpunching Tyson by four to one, according to the higher mathematicians at ringside. In the corner before the eighth round, Tyson's men were tending to his welts and swabbing the blood from his nostrils, and one of the trainers, Ronnie Shields, implored his man to throw punches. But Tyson quietly said, "You've got to stop it."

If it was possible to pity Tyson, now was the time. He plodded out gamely to the center of the ring to receive his final beating. After a little more than a minute, Lewis complied, connecting with a left uppercut and then a right that caused Tyson to genuflect but not quite fall. The referee, Eddie Cotton, who had been as solicitous as a grandfather to Tyson, stepped in and seemed to rule it a knock-down before there actually was one. Tyson soon went back into the fray but he could do nothing but wait for something more final. The blow came with less than a minute left, a quick, unseen right to the jaw, and now Tyson was on the canvas, blacked out, rubbing lightly at the blood under his eyes. Cotton counted to ten and then gently helped Tyson to his corner.

In the ring afterward, Tyson gave his best, and most winning, performance of the night, take it as you will. Gone was the thuggery and the nihilism of Maui. Tyson praised Lewis as unbeatable, a "magnificent" and "prolific" fighter, and he sweetly thanked Lewis for the consideration.

"The payday was wonderful," Tyson went on. "I really appreciate it. And if you would be kind enough, I would really love to do it again. I think I could beat you if we tried one more time." Tyson assured Lewis and anyone willing to believe him that all the talk in Maui had been a con: "Everything I said was in proposition for promoting the fight." When Lewis was given a chance to speak, Tyson made his most meaningful physical gesture of the night. With a look of love in his eyes, he gently wiped some blood off the champion's cheek. The blood, of course, was his own.

"Lennox knows I love him and his mother, too," Tyson said finally, and he kissed Violet to emphasize the point.

Later, in his dressing room, Tyson

admitted that he probably had no hope of ever winning against Lewis and would likely drift into "oblivion." His only motivation for taking another such beating would be to work off the millions in debt he owes to his adviser, Shelly Finkel; to his backer, Showtime; and, presumably, to his lawn- and pet-care proprietors. "If they pay me enough money, I'll fight a lion," he said.

Lewis, his entourage, and his girlfriend left Memphis as soon as they could and spent nearly a week partying in New York. They made the gossip columns with their choice of champagne: Cristal. Lewis stayed at a ten-thousand-dollar-a-night triplex on the highest floors of the Palace Hotel, on Madison Avenue. When I went to visit, he wore a perpetual grin, a gigantic cat who had drunk all the cream in the city. He stretched out on a gold couch and fairly purred with self-satisfaction.

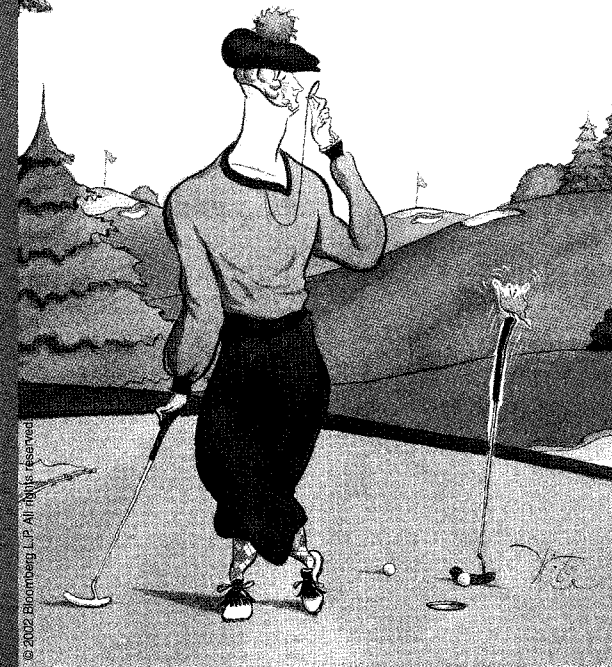
I couldn't help it. "How does it feel, champ?" I asked.

"Look at me," he said. "I'm at the top of the food chain!" Indeed. Lewis may not rank with the top heavyweights in history—Johnson, Dempsey, Louis, Ali, Marciano—but now he could sensibly argue kinship with the next rung, with Charles, Frazier, Foreman, and Holmes, and there was, for the time being, no one around to touch him.

What little swelling there had been on Lennox's face was now gone, but he could not shake my hand. The fingers and wrist were still swollen. "Manny thought the referee was taking me out of the fight and creating possibilities for Tyson down the line," he said. "So he wanted me to take him out. But I really hurt my hand there in the fourth round, and I couldn't go crazy on him like I wanted."

Lewis is known as a gentleman, but he politely refused to feign friendship with, or even a belief in, the new, gentler version of Tyson. "I guess the way he talked in the ring afterward was admirable, but some people don't believe anything until you show them," he said. "They don't show respect until you beat it into their heads." The champion gave a quick, self-satisfied smile and gestured to his minions: they had a flight to catch for London. There were limits to his grace, after all. ♦

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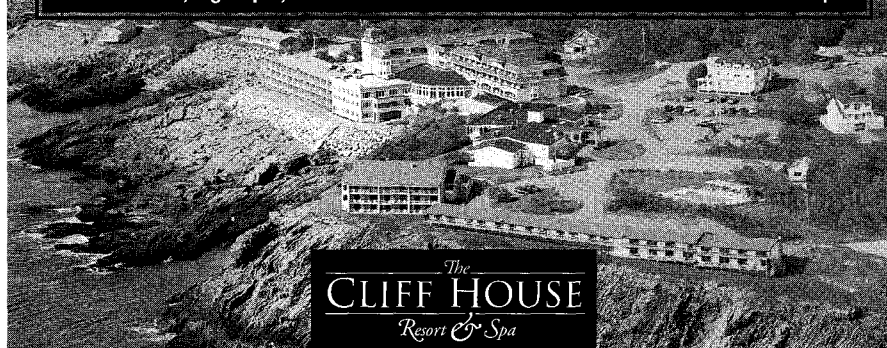
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A DIFFERENT WAR

Is the Army becoming irrelevant?

BY PETER J. BOYER

When General Eric K. Shinseki became the Army's thirty-fourth Chief of Staff, in June of 1999, he declared that he would transform the ponderous Cold War force that stared down the Soviets for half a century into something more useful in the disordered new millennium. He said that he wanted an Army that was nimble, light, and lethal, a force supple enough to perform peace-keeping missions or to fight an all-out war against a country like North Korea or Iraq. He said he would wean the Army from the tanks and armored fighting vehicles it loves, and replace them with systems so advanced that they couldn't be detected by the enemy, using technology not yet invented. And he wanted these changes accomplished before the end of this decade—by Army standards, nearly instantaneously.

An earlier reformist Chief, General Creighton W. Abrams, once said of the Army's native intransigence, "If I can move the Army one degree, I will have considered my tenure a success." Shinseki promised the most drastic change undertaken by an Army Chief since the late nineteen-thirties, when George C. Marshall transformed a small peacetime force into the mighty Army that won the Second World War. Shinseki expected the institution to resist his program, and it did, fiercely. Sometimes the resistance was open, and sometimes the work of opposition was left to the quiet grind of the bureaucratic wheel; there are many stories of mandates from on high getting "lost" in some resistant colonel's filing cabinet. Shinseki worried that the institution would simply wait him out—he is entering the final year of a four-year term—and then let transformation die. Still, he persisted. He believed that it had fallen to him to save the Army from irrelevance, by saving the Army from itself.

Shinseki represented a rare form of the organizational man—the consummate careerist, wholly a product of his

institution, yet able to perceive the organization's flaws with an outsider's clarity. On becoming the Army's top bureaucrat, Shinseki realized that even in the epoch of American military dominance the institution was in danger of finding its place in the world severely diminished. Operationally, the Army was too big and too slow to get to a fight quickly. Politically, the low-tech, high-cost Army stood to suffer in the competition for money and favor with its more glamorous sister services operating from the sea and, especially, from the air and space.

Shinseki warned his reluctant subordinates more than once, "If you don't like change, you're going to like irrelevance a lot less." He worried that if the Army didn't move decisively toward change, change would be imposed by the political structure—and not on the Army's terms. With the election of George W. Bush, he was proved right.

At first, the new Bush defense team and Shinseki seemed perfectly suited. As a candidate, Bush had placed military transformation at the center of his defense platform, declaring that the Army "must be agile, lethal, readily deployable, and require a minimum of logistical support." He has repeatedly sounded those themes as President, employing almost precisely the same language that Shinseki used when he announced his transformation plans, in the fall of 1999. But the transformation advocated by Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld and his circle is viewed by many in the Army, including Shinseki, with deep suspicion, in part because it envisions conflicts in the Information Age being fought and won mostly from the air and from space, with satellites, sensors, and precision weapons. Implicit in this thinking (though rarely expressed) is a diminished role in future wars for ground forces.

The antagonism between the Army and Rumsfeld's office has become so pronounced that some Army officers have

come to refer to Rumsfeld and his team as "the enemy." The cover of the current *Armed Forces Journal International* features a photograph of Rumsfeld and asks, "Does he really hate the Army?"

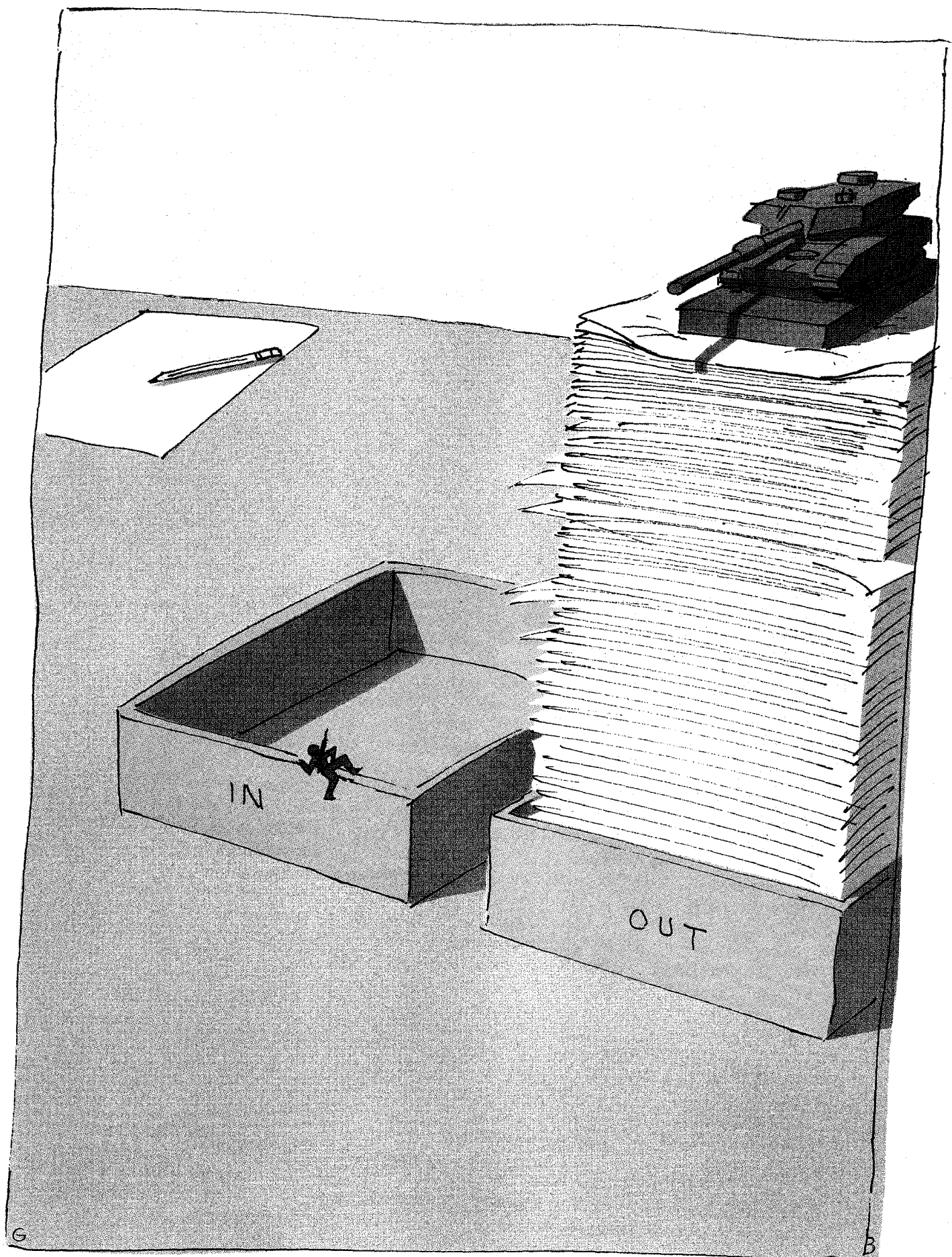
In effect, the advent of the Bush team opened a second front with which Shinseki has had to contend. Not only does he have to persuade the Army to transform, he also has to argue for the Army's utility in war. At the heart of this argument is the belief that no technological wizardry can eliminate the risks of close combat, and that even the new, unconventional conflicts that loom will ultimately hinge on the skill, commitment, and courage of the American soldier.

The Army is organized into ten active-duty divisions—six heavy divisions and four light divisions. Broadly put, the brigades, battalions, and companies within a heavy division are organized around the conveyances—tanks or Bradley fighting vehicles—that take that unit to the fight. The brigades in a light division, such as the 82nd Airborne, are organized around the infantrymen who parachute, march, or helicopter to the fight.

The need for reform has been apparent since February 28, 1991, the day that the first President Bush declared victory in the Gulf War. The desert war revealed two potentially disastrous flaws: the Army's light forces weren't lethal enough to stop Saddam Hussein by themselves, and the armored units were so heavy that it took them months to reach the battlefield.

Almost immediately after the Iraqi Army took Kuwait, on August 2, 1990, the 82nd Airborne was alerted for action. Within a week, three battalions of the 82nd's infantrymen, about four thousand soldiers, had arrived in Saudi Arabia and begun to dig in around Dhahran, establishing a line of defense in case the Iraqi offensive continued across the Saudi border. It was a tenuous line. The 82nd is a

GUY BILLOUT



The antagonism between the Army and Rumsfeld has become so pronounced that some officers refer to him as "the enemy."

contingency force, designed to parachute into a theatre of war, seize an objective, and then hold it for up to three days. The battalions in Saudi Arabia were supported by some Apache attack helicopters, a few aluminum-sided Sheridan tanks (so thin they can be pierced by machine-gun fire), and howitzers and mortars, but their principal source of firepower was the M16 rifles carried by the infantrymen. The airborne force can be inserted into a war zone quickly, but, once there, it is essentially immobile; without personnel carriers, the unit's mode of transportation is by foot. Powerful American armored units eventually arrived, but until the end of August the 82nd faced Saddam's vast array of armored forces virtually on its own.

"We held our breath," Shinseki later said. "It was not the fight that we would have scripted." Had Iraqi tanks pushed across the Saudi line and engaged the 82nd, the result would have been "a slaughter," in the words of the Army's chief of military history, Brigadier General John S. Brown. So inadequate was the American force that some in the unit later referred to themselves as "speed bumps." But, for reasons that are still not fully understood, Saddam held back, giving the United States and its allies time to amass a force of overwhelming advantage. In the second month, heavy divisions had begun to arrive: about a hundred and twenty-eight thousand infantrymen, with nearly six hundred Bradley fighting vehicles and Abrams tanks. On the eve of the war, in January, 1991, the Army had two hundred thousand soldiers in the theatre, including most of the VII Corps, which had been moved to the desert from Germany. The five-month buildup was a monumental achievement, but that very fact should have sounded alarms in the American military.

The Gulf War gave the Army a rare opportunity to gaze upon itself in full portrait. It was a magnificent Cold War force, perfectly suited for the war it was designed to fight: a mammoth counter-strike against an invading Soviet Army on the plains of Central Europe. The Army's institutional identity reflected that principal mission. Its jewels were its heavy pieces, and its most prized commands were those organized around the armored vehicles, especially the near-invincible Abrams tank (not one of which was de-

stroyed by the enemy in the Gulf War).

The Abrams, which was first completed in 1980, is a peerless war machine not only because it can kill enemy tanks at "standoff" range—beyond the reach of enemy fire—but because it can survive almost any strike. The reason for this is its armor—a layer of metal protection so thick that the tank weighs seventy tons. But the Abrams is too big to be transported efficiently to the battlefield by air, and has to be transported by ship, a process that can take weeks. Then, once it is in the theatre and moving on its own, it guzzles fuel: an Abrams gets about half a mile to the gallon. A huge fuel supply has to follow the tanks and other armored vehicles to war, adding to a division's enormous "logistics tail." More than eighty per cent of the heavy Army's lift requirement—the effort of getting itself to war—is devoted to support units, such as those handling fuel, spare parts, maintenance, and so on. The matériel that has to be loaded, transported, unloaded, and set up just to support the fighting is aptly called the "iron mountain."

In a way, Desert Storm was the war for which the Army had prepared itself for half a century but had never fought. In winning so decisively, the force validated its combat structures and doctrines, but it also hastened its own obsolescence. Iraq had vividly demonstrated the unprofitability of a head-on fight against seven American Army divisions. No other adversary would likely try it soon, and the Soviet Union was gone. The force was unlikely ever again to fight the sort of fight for which it was designed.

The moment of victory was the perfect chance for the Army's leaders to fix the "speed bump" problem of its contingency units, and to redesign the force for a new array of adversaries. But the Army's leaders, luxuriating in the triumph, and trying to weather a drastic downsizing, which reduced the force by nearly forty per cent in the nineteen-nineties, did neither.

"It was the euphoria of our victory," Shinseki says. "When you're decisively victorious, you have a tendency to look at what went well. We got in there, we kicked Saddam's butt. And if you as a professional don't go back and ask the hard questions you can miss some warts. We did. I mean, it was a double win: we won the Cold War, we won the last bat-

tle of the Cold War. Aren't we brave? We downsized the force, and we got back to living the life of the great American society. We, the Army, just didn't pay attention to all the lessons that came out of Desert Storm. There were a few."

If Shinseki somehow prevails in his transformation campaign, it will not be a victory won by force of personality. He is a man of slight bearing, with a polite and intractable reserve—a West Point engineer who also has a degree in English literature from Duke. Although he has a facility with language, he tends to speak in the bureaucratic monotone of the military, which gives his conversations a boilerplate quality. In promoting Army transformation, he has demonstrated a near-phobic reluctance to engage the press. His official Web site has pages devoted to "Speeches," "Testimony," and "Professional Reading List," but, three years into his tenure, the page marked "Interviews" remains blank.

Shinseki's emergence as a reformist chief surprised nearly everyone. He was the Vice-Chief of Staff when the top job opened in 1999, and he seems to have been selected more or less because he was the convenient choice; it certainly wasn't because he had a reputation as an Army dissident. At the time, President Clinton had just survived an impeachment trial, and his Vice-President was starting his own campaign; wrothing up the military was the last thing Clinton wanted to do. Shinseki seemed uncontroversial—a careerist who happened to be next in line.

Shinseki began his life officially categorized as an enemy of the United States. He was born in Lihue, on the Hawaiian island of Kauai, in November, 1942, eleven months after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. His grandfather was a plantation laborer who immigrated to Hawaii from Hiroshima, and his parents were nisei, American-born children of Japanese immigrants, who, despite being citizens, were classified as enemy aliens. "On December 7th, it was obvious that those who bombed Pearl Harbor looked like us," Senator Daniel Inouye, of Hawaii, who was a senior in high school at the time, and is a friend of Shinseki's, said recently. "For all we know, they might have been cousins. And the nation reacted in a way that was, or should have

been, anticipated. They were angry, like all of us. Some of that anger was turned upon us—American citizens.”

The nisei were classic assimilationists, eager to prove their loyalty, but for a time they were prohibited from serving in the United States military. When President Roosevelt lifted the restriction, nisei men flooded the enlistment offices; about eighteen thousand joined. Many of them served in the 100th Infantry Battalion or the 442nd Regiment, which became legendary fighting forces. (The 442nd was the war’s most decorated combat unit, and suffered one of the highest casualty rates.)

The returning Japanese Americans were accorded a reverence that changed Hawaii’s sociopolitical landscape. When some of them, like Inouye, whose right arm was shattered while attacking a German machine-gun nest, stood for election, Japanese Americans voted them into office, wresting control of the territorial government from the planter class and the Republican Party. After statehood came, in 1959, the former soldiers were sent to Washington as Hawaii’s congressmen and senators.

Three of Shinseki’s uncles served with Inouye, and they held young Eric captive with their dinner-table war stories. “They really believed in the United States, and they tried to explain to him why they felt they were obligated to the United States,” Paul Shinseki, Eric’s older brother, recalls.

Shinseki embodied the nineteen-fifties ideal of the straight-arrow, all-American boy. As a Boy Scout, he was awarded the God and Country emblem; at the state Hi-Y model legislature, he was elected governor; at Kauai High School, he was student-body president. His sweetheart, Patty Yoshinobu, who is now his wife, was homecoming queen at Waimea High. When it came time for college, Shinseki had his pick; he chose West Point, and Inouye nominated him.

Six months after graduating, Second Lieutenant Shinseki was rushed to Vietnam as a forward observer in an artillery unit. Because he had not yet taken the Army’s basic artillery course, he had to make do with a crash course from a buck sergeant named Ernie Kingcade, who tutored him aboard the troopship General Walker. Kingcade was impressed. “A lot of those West Point graduates



“To really get to know someone, you’ve got to divorce them.”

don’t really like to listen to noncoms, because they have an education and most of your noncoms, like me, really just had a high-school education,” Kingcade recalls. “But he was willing to listen.”

Shinseki’s job as a forward observer was to “hump the field” with his platoon until they encountered the enemy, and then to radio back the location coordinates to the artillery battery, which would deliver cannon fire from its howitzers. It was meat-grinder duty, and Shinseki had been in Vietnam less than three months when the infantry company he was attached to was hit by a predawn mortar assault near the Cambodian border. Shinseki and a sergeant named Leslie Cotten were bedded down under a tree. “They dropped eighty-five mortar rounds on top of us,” Cotten recalls. “Ric was wounded, I was wounded. I had shrapnel in my back, between my spine and my shoulder blade. But Ric put me on a medevac chopper that night.” Cotten recovered in Japan, and when he returned to combat duty he learned that Shinseki had been seriously wounded in a helicopter crash. Cotten visited Shinseki in the hospital, and he wasn’t optimistic. “The injuries he’d had were pretty bad,” Cotten recalls. “Head and chest. It was like the helicopter threw him out and rolled over on him. And the shape he was in, I didn’t feel he would make it, and, if he did, he would be in bad shape the rest of his life.”

Shinseki spent the next seven months recovering from his injuries at Tripler Army Medical Center, in Honolulu. Once he was well, he attended advanced armor school, was promoted to captain, and received his first command—an armored cavalry unit in Vietnam. He took charge of the unit in February, 1970; seven weeks later, he stepped on a mine, losing his right foot and part of the lower leg. He was again evacuated to Tripler hospital, and stayed there for a year.

Shinseki’s family assumed that his military career was over. “We felt that physically he couldn’t continue,” Paul Shinseki recalls. There was much to recommend an exit to civilian life. The uniform Ric Shinseki had grown up admiring had become an object of scorn, and the war in Vietnam was drawing toward its gloomy conclusion. During those months of recovery, Ric and Patty all but decided that he would leave the Army and study law. He applied to the University of Michigan Law School, and then changed his mind. Even now, he has some difficulty saying why.

He stayed in the Army “for reasons that are mighty difficult to explain,” he says, and leaves it there. Pressed, he hesitates for a moment, perhaps sensing that his answer will sound like a Boy Scout God and Country essay. “I discovered that the Army was losing a lot of quality officers,” he says. “People were



"Hey, man, you didn't have to mention me by name."

leaving in droves. I thought that maybe some of us who had been through the experience in Vietnam had to hang around and make sure that whatever learning came out of that would somehow be captured, retained, and passed along. And so I chose to stay."

Actually, because of his injuries and the time he had lost—he had fallen nearly two years behind his West Point class in career advancement—he had to fight to stay. He prevailed only after a major in Army personnel pleaded Shinseki's case to the Secretary of the Army. "That's what he wanted," Paul Shinseki says. "He felt honored, and because of his uncles, and all of the family, he felt that that was the thing to do."

"I think he felt that he owed America

something," Inouye says. "After all, it gave him his education at West Point. The least he can do is to repay this great land, and do so with honor."

Shinseki told the Army that he would accept any assignment, and that he would make himself responsible for reaching and maintaining the necessary physical requirements. "He was strong enough, and although he has an artificial foot, he worked hard," Paul says. "He is so determined, you know."

As a colonel stationed in Germany in the nineteen-eighties, Shinseki commanded part of the Cold War American force that was bulked up and "leaning east" against the prospect of a Soviet invasion. He was commander of a heavy brigade at the moment the Soviet Union

collapsed; less than a decade later, he was commanding a peacekeeping force in the chaos of Bosnia. It was plain to Shinseki that, like it or not, the world's messy regional conflicts were in the Army's future, and that the Army wasn't ready.

In 1998, Shinseki became Vice-Chief of Staff, serving under General Dennis Reimer, who had transformation notions of his own. At that time, a drastic reorganization of the Army's echelon structure, in order to make it leaner and more efficient, was outlined in a book entitled "Breaking the Phalanx: A New Design for Landpower in the 21st Century," by Colonel Douglas A. Macgregor. Reimer liked the idea, and he ordered copies of the book distributed to every general in the Army. The senior officers resisted. Reimer didn't press the issue, and the moment passed.

During the nineteen-nineties, the Army found itself consigned to missions that it did not welcome and was ill-equipped to perform. The old, heavy Army, poised for its marquee confrontation with the Soviets, had known exactly who the enemy was, how it would fight, and where. But its two big vehicles, the Abrams tank and the Bradley, didn't share a common chassis, so each required its own iron mountain. The Army dealt with this logistics problem by positioning fuel, spare parts, and support matériel in the theatre in advance, and it dealt with the vehicles' weight problem—a Bradley weighs thirty tons—by reinforcing the various German bridges the vehicles would likely have to cross to engage the Soviet armor. In 1995, however, when a mechanized infantry brigade tried to make its way in Bosnia, it got bogged down on the inferior roads and bridges of the Balkans. In Haiti, in 1994, Bradley fighting vehicles rolled off transport ships at Cap Haitien but couldn't move two blocks beyond the port because of their bulk. The bitterest lesson came last, in the Kosovo war.

President Clinton committed America to that conflict only after declaring that the use of ground forces was "off the table" as an option, a decision that quickly proved to be a mistake. After more than a month of bombing, in April of 1999, General Wesley K. Clark, who was in command, publicly suggested that air strikes alone were not stopping the

Serbs. Clark furiously lobbied Washington for permission to at least prepare for a ground presence, as did Britain's Prime Minister Tony Blair. Clark finally got approval to deploy (but not employ) the Army's Apache attack helicopters, and a five-thousand-man unit, dispatched to Tirana, Albania, to support them. The mission was called Task Force Hawk. In Washington, Shinseki had argued against the use of helicopters in the mission, because the Apaches were designed to support troops fighting on the ground—not the other way around. Task Force Hawk was a fiasco: the Serb Army maneuvered at will in Kosovo, as armored American units, mired in mud, watched helplessly from the other side of bridges they couldn't get across. The Apaches never got into the war, but two Army pilots died while training in Albania—the only Americans killed in the conflict. After Russia withdrew its support for Serbia, the Serbian President, Slobodan Milosevic, agreed to negotiate a peace. The strange war ended on June 10, 1999, an indecisive victory for NATO and air power, and a profound embarrassment for the United States Army. Those were the circumstances under which, eleven days later, Clinton appointed Shinseki Chief of Staff.

The failure of Task Force Hawk made it clear that the 82nd's "speed bump" status in the Gulf War and the crippling of armored units in the Balkans by their own heft were two sides of the same problem. A new Chief of Staff would have a mandate to address what was now an obvious operational gap between the Army's light units, which were too vulnerable, and its heavy units, which were too slow. Devising some sort of medium-weight combat unit would be an achievement, and also a way of continuing to avoid the larger question that the top brass had been avoiding for a decade: whether the United States Army needed to reinvent itself for the post-Cold War world. Shinseki decided to address the larger question of transformation as well.

Shinseki's idea of a relevant future Army—what he calls the Objective Force—appeals to the civilian command authority that will pay for it and decide its role in war. Such an Army, Shinseki posits, can engage in conflicts ranging from peacekeeping to urban combat to

conventional war against a regional power such as North Korea or Iraq. It won't know where the next fight will be, so it can't pre-position supplies. Its vehicles will share a common chassis, and they'll be small enough to fit into a C-130, the military's most readily available transport plane, which is able to land on almost any straight stretch of road. The Objective Force, Shinseki promises, will be able to move a brigade anywhere in the world in ninety-six hours, a Gulf War-size force in a month.

Shinseki spent his first year as Chief of Staff "walking transformation around in small groups," as he puts it. He appeared before the Army's annual armor conference, he gave a speech to the infantry conference, he spoke to each of the branches' schools about the urgent need to transform. "Didn't get much traction, though," he says.

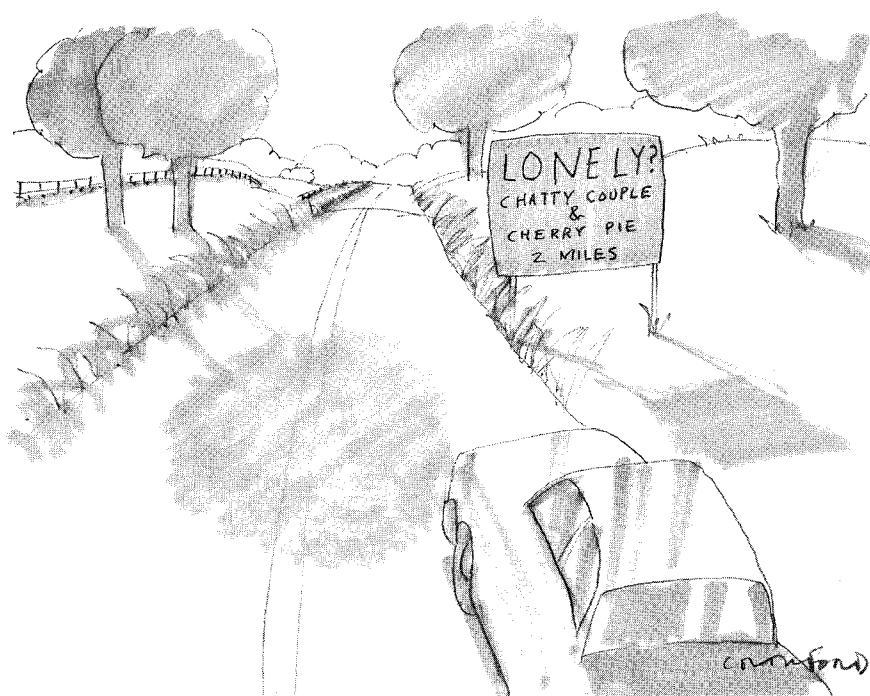
Part of the problem was the Army's deeply fragmented culture. Shinseki's plan to blend elements of the light and heavy sides of the Army creates a more generalized orientation, and the Army cherishes its specialization. A cadet at West Point chooses his branch during his senior year at the Academy, and it's a bit like belonging to a fraternity, with a set of rituals, traditions, and even greetings. ("Rangers lead the way!") "What people thought about transformation, the need for it, had a lot to do with where they came from," Shinseki says. "And none of them

saw transformation as something necessarily that they needed to think about."

Shinseki's plan seemed elegantly simple. For the near term, the Army would create a new type of brigade, a medium-weight unit known as a Stryker Brigade, that could get to a fight almost as quickly as the 82nd but could maneuver once it got there, and even destroy tanks if it had to. The new unit would be composed of existing elements, and would be placed within the Army's traditional divisional structure. In that sense, the new brigade is Shinseki's Trojan horse—slipping the Army of the future within the walls of the old Army in the form of a medium-weight unit that everyone agrees is necessary right now.

The new Stryker Brigade is organized around lightly armored vehicles, each weighing less than twenty tons—meaning that they can fit into a C-130. It combines elements of both the light and the heavy armies, packaged into one unit. Its vehicles will provide armor protection and battlefield mobility that a light brigade doesn't have; its artillery battalion's howitzers will give it more power. A tank brigade that is being transformed into a Stryker Brigade will lose armor and punch, but it will gain agility, and therefore (the theory goes) operational relevance.

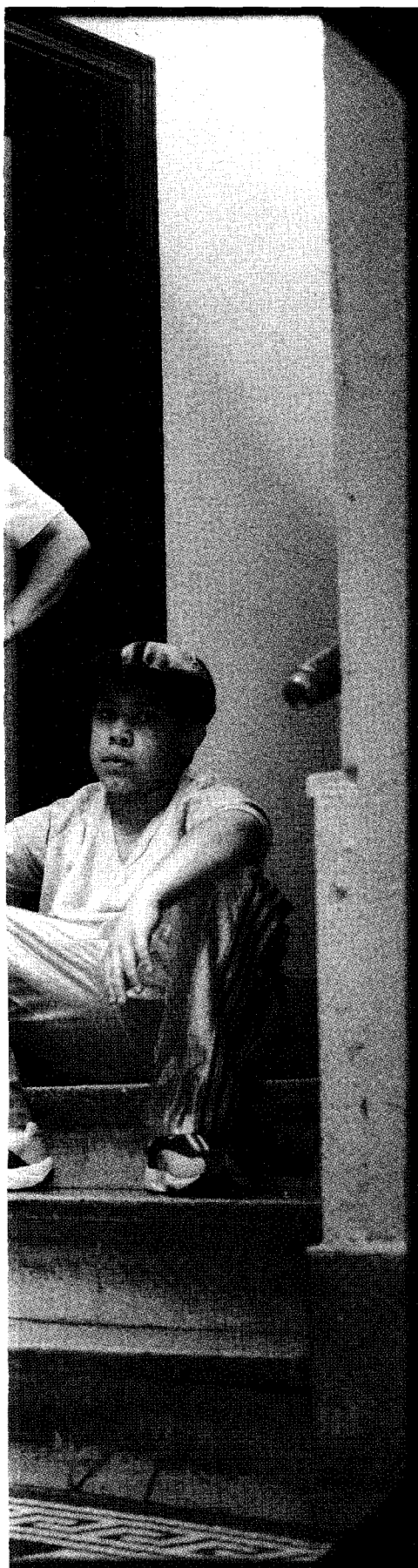
Part of the purpose of the Stryker Brigade is to propel transformation forward, creating new war doctrines and procedures that will suit the coming Ob-





CORBIS SABA

PHOTOGRAPHER AT LARGE *B-boying, or break dancing, grew out of the spin-and-split moves of James Brown, and became a staple of hip-hop culture. The Rock Steady Crew formed in the Bronx in 1977 and is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary this year, as both B-boys and international hip-hop dancers.*



vital part of early hip-hop. The Rock Steady ambassadors. Photograph by Martin Schoeller.

jective Force. When Shinseki's order to create the new brigades came down, in October, 1999, Lieutenant Colonel Mick Nicholson was commanding a battalion of mechanized infantry at Fort Lewis, Washington, in the first heavy brigade to be transformed. After Nicholson exchanged his Bradleys for leased Canadian light-armor vehicles, he reconfigured his battalion with its new components and tried to determine how it would fight. Old doctrine featured a straightforward operation called "movement to contact," in which, he says, "you set up a formation, you move until you make contact with the enemy, and then you maneuver on him to defeat him. The whole notion is, I don't know where he is, I need to go find him and destroy him."

But what worked for an infantry battalion riding in thirty-ton Bradleys is hardly suitable for light-armor vehicles, which can be destroyed by the Soviet-made rocket-propelled grenades that are common in every back-alley hot spot in the world. The Stryker Brigades will depend heavily upon information technology, and enhanced intelligence, surveillance, and reconnaissance capabilities, to compensate for their lack of armored protection. Nicholson and his fellow-officers had to write a new doctrine, based on stealth. "While we might in the future accidentally make contact with the enemy, that type of operation is going to fall down to the bottom of your list," Nicholson says. "Rather, you're going to go find him with your intelligence-surveillance-reconnaissance capability, then you're going to maneuver out of contact, and make contact with him in a time and place of your choosing, not by accidentally stumbling into him. That fundamentally changes how you think about how you fight."

Substituting information for armor is a discomfiting notion to a tank soldier, but Major General Jim Dubik, who commanded the Bradleys that failed to perform in Haiti in 1994, and subsequently oversaw the early development of the Stryker Brigades, says that the soldiers will learn that battlefield awareness can be as comforting as armor. "You gain protection from situational understanding," Dubik says. "If you know something bad's going to happen, you don't go there. You've just protected yourself." This strikes some as a wishful view, and one that rests on the assump-

tion that the military's communications architecture will not be knocked out in war by, say, the electromagnetic pulse of a nuclear explosion.

One of the problems the Army hasn't solved yet is what will take the place of the Abrams tank when the Objective Force is fielded—or whether whatever it is will even be a "tank," as such. The Abrams became a behemoth—"a Maginot Line on rollers," as the military theorist William Lind puts it—because it was designed to take a hit and keep fighting. Shinseki put before the Army a radically different proposition: "I would like to know whether we can design systems that can't be hit."

The Abrams' replacement is being called the Future Combat System, and the Army hasn't yet come close to figuring out how to make it weigh less than twenty tons, much less how to make it invisible in battle. Military researchers have been experimenting with new lightweight materials and with the technologies used in the Air Force's stealth bombers, but the Army's first estimated delivery date for any new system was 2018. Shinseki insisted upon a delivery date of 2010, and then moved that up to 2008. "We are collapsing the traditional time lines," Shinseki says, in what his acquisitions people would consider to be a gross understatement. It is a consummate act of faith, because the Army ordered its last Abrams tanks this year.

The Army and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, or DARPA, are spending a billion dollars on developing technologies for the future weapons system. One of DARPA's proposals is to create a "distributed tank"—a tank whose principal components, such as guns and sensors, are mounted on separate vehicles that would be controlled remotely by a soldier in yet another command vehicle. It would be able to see enemy tanks from afar through the eyes of "aerial loiterers"—drone aircraft that hover over the battlefield. Its weapons might include lasers and electromagnetic guns, and its logistics tail could be reduced by a fuel system that makes water as a by-product.

Toward the end of Shinseki's first year on the job, the Washington *Times*, quoting anonymous sources, reported, "The Army is losing support for

its far-reaching transformation plan from the people it needs most—the generals. . . . One aide who recently talked with a group of generals said he was stunned at the unanimity of opposition. ‘No one likes it,’ said this source, who declined to reveal the generals’ names.” One of the unnamed generals complained of “a huge lack of clarity on what the transformation is supposed to do,” and, saying that there was no way a twenty-ton tank could replace an Abrams, suggested that as far as reform is concerned the Army should “declare victory and get out of this game.”

Shinseki’s plans have distressed constituencies inside the Army and out, including people on active duty, in the influential retired-officer corps, in the defense industry, and in Congress, where even such pro-reform legislators as Senator Joseph Lieberman, of Connecticut, urged him to slow down. “He was very lonely,” Robert E. Quinn, a University of Michigan Business School management expert recruited by Shinseki to help sell change to the Army’s senior leaders, says. “People were saying, ‘This guy’s not very bright, he’s doing stupid things, he’s going to get chewed up—why would he do this?’” Senator Inouye told Shinseki, “You would not make a very good politician.”

One of Shinseki’s first acts was to issue a reading list, ranging from “The Killer Angels,” Michael Shaara’s Gettysburg saga, for junior enlistees, to the works of Thucydides and Clausewitz, for his generals. Such reading lists are not unusual. But perhaps the most studied volume in Shinseki’s Army was Dr. Spencer Johnson’s self-help book “Who Moved My Cheese?” Under Shinseki’s direction, the Army ordered the book in bulk; his staff handed out copies with a note bearing personal greetings from the Chief. “Who Moved My Cheese?” became a central element of the Army Senior Leadership Conference, a series of six-day courses for one- and two-star generals which Shinseki instituted last year. In hotel conference rooms, groups of two dozen or so generals would be told to imagine themselves as Sniff and Scurry (a pair of mice) and Hem and Haw (two “littlepeople”), the central characters in Johnson’s tale. After learning that their traditional supply of cheese is no longer available, the mice and Haw make their way out into a

maze in search of new cheese. Along the way, Haw experiences enlightenment through a series of revelations, such as “The quicker you let go of old cheese, the sooner you find new cheese.” Hem, however, refuses to adjust to his new circumstances and is left behind. After screening a video version of the tale, a civilian Army consultant instructed each of the participants to talk about what he had seen in the story. Later, these generals were divided into teams and told to identify “three elements of old cheese” in the Army before reporting back to the civilian instructor.

Shinseki’s most controversial move, however, occurred at the beginning of his second year as Chief. “You sort of come to the point where you need to reach inside the chest cavity of the institution and give it a good squeeze,” he said recently. In October, 2000, Shin-

seki ordered that every soldier in the Army be issued a black beret; previously, black berets had been worn only by the elite Rangers. Shinseki’s advisers liken the gesture to Gideon’s smashing the altar of Baal, or Lee Iacocca’s burning of the last of the Chrysler gas guzzlers as it came off the assembly line, as a gesture of a new era. But the response was more like that which greeted the introduction of the New Coke.

Shinseki had meant the berets to unify the Army behind transformation, “to drive down the walls within the institution.” The Rangers, Shinseki now concedes, in a characteristic understatement, “were very vocal” in their opposition. “There was some concern.”

The Ranger Web site exploded with invective, and the Ranger battle cry over the berets, “Earned, Not Issued,” can still be heard, eighteen months later. The

BEYOND ENGLISH

No language is old—or young—beyond English.
So what of a common tongue beyond English?

I know some words for war, all of them sharp,
but the sharpest one is *jung*—beyond English!

If you wish to know of a king who loved his slave,
you must learn legends, often-sung, beyond English.

Baghdad is sacked and its citizens must watch
prisoners (now in miniatures) hung beyond English.

Go all the way through *jungle* from *aleph* to *zenith*
to see English, like monkeys, swung beyond English.

So never send to know for whom the bell tolled,
for across the earth it has rung beyond English.

If you want your drugs legal you must leave the States,
not just for hashish but one—*bhung*—beyond English.

Heartbroken, I tottered out “into windless snow,”
snowflakes on my lips, silence stung beyond English.

When the phrase “The Mother of all Battles” caught on,
the surprise was indeed not sprung beyond English.

Could a soul crawl away at last unshrivelled which
to its “own fusing senses” had clung beyond English?

—Agha Shahid Ali

Rangers were not alone in their outrage. The beret decision touched a deeper chord in the military, where, after eight years of the Clinton Administration, many felt estranged from the civilian command authority. Shinseki was a Clinton appointee, and the beret decision seemed another insult to the military culture by the “pencil-pushing, boot-licking, sycophantic desk jockeys in the Pentagon who have genuflected in the direction of the Draft Dodger these long eight years,” as one Web posting phrased it. Another posting called it a “snap decision based on pseudo-psychology that giving somebody something of value makes one valuable.” Shinseki eventually agreed to let the Rangers switch to tan berets, but the episode damaged him and weakened support within the Officer Corps for his less trivial reform notions. And he needed the Army’s support, for if he was moving too fast for the traditionalists he was moving not fast enough for the new Bush Administration.

The idea of military transformation, simmering for years, has been aptly likened to religious faith, so varied are its doctrines, and so dearly are they held by their adherents. All believe that the fall of the Soviet Union disordered the world, that the rise of the microchip made new modes of combat possible, and that the Army must change if it is to successfully fight the nation’s wars. Most agree that the Army is too cumbersome, and that the main battle tanks are dinosaurs. After that, the doctrines diverge. Colonel Macgregor, something of a cult figure among Army reformers, argues in “Breaking the Phalanx” that the Army should do away with its divisional structure (which dates back to Napoleon) and reorganize into smaller combat units that can move quickly and fight alongside elements of the other services. Shinseki says that he sees virtue in Macgregor’s ideas, but decided that doing away with divisions, each a repository of sacred lore, insignia, and tradition, would cause such tumult that the rest of his transformation would stall.

Another officer in the Army’s reform underground, Major Donald Vandergriff, argues that the Army’s personnel-management system stifles innovation, rewards careerism, and punishes creativity in the officer ranks. Like many re-

formers, Vandergriff has been influenced by the ideas of William Lind, the military theorist, who is one of the creators of a theory called Fourth Generation Warfare. The theory holds that the first three generations of warfare are passé, and that the Fourth Generation—asymmetric warfare, such as terrorism—is now upon us. Lind worries that Shinseki’s new Stryker Brigades may be coöpted by the institutional Army. “The Army is like the Soviet-refrigerator industry in funny green suits,” Lind says, because “it isn’t about producing a product, it’s about acquiring and justifying resources.”

That description may have characterized the view of the Army held by George Bush’s new defense team as it settled into office last year. Bush is said to have chosen Donald Rumsfeld for Secretary of Defense because of his reputation as a deft political infighter, and one thing that the new Secretary meant to be ruthless about was military transformation. Bush had promised the nation a comprehensive review of the military, and he gave Rumsfeld “a broad mandate to challenge the status quo.” Even in its downsized state, the Army presented a fat target, as the biggest of the services. (The Army has 480,000 active members, as against 375,000 in the Navy, 359,000 in the Air Force, and 175,000 in the Marines; and it has a personnel budget of \$27.1 billion for the active Army in 2003, while the Navy and Air Force will spend \$22 billion each, and the Marines \$8.6 billion.)

Rumsfeld is an adherent of what is known in think tanks and policy seminars as Revolution in Military Affairs, or R.M.A. The theory attaches paramount importance to micro-technology and its effect on military affairs—which is to say, it puts its faith in the effectiveness of the long-distance precision strike. R.M.A. beholds the battlefield of to-

morrow, and sees a lesser place for yesterday’s soldiers, who fight in formations that Napoleon would have recognized. Rumsfeld personally has a vested belief in weaponized space and the National Missile Defense system, having headed the commission that in 1999 helped to persuade the Clinton Administration to push ahead with missile defense. His staff’s long-range projections envision threats not from Europe, where the Army is heavily positioned, but from Asia—possible conflicts in which Navy missiles and Air Force precision bombs would be the preferred assets.

The United States Army’s anguish over its relevance in a time of war stems only partly from the institution’s own lassitude. The Army is too big and too slow, but its relevance has also been diminished by a confluence of politics and technology. The lopsided ground war in Iraq, for instance, was preceded by the most destructive and effective bombing campaign in military history, a spectacular, televised air show of “smart” bombs, Patriot missiles, and ship-launched Tomahawks whistling through downtown Baghdad. Shinseki says, “What happened in Desert Storm is you got to see a lot of laser-guided bombs, and everyone became fascinated by them. And we walked away from there with this idea that, if you could hit everything with an accurate bomb, you could get into bloodless warfare.”

The promise of a high-tech, long-distance precision-strike capability—“bloodless warfare”—perfectly suited the national moment. In 1991, America was still near enough to its Vietnam experience to be wholly captive to its lessons. The doctrine set forth by Ronald Reagan’s Defense Secretary, Caspar Weinberger, and later amended by Colin Powell, held that the United States should not commit its forces to a fight unless there was a vital national interest at stake, solid public support, the aim of decisive victory, and an exit strategy. In practical terms, these considerations constituted a national policy of risk aversion—scenes of body bags arriving at Dover Air Force Base were to be avoided at all cost. The greatest risk of casualties occurred in ground war, and ground war was the principal business of the Army. Precision air power, in contrast,



came to be viewed as relatively pristine.

The election of Bill Clinton, in 1992, locked in the ideal of risk aversion—and added a twist. After some early timidity over the use of American force, the Clinton Administration adopted a muscular posture internationally, redefining “vital national interest” to include humanitarian crises in world hot spots that posed no security threat to the United States. This led to intervention, on moral grounds, in places like Bosnia, Haiti, Kosovo, and East Timor. But when eighteen American soldiers were killed in Mogadishu, in 1993, during a United Nations mission in Somalia, Clinton pulled out, and, the following year, he chose not to intervene in the Rwandan genocide, in which hundreds of thousands of people were slaughtered.

With ground forces effectively precluded, air power became an alluring alternative. In 1995, several days of American-led bombing forced Serbia's Slobodan Milosevic to the negotiating table, resulting in the Dayton accords, and relative peace. Only after the peace was negotiated did the United States Army come into play—as a peacekeeping force—and then only after Clinton promised Congress that the troops would remain in Bosnia just for a year (a vow he later amended; the troops are still there).

Advances in technology—the ability to guide a computerized bomb by satellite to its exact target on the ground—favored the use of precision weapons. In the Gulf War, notwithstanding the impressive spectacle of the smart bombs, precision weapons accounted for less than a tenth of the munitions used. By 1999, in Kosovo that percentage had risen to nearly a third.

The apparent success of the new long-distance precision warfare, however, obscured its limitations. Milosevic, having been advised by his chief adversary that there would be no ground war, was able to disperse his forces, making them almost impossible to hit, even with smart bombs. An air war that some expected to last just days, as in the 1995 air strike that brought Milosevic to Dayton, dragged on for more than two and a half months. Thirty-eight thousand sorties were flown, dropping so many bombs that supplies ran low, and yet many Serb tanks escaped unscathed. On the other hand, several hundred civilians were

killed by the American-led bombing when refugee convoys, hospitals, and the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade were mistakenly targeted. Milosevic, counting on Clinton's vow that no American ground forces would be employed, was able to move his forces into Kosovo and to purge the province of ethnic Albanians with impunity. “The problem is he's accelerated greatly, and we don't have a way to stop it,” Peter Galbraith, a former Ambassador to Croatia, said at the time, speaking of Milosevic. “This will not be a triumph if we've destroyed their equipment but Kosovo is empty.” The United States and its allies eventually won, but not until after Kosovo had been emptied.

The bias toward air power reduced the Army to the role it relishes least, Military Operations Other Than War—peacekeeping missions that are dangerous but have no clear military objective, and seem to have no end.

The new Administration's security team came into power biased in favor of aerospace power, because aerospace power is genuinely revolutionary, even a century after its inception,” says Loren Thompson, a defense expert at the Lexington Institute, in Arlington, Virginia. “Land power, sea power are so constrained in their potential that they can't possibly match the transformational implications of space and of really advanced aircraft. They're simply too limited in their physical potential. Because one can't find a truly transformational version of the Army, it is losing adherents and resources over time.”

The new high-tech warfare is costly, and one way to pay for it is to reduce low-tech inventory—the Army soldier, and the structures and big war machines that support him. Early last year, Rumsfeld and his senior staff conducted reviews of the armed forces, occasionally meeting with top military officials. The reviews targeted two of the Army's ten divisions, and a big artillery system that the Army was developing, called the Crusader.

The Army, which had been quar-

relling over hats, was jolted. The Rumsfeld reviews shook all of the services, whose chiefs, including Shinseki, opposed what amounted to the blueprint for the President's transformation plan. With the most to lose, the Army was fiercest in its resistance. Shinseki the transformer became Shinseki the bureaucratic warrior, a role to which he was perhaps more naturally suited. He had plenty of friends on Capitol Hill, and Rumsfeld received a letter of protest signed by more than eighty congressmen. Army Secretary Thomas E. White, himself a retired Army brigadier general, told Congress that he was “very nervous” about the prospect of reducing the size of a force that was already stretched thin by its deployments around the world. Newspapers began to report growing antipathy between Rumsfeld and the services, anonymously quoting Army officers who said that Rumsfeld, infatuated with technology, didn't understand the true nature of war. Rumsfeld was vulnerable on other fronts last spring. The rivalry between the Departments of State and Defense had spilled into the press, and was cast as a dispute between the popular Colin Powell and the irascible Rumsfeld, who, nearing seventy, had served as Defense Secretary for Gerald Ford a quarter-century before. The subtext was that Rumsfeld was off his game. By late summer, there was open speculation in Washington that Defense might need a new Secretary.

In October, when Rumsfeld's plan for transformation was finally released, in a report called the Quadrennial Defense Review, he appeared to have backed down; the report mentioned nothing specific about cuts in force structure or weapons. But by then, of course, the chemistry in Washington had changed, and Rumsfeld soon became celebrated for his role in the new war on terror. The common wisdom in the Army is that Rumsfeld had a direct hand in fashioning the war plan for Afghanistan, which may partly explain why conventional American ground forces—Army soldiers—did not play a principal role in the early, main war that drove the Taliban from power. That early war was fought from the air by American warplanes, and on the ground by the surrogate forces of the Afghan Northern Alliance and special-operations troops. Precision war



reached a new apogee in Afghanistan, where nearly two-thirds of the weapons used were of this type.

It could be said that the quick success in routing the Taliban validated R.M.A. In fact, it *was* said, in so many words, by the President in a speech at the Citadel last December. "This revolution in our military is only beginning, and it promises to change the face of battle," Bush said. "Afghanistan has been a proving ground for this new approach." Indeed, Rumsfeld's military transformation was only beginning, and this time Rumsfeld's own skills as a bureaucratic warrior would be on full display.

On the morning of April 11th, General Shinseki was at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he was about to address a group of officers at the Army's command college, when he received an urgent call from one of his aides in Washington. "Sir, you've got to know about this," the aide said, and then he outlined for the Chief an article that appeared in that morning's *Washington Post*. The night before, Pentagon officials had revealed to the *Post*'s Thomas Ricks that Rumsfeld had decided upon—and the President had approved—a slate of military appointments placing in top command positions men "who are likely to be more supportive of the administration's goal of radically changing the armed forces." Among the proposed appointments was the next Chief of Staff of the Army. Shinseki hadn't yet completed the third year of a four-year term, and Rumsfeld had chosen his replacement, without a word to Shinseki. The unusual move, the *Post* reported, was prompted by the impression within Rumsfeld's circle that there was "a lack of fresh thinking in the Army."

It was a humiliation for Shinseki, but even his most loyal circle had to admire Rumsfeld's cunning. Firing Shinseki, or forcing his resignation, would have caused a spectacle. Rumsfeld had quietly made a lame duck of Shinseki for the last year of his term. Rumsfeld is apparently pleased with the main features of Shinseki's plan—the Stryker Brigades, the Objective Force, the phasing out of the large battle tanks, and the development of the Future Combat System—which Shinseki devised when Rumsfeld's boss was still the Gover-



"And, if you'd like something to read, we have books on tap."

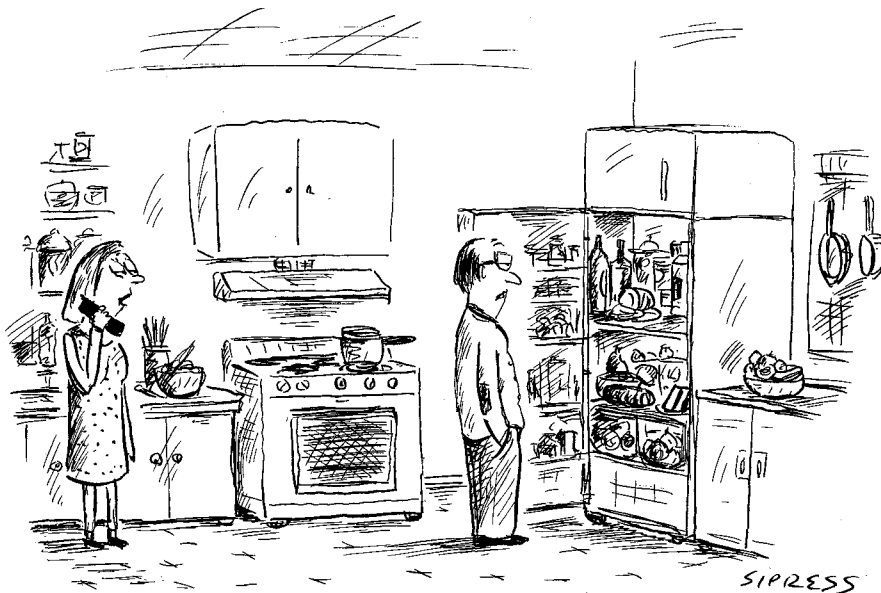
nor of Texas. Indeed, Rumsfeld wants phases of Army transformation accelerated. What he doesn't want is the Army's effective opposition on such issues as those which Shinseki helped to beat back last year.

Rumsfeld's cleverest move, perhaps, was his choice for Shinseki's successor—General John M. Keane, Shinseki's Vice-Chief of Staff. Keane arrived with Shinseki in 1999, and served as a distinct complement and counterpoint to his boss. Shinseki had been an armor officer; Keane was from the light army, a former paratrooper who had commanded the 101st Airborne Division. Keane, a bluff New Yorker, enjoys chatting with the press, and he has been the Army leadership's conduit to the force's reform underground. Shinseki tended to shut out some of the Army's noisier critics; Keane talks regularly with Colonel Macgregor and is interested in the personnel-restructuring ideas of Major Vandergriff. These distinctions have made it possible to cast Shinseki as an obstructionist and Keane as a transformer-in-waiting, even though Keane helped Shinseki devise his transformation plan. The practical result—and many in the Army believe it was Rumsfeld's intended result—is that the Army is left with a diminished leadership for

the next year. Keane is Rumsfeld's man inside the Army, but he is not in charge; Shinseki is in charge, but he bears the onus of the Defense Secretary's non-confidence gesture.

The move seemed to be of a piece with what came next—a showdown between the Army and Rumsfeld over the Army's development of the Crusader artillery system. The Crusader typifies Shinseki's dilemma in trying to transform the Army and represent its interests at the same time. The big field-artillery system, meant to provide support for soldiers in close combat, was conceived in 1994 to address an artillery shortcoming discovered in the Gulf War. The Army's big cannon, a decades-old gun called the Paladin, was too slow to keep up with the Bradley vehicles and the Abrams tanks during attack. The Crusader, which requires a smaller crew, would be self-propelled, quick-firing, and faster. But it was a creation of the old, heavy Army—weighing forty tons and requiring a companion vehicle almost as big to carry supplies and fuel.

The Crusader program, estimated to cost eleven billion dollars, was a convenient symbol for transformers, and George Bush referred to it in his Presidential campaign as an example of the



"Can he call you back? He's meditating."

sort of Army bloat that needed reform. General Keane was inclined to give up the Crusader, but both he and Shinseki knew that the Army needed an improvement upon the Paladin, if only for force protection. In one of Shinseki's first acts as Chief, he had ordered the Crusader reconfigured, and its weight had been nearly halved. It was still huge, but at least the gun and its companion vehicle could be squeezed into a C-17 transport plane, meeting the transformation goal of quick deployability in a contingency. It wasn't transformed enough for the Administration, however, and when Rumsfeld began his reviews the Crusader was a potential target. The weapon was spared when Rumsfeld capitulated to a pressure campaign, and half a billion dollars for the gun was included in the President's budget in February.

Still, Bush continued to mention the Crusader whenever the subject of military transformation arose. The day after a meeting between Rumsfeld and the President in early February, Rumsfeld wrote a memorandum saying that when he'd been asked about the Crusader by Andrew Card, the White House chief of staff, he replied, "I am tired of hearing about the Crusader. If you folks want to get briefed, and then tell me to cancel it, we'll cancel it." In fact, a briefing for the President had already been prepared, by Edward Aldridge, Rumsfeld's Under-

Secretary for Acquisition, Technology, and Logistics. Aldridge's briefing memorandum compared the reconfigured Crusader with the Paladin and concluded that the Administration should "proceed with the development of Crusader II. [It] is a success story well worth sustaining."

The President never received Aldridge's briefing. Instead, on April 30th, Aldridge and Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz told Army Secretary White that Rumsfeld was again considering termination of the Crusader. White was given a month to present a study of the alternatives.

The Army, surprised, but believing that it could win on Capitol Hill, prepared again for political battle. A list of "talking points" was drawn up, arguing the merits of the Crusader, and noting the Paladin's obsolescence. But the memo's subtext was a brief of the Army's grievances against the Rumsfeld team. "A decision to kill Crusader puts soldiers at risk," the memo declared. It hinted at the Army's deepest suspicion of Rumsfeld and his R.M.A. associates—their "call[ing] into question the relevance of land power." The memo suggested that Rumsfeld's transformation was a return to the "hollow Army" days of the Carter Administration, and culminated with an almost personal gibe: The Office of the Secretary of Defense

"is looking for a quick kill to demonstrate their political prowess." (Rumsfeld later told Congress, "You have to ask the question, If not now, when? Is there nothing, is there nothing, that we're doing that we can ever stop?")

The talking-points memo made its way to Capitol Hill, presenting Rumsfeld with a tactical opportunity that he immediately seized. The Defense Department portrayed the Army memo as rank insubordination, a defiance of civilian authority over the military, and White ordered an investigation by the Army's Inspector General.

On the afternoon of May 16th, at a Senate Armed Services Committee hearing on the Crusader, the main witnesses were Rumsfeld and Shinseki. The event was a brilliant display of political stagecraft by Rumsfeld. That morning, opinion pieces advocating his position were carried by several newspapers. At lunch that day, he appeared on Rush Limbaugh's national radio show, hoping to convince Limbaugh's conservative audience that the Administration was still avidly pro-military. Rumsfeld arrived at the Dirksen Senate Office Building a few minutes early, paused for photographers and to sign autographs, and proceeded to dominate most of the rest of the afternoon. Sitting at the witness table flanked by his deputies Wolfowitz and Aldridge, he frequently referred to a complicated color chart meant to illustrate that continuing with the Crusader would cause a disastrous "bow wave" funding problem in the near future—that is, hinder the financing of newer systems. Rumsfeld and his team took up so much time that Senator John Warner, the ranking Republican on the committee, noted that if Shinseki wasn't heard soon reporters covering the hearing wouldn't get his side of the story.

It was nearly seven when Shinseki's testimony finally began, and just a handful of senators remained in the room. Rumsfeld's session had been a charged exchange; Shinseki's appearance, conducted in the gloaming, had an almost elegiac quality. Senator Warner said to him, "You're a soldier's soldier, and this has not been an easy chapter, but you're up to it." Shinseki dispensed with his prepared remarks, and instead read a short statement that amounted to capitulation. The Army needed some sort of improved artillery

system, he said, but if the Crusader wasn't to be the solution, "We will find one."

Atelling feature of the friction between Rumsfeld's office and the Army is the degree to which Rumsfeld has endorsed the Army's transformation vision even while engineering the undoing of its creator. During the Crusader dispute, Rumsfeld took pains to declare his "confidence that the Army has set a course over the longer term that we believe is a good course and, indeed, needs to be accelerated." That statement captured the essence of Shinseki's dilemma. He tried to harness the military revolution and to apply it in measures that his reluctant organization might accept; it was too much for the old order, not enough for the revolutionaries. The defense analyst Loren Thompson compares Shinseki's role to that of Aleksandr Kerensky, the Russian Revolutionary who was undone by the Bolsheviks. "Shinseki represented a change over what came before, but the world wanted more change than he was able to deliver in the time frame that he had," Thompson says. "He was prepared to make changes that, within the context of Army tradition, were significant. But, by the standards of the outside world, not party to those institutional rhythms, it seems very incremental and conservative."

Shinseki is expected to remain as Chief until his term expires, next June, but increasingly the signals that will be heeded inside and outside the Army are those that will be coming from Shinseki's No. 2 and successor, General Keane. Keane, too, will have to balance his zeal for transformation with his obligation, as the force's top bureaucrat, to fight the Army's political battles. And Rumsfeld, having won for the moment on Crusader, may again consider a reduction in Army forces, by a division or more.

Since the Crusader fight and the relegation of Shinseki to a lame-duck position, Rumsfeld and his deputies at the Office of the Secretary of Defense (O.S.D.) have attempted to minimize their differences with the Army. Paul Wolfowitz, speaking for Rumsfeld in an interview last week, acknowledged that some people in the Rumsfeld circle believe that "air power is now so accurate that you don't need armies, or you don't need armies with artillery, or you don't need this or that." When asked if the O.S.D. believes that

the Army is, by its very nature, not transformative, he said, "I will not deny that I think there are pockets around O.S.D. and the Air Force that are afflicted with that way of thinking." But, he said, Rumsfeld and he are not of that view, which he characterized as "one-dimensional thinking." He went on, "He and I believe emphatically that we've got to have effective ground forces. You don't win wars just from the air. I have to say I was astonished that we accomplished as much as we did in Kosovo without ground forces. And I think that was a fluke."

Rumsfeld himself now says that the war in Afghanistan, with its formula of American air power, special forces, and the proxy army of the Northern Alliance, should not be seen as a model for future wars. Perhaps he and Wolfowitz are looking ahead to a new war with Iraq, in which the ground forces of the Army would certainly play a critical role. "Long-range precision strike is most effective when it's a combination of air power and ground power, not air by itself," Wolfowitz said. "And we just had a dramatic demonstration in Afghanistan of the truth of that—the Air Force wasn't accomplishing anything until we got some guys on the ground. And then they were able to reinforce other guys on the ground, who ultimately are what brought about the victory. We could have dropped bombs until kingdom come and it would have had no effect."

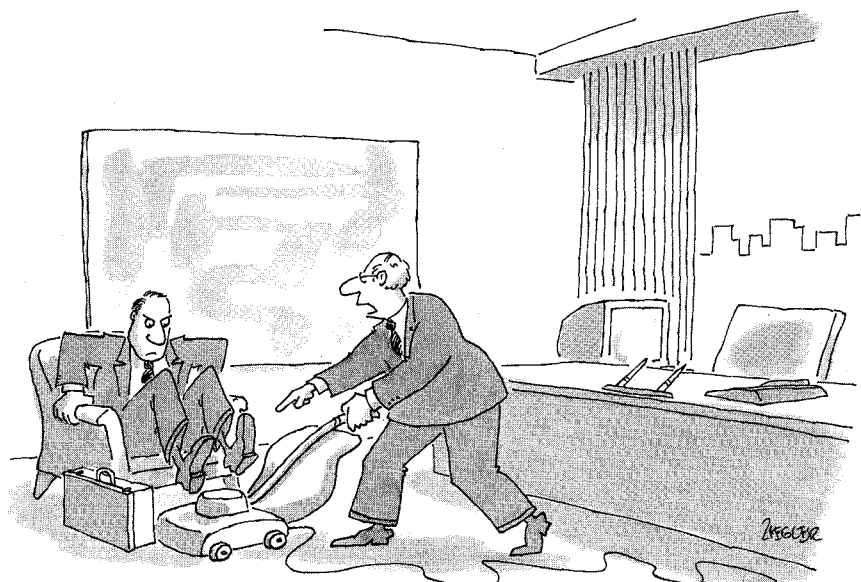
Wolfowitz went on, "I think you need people on the ground. I just think it

would be nice if you could do it with less of them, and if you could deploy them faster, so that the next time there's a Desert Storm it doesn't take six months to get ready for it."

Does Rumsfeld really hate the Army, as the *Armed Services Journal International* suggested?

"Definitely not," Wolfowitz said. "That's a simple question to answer. By the way, let's remember, he's a very demanding guy and he's tough on everybody, including himself. And no one should misinterpret that for hostility."

Wolfowitz praised Shinseki's Stryker Brigades, and called them an important step toward transformation. (If Rumsfeld does eliminate an Army division in Europe, it would probably be replaced by a Stryker Brigade.) Wolfowitz pointed out that the money the government will save by cancelling the Crusader would be used in accelerating the artillery portions of Shinseki's Future Combat System. "I do believe that where we are putting the money is a reflection of some of the priorities that General Shinseki has set, with a good deal of courage, actually," Wolfowitz said. "I mean, he is the one who has been pushing the Army to be lighter, more deployable, more lethal. The Objective Force is his doing. In fact, one of his quotes, which I love, though I don't mean to use his words against him—I feel a little guilty—but he said to the Army a few months ago, 'If you don't like change, you're going to like irrelevance a lot less.' It's quite a good speech." ♦



"Please continue. I'm all—briefcase!—ears."

COUNTDOWN TO A BABY

How hard could it be to get pregnant?

BY MICHAEL RYAN

WEEK ONE

I have been telling my friends that what I am injecting into my wife, Doreen, this week is crushed, powdered Chinese hamster ovaries. This is not quite the truth. I am injecting her with cells from Chinese hamster ovaries that have been genetically re-engineered to help develop multiple eggs and, in thirty-three per cent of the live births that result, multiple babies: twins, triplets, quadruplets, and up. It's called Gonal-F, and it costs \$3,674.50 for a full course of treatment—one injection a day for twelve days during the first half of the menstrual cycle. This is just one element of the in-vitro treatment that Doreen and I hope will give us a baby.

The Gonal-F powder comes in glass ampules, six of them per injection, in Doreen's case, since her follicle-stimulating hormone (FSH) level is high—which means that her body must work very hard to produce eggs. A woman's chances of conceiving drop slightly at the age of twenty-seven, significantly at thirty-five, and precipitately at forty; her FSH level measures what's called her "ovarian reserve"—the number and quality of eggs remaining of the one to two million egg cells she is born with. The higher the FSH level, the fewer the eggs, and the less likely they can be fertilized, until a point is reached at which a woman cannot be a biological mother no matter how much Gonal-F is pumped into her blood.

Doreen is thirty-seven. She is in excellent health, she has never had a miscarriage, and her menstrual cycle is as regular as a lunar calendar. Nor does she have any tubal damage, pelvic infections, sexually transmitted diseases, etc. So we had no reason to suspect that her FSH level was high until we met with Dr. Lawrence Werlin, our

fertility specialist. Photo collages of babies and cheery cards of appreciation covered his office walls, and stuffed animals spilled out of his antique rolltop desk. It was clear from his tone that what he was saying was not good news: Doreen's FSH level was above the range in which ovaries can be stimulated. But it had never been tested before, so he didn't want us to be alarmed; it could drop within range next month. Afterward, while Doreen was in the rest room, I asked Werlin's head nurse, Janet, a thin woman in her late thirties, what the cutoff FSH level was for in-vitro fertilization. "Thirteen," she said. Doreen's was sixteen. I asked Janet what it would mean if Doreen's level was sixteen when we tested it again. She said, "It means you might have to consider an egg donor." This flattened me. I was not about to find out what it would do to Doreen. I did not tell her about my conversation with Janet until after the next FSH test results came in: twelve. One point inside the ovaries-can-be-stimulated range. One point inside the hope that we may still have our own biological child.

Like most couples who one day find themselves in a doctor's office discussing assisted reproductive technology (unironically known as A.R.T.), Doreen and I had always thought that all we had to do in order for her to get pregnant was stop trying not to. Wrong. Doreen did everything but stand on her head afterward. She would jam a pillow under her butt and lie immobile for thirty minutes with her knees tucked and her pelvis tipped up. She used ovulation-predictor kits. "Does this look *blue* to you?" she'd ask me, holding the plastic stick in front of my nose. She bought a ninety-eight-dollar thermometer to measure the minute spike in body temperature that accompanies ovulation. We also tried: Forget-

about-it-and-relax romantic weekends. Herbs. God-awful teas. Diet and exercise. No diet, no exercise. Doing it a lot, doing it a little, this way or that way. Early in mid-cycle. Late in mid-cycle. *Exactly* at mid-cycle. Abstaining beforehand for two days, three days, four days, five days, one week—a Rubik's cube of permutations.

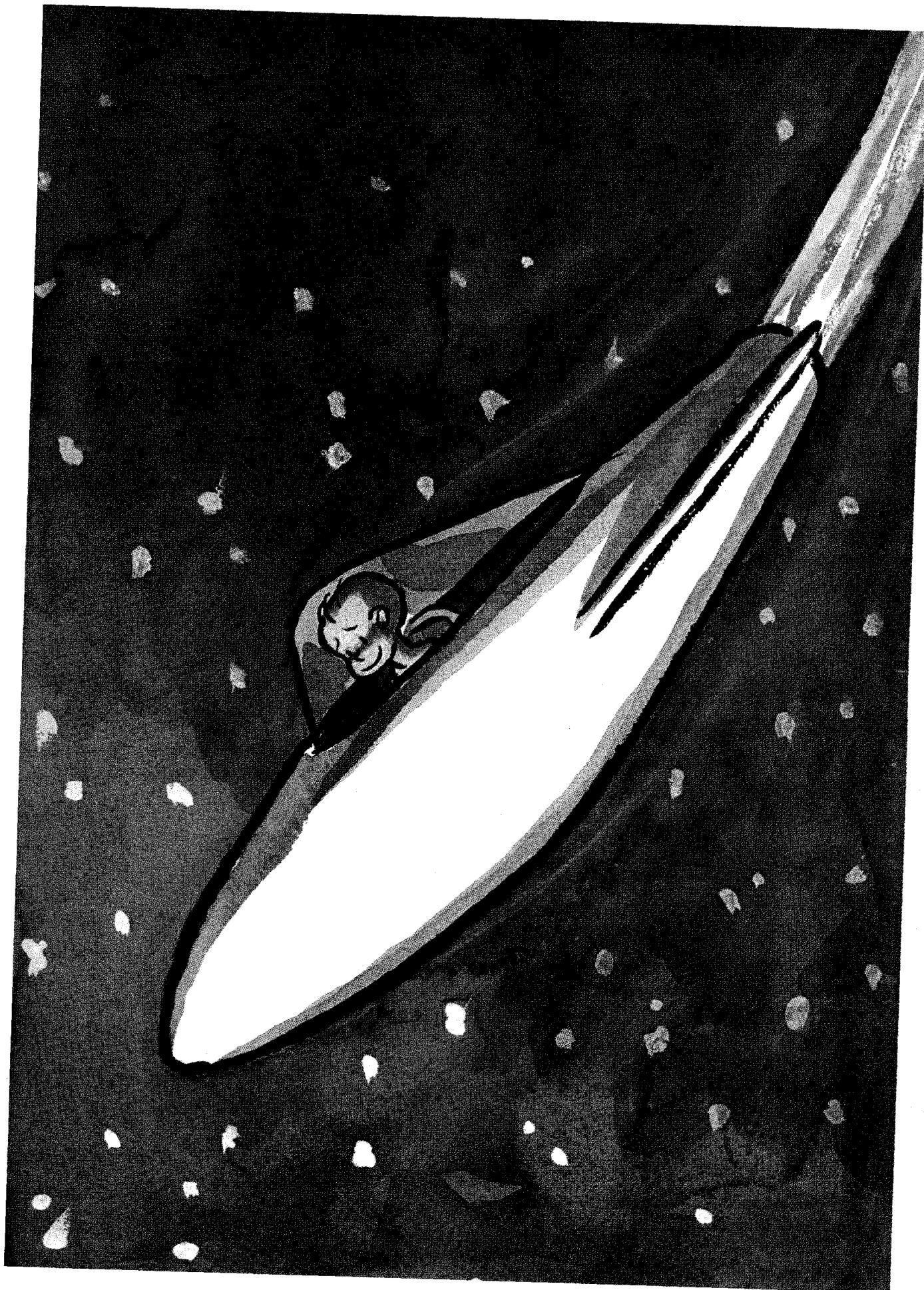
None of them worked.

So we tried assisted reproductive technology. Our H.M.O. would cover six intrauterine inseminations (or IUIs, in which the sperm is deposited by catheter into the uterus at ovulation), provided that our primary-care doctor would testify that we had been trying on our own for at least two years. We had actually been trying for four years—almost as long as we had been married. Doreen was thirty-one when we started; she had just turned thirty-five when we began the IUIs. The look on her face when she saw someone else's baby was an unfailing reminder that she felt time running out. She never said anything more than "What a darling little girl." But I knew what she felt. It wasn't that she didn't have a baby. It was that she might never have one.

Over the next fifteen months, we tried nine IUIs, waiting two weeks after each one to find out whether it had worked. With IUIs, the chances of conceiving get worse with each attempt: from one in five-to-fifteen after the first try to about one in a hundred after the sixth. Finally, our doctors began to speak about other options, by which they meant in vitro. Whereas an IUI is relatively easy and cheap, in vitro is invasive and expensive. But the odds for successful conception are better: one in three for each attempt in women between thirty-five and thirty-seven. After three attempts, three out of five couples achieve a pregnancy.

By now, Doreen was almost thirty-seven and I was almost fifty-three. Nei-

PETER ARNO, 12/30/67



ther of us had any children. We were officially among the twenty-five per cent of couples over thirty-five classified as infertile—which, we learned, is usually diagnosed after a couple has had one year of unprotected, well-timed intercourse. And so we called Dr. Werlin.

Lawrence Werlin is one of the best reproductive endocrinologists in Southern California. He has been practicing in Orange County since 1982. He sees between forty and forty-five patients a day. He has done more than two thousand in-vitro fertilization procedures, with a success rate well above the national average, and was selected by his peers as Orange County's Best Doctor in Infertility for the years 2000 and 2001. His clinic is in Irvine, where I teach at the University of California and where Doreen, who is a poet, works from our home. Werlin is about my age, and very much of my generation. He plays Rolling Stones tapes over the speakers in his examining rooms, and recently attended a Stones concert in Las Vegas. Sometimes he sings along with Mick Jagger during sonograms. He could probably hold his own in a mosh pit. He's a big, athletic-looking guy, with a boyish gap between his two front teeth and

shoulder-length iron-gray hair, and he dresses in scuffed running shoes and pale-blue surgical scrubs. He is definitely a Personality. The first time he called us, I picked up the phone and a loud voice said, "Hey, Mike, this is the Whirl." "Who?" I asked. He is the Whirl. He moves fast and does shtick with the patients:

"Yo, Doe!" he shouts when he greets Doreen. "You look bee-you-tee-ful!"

"Bless you," Doreen responds politely, as if he had sneezed.

"And there's my man," the Whirl says to me, pumping my hand.

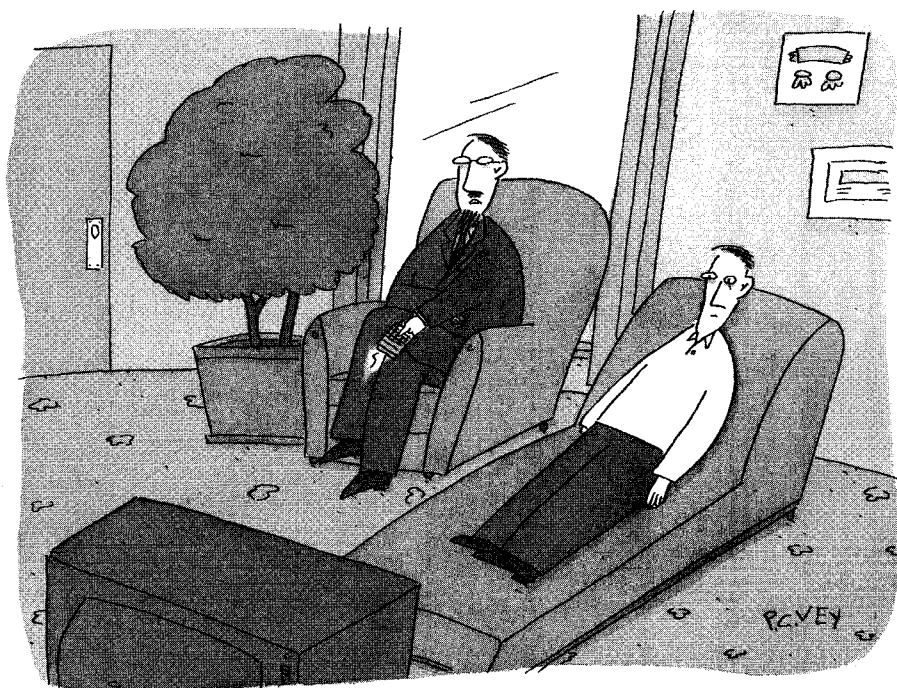
One time he called me Rick and another time Steve; usually he addresses me generically, as "my man." I don't mind. I can't imagine keeping track of as many patients as he does, much less remembering everything he has to about the latest clinical discoveries, drug protocols, and surgical techniques. He runs a multimillion-dollar business that few people could manage for long without burning out; he regularly puts in fourteen-hour days and time on weekends, and is often on call. There is a rigorous maintenance of the upbeat in his manner and throughout his clinic, a public atmosphere encasing the private emotional extremes of cold medical facts: *You're pregnant! You aren't. You can have a baby! You can't.* When I remarked

on this to him, he said he has to "Stay Positive." "I believe that's a big part of this," he said.

I am trying to Stay Positive. Every night at ten, I go into the bathroom to prepare the Gonal-F and Lupron injections that make up the first round of in-vitro treatment while Doreen lies in bed, calming herself. She hates needles. Just seeing one makes her heart race. It is her only phobia, as far as I know. Before this cycle of treatment is over, she will have been punctured with needles more than two hundred times.

The Gonal-F ampules look like tiny hourglasses, and are very slippery. To prepare the injection, you have to snap each ampule at the neck, using a gauze pad so as not to gouge your fingers, which makes them even harder to hold. Then you inject a millilitre of sterilized water into the ampule to dissolve the white powder inside, making sure you don't jostle the mixture too much, which would disrupt its chemical composition. You draw this mixture into the syringe, inject it into the next ampule of white powder, and the next, and so on, for all six ampules, gradually increasing the solution's concentration until it reaches the prescribed dosage.

When you've completed this exacting procedure, you must switch needles on the syringe without spilling its contents, holding it upside down while twisting off the long, flat mixing needle and screwing on the short subcutaneous-injecting needle. The shot itself takes about thirty seconds to inject. The subcutaneous needle is only half an inch long, but it must be pushed in all the way, according to the photocopied instructions Janet gave us: "Pinch skin at injection site. Inject straight down"—straight down into Doreen's thigh, where these shots are supposed to hurt least. Doreen sits on the bed with the top of her thigh wedged between both hands, trying to put as much flesh as she can between muscle and the approaching needle. We alternate legs each night. Doreen closes her eyes and twists away. I kneel next to her and begin telling her what I'm doing: now I'm wiping the spot with the alcohol pad; here we go; breathe; just a few more seconds. After the Gonal-F shot, I give her an injection of Lupron, which suppresses hormonal spikes that would



"And the letterbox version, how does that make you feel?"

prematurely release the eggs. This shot is drawn straight out of the rubber-capped bottle with the subcutaneous-injecting needle, so it is quicker and easier for both of us. Sometimes a drop of blood leaks out from the puncture, sometimes clear liquid, sometimes nothing at all. According to Janet, such leakage “just happens.” But it’s easy to imagine that these small differences affect the outcome, and because Doreen’s FSH level may never again be low enough for another in-vitro treatment, every tiny uncertainty is amplified. I am almost insanely careful.

The two nightly injections are giving Doreen two sets of side effects. Lupron temporarily suppresses her pituitary gland, compressing the otherwise gradual symptoms of menopause into two weeks, while Gonal-F stimulates the development of follicles in her ovaries, causing abdominal pain and flulike symptoms, among other things. She’s being volleyed hormonally like a Ping-Pong ball. She says some nights it feels like there’s a flaming ingot planted in her forehead. The first Gonal-F shot scared her so much that she cried.

When I’ve finished giving both shots, Doreen’s eyes open and she says, “Thank you, sweetheart.” She says this with no irony. This is her alternative to crying; to think of the other instead of oneself. This is how we are trying to Stay Positive. The Whirl is right: there is no other way to get through this.

WEEK TWO

Today is harvest day: retrieval of the eggs. Each egg—a single cell, two-hundredths of an inch in diameter—is drawn into a suction trap as the fluid-filled follicle that contains it empties and collapses. The eggs are incubated, inseminated with sperm, and left in a petri dish for three days, to develop into four-to-eight-cell embryos that will then be shot from a catheter into Doreen’s uterus—“Bye-bye, kids! Don’t forget to write!” Dr. Werlin’s standard procedure for women in their late thirties is to transfer up to six embryos from dish to uterus, risking the chance of a multiple pregnancy in order to maximize the chance of a single pregnancy. (For younger candidates, some specialists incubate the

eggs for a longer period of time, and then transfer only one or two embryos.) Despite the sophisticated technology, the procedure is conceptually crude: take an egg out, inject some sperm, wait a couple of days, put the thing back, and see what happens. If an embryo implants itself in the uterine lining, that’s a pregnancy. We’ll get the results via blood test in two weeks.

Very little is known about how conception actually occurs. The first “test-tube baby” was born in 1978. Since then, the drugs and protocols have changed rapidly. In-vitro fertilization, a now common procedure, didn’t exist twenty-five years ago, and twenty-five years from now the cutting-edge technology that Dr. Werlin uses may seem like treating colic with doses of black lead. Because IVF is such a new science, the long-term effects associated with it are not fully understood. There are some known risks along the way, though; for example, Gonal-F may cause ovarian hyper-stimulation syndrome (OHSS), a complication that can result in death. But the syndrome is very rare. There have been incidents of ovarian cancer in IVF patients, but as yet no relationship between cancer and any of the in-vitro drugs has been established. Each woman who undergoes in vitro is implicitly accepting both its known and its unknown risks.

Since Doreen began the first cycle of in-vitro treatment, we have had to go to the clinic every other morning at seven, for blood tests to monitor her FSH level and ultrasounds to monitor her swelling ovaries. South Orange County is one of the richest areas in the country; many people in the entertainment business move here from Los Angeles when their careers are over, people whose livelihood depended on their appearance. But nobody looks glamorous in Dr. Werlin’s waiting room at 7 A.M. All the couples this morning are straight and white, but there are several women by themselves. Some of them are on their second or third round of in vitro, and their conversation is about frustration, failure, and disaster: the dangers of this or that drug, the number of surgeries and ectopic pregnancies and miscarriages they have had. The lucky ones for whom in vitro has resulted in a

healthy baby are not here, although occasionally, and surprisingly, there are women with sleepy, subdued children. The children are the stars. We look at them with shameless longing.

Doreen and I head next door to the surgical center, where in an hour Doreen, under anesthesia, will have her eggs harvested and I will be invited to accompany myself into a lab bathroom to “produce a specimen” for the inseminations. I do not particularly feel like producing a specimen. My wife is about to have an operation that entails unconsciousness and intubation. This does not inflame me with desire.

But I kiss her goodbye and go to the lab. They present me with a plastic cup and lid in a bag and point me toward the bathroom. I’ve probably done this fifteen times in the past fifteen months, for IUIs and semen analyses, each time abstaining from sex for three to seven days beforehand—most recently for a sperm sample to be frozen, in case the Birth Partner (me) has what they gently call “a problem” on the day of the retrieval, which is today. The sample is here in the clinic; I imagine it as a little disk, like a Junior Mint without the dark-chocolate coating. There is doubt about the effectiveness of thawed sperm, however; fresh is better. So of course I want fresh. I want to maximize our odds.

But, as it turns out, the Birth Partner does have “a problem.” Doreen is in a hospital bed next door and I’m sitting on a toilet with my pants around my ankles. There’s a TV and a VCR up on struts near the bathroom ceiling. In the metal closet next to the sink, on the shelf below the *Penthouses* and *Playboys*, there are three pornographic videotapes. I have not watched a pornographic movie for years, but since I cannot arouse myself, I pop a tape in the VCR. A brunette wearing a black velvet choker and a gold anklet is being hammered from behind by an anonymous half man framed from knees to shoulders. She bounces forward with each thud, as if this were a high-school physics lesson in inertia. It is about as erotic as being slammed in the face with a brick.

I switch the VCR off. But I can’t afford to give up. If Doreen doesn’t get pregnant, I don’t want to think it was

because my aged sperm were dopey from waking out of a long hibernation. I go outside and ask the lab director how much time I have before the doctors need the specimen. He says one hour. Our home is fifteen minutes away. I stop by Doreen's bed and tell her what happened, and that I am going home to try again. She says I shouldn't worry, we can use the frozen sperm. She is kind, even though I could be jeopardizing our only chance to have a child.

At home, I walk upstairs to our bedroom and climb under the covers of our bed. I close my eyes and breathe deeply, and open them to see the snow-tipped mountains fifty miles away through our bedroom windows. It's March 2nd, a crystalline winter day. "The creature hath a purpose, and its eyes are bright with it": unaccountably, this line from Keats's letters comes into my head. He meant it critically—as human will interfering with the active receptivity to experience he called negative capability—but I find it comforting at this moment. Everyone else in the world is simply going ahead with their own concerns, whipping up and down the freeways or trudging rutted mountain roads, doing what they do to live.

I drive back to the clinic with my sperm in the plastic cup, lodged in my crotch to keep it warm. I deliver it to the lab attendant with minutes to spare. Doreen is coming out of surgery. When she wakes up, I'm standing by her. She's O.K., she says, just a little woozy, and asks me how I am.

"It worked." I am grinning.

"My hero," she says, and we laugh.

WEEK THREE

One four-cell, one seven-cell, and two eight-cell embryos went into Doreen at ten-forty-five this morning (March 5th). Only these four embryos had successfully fertilized. We have their pictures. They look like mud pies.

The transfer took place in an operating theatre with a cyclopean ceiling light. I stood behind Doreen, facing Werlin. He sat on a stool between her legs, flanked by nurses. A lab technician brought in a catheter loaded with our embryos—a tiny amount of colorless fluid—and asked her, "Are you Doreen

Gildroy?" For legal reasons, Doreen had to respond with the full sentence, "Yes, I am Doreen Gildroy." She then initialled the catheter, and the technician handed it to Werlin.

"Here we go, guys," Werlin said. "Just relax, Doreen."

Doreen closed her eyes, to concentrate on her breathing.

"You might feel some pressure now," Werlin said. He guided the catheter—a thin translucent tube—through Doreen's cervix into her uterus. It was the same procedure used for IUIs, but this time there were embryos in the attached syringe, not sperm, and the stakes were immeasurably higher.

"This is it," Werlin said. "Are you O.K., Doreen?"

She said she was.

"All right. Just breathe normally."

With his right thumb, he gradually depressed the plunger of the syringe. It has been estimated that if you inject the fluid as you normally would, the embryos hit the back of the uterine wall at six hundred miles an hour. The idea is to lay them in there gently—in the end, it all depends on fallible human skill.

Then he was finished. He handed the catheter to the technician, who left for the lab, where it was examined under a microscope to make sure the embryos were not still in it. She was gone for only a minute.

"It's fine," she said.

Then Werlin said to the nurses, "Ready? One. Two. Three."

They all shouted, "Get pregnant, Doreen Gildroy!" It was startling, like a surprise party when the lights go on, and very sweet. Then, after instructing Doreen not to move for thirty minutes, they left us alone. I took her hand.

"I love you," I said.

"I'm trying not to cry," she said. "I don't want to shake the baby out."

"I know," I said. "It's fine. It's all going to be fine." But I had no idea what the disappointment would do to

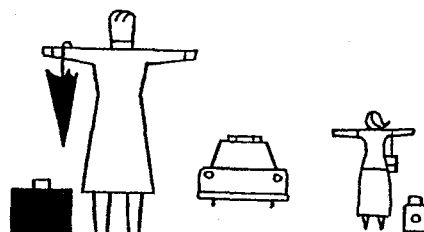
us if she didn't get pregnant. How could I be sure it was all going to be fine?

WEEK FOUR

The Lupron stopped Doreen's normal production of estrogen, so now she has to replace it, to improve the chance of an embryo's implanting. She needs a new series of shots—progesterone in oil every night and estradiol valerate every third night. Whenever in vitro is discussed, these shots are mentioned in the half-humorous tone in which recruits are warned about the worst exercises at boot camp. The humor must derive from having survived them, because at present they're not funny. The injections are intramuscular, which means the drugs must be shot deep into a muscle, with a nearly two-inch needle. There aren't many muscles big enough to allow a needle this size. Even with the gluteus maximus, the largest muscle in the body, the needle must be inserted within a specific zone, one inch in diameter, in order not to hit bone tissue or blood vessels. This spot gets at least one shot every night, and sometimes two. At the same time, Doreen is restricted to complete bed rest, lying on her back twenty-four hours a day; she can't even shift her weight to alleviate the soreness.

The bed rest, which to some people sounds like the ultimate self-indulgence ("I'd love to stay in bed for two weeks!"), is actually more like torture. Doreen wakes up from the pain and can't go back to sleep. In order to read, she has to hold the book above her face with both hands. To write, she holds a legal pad above her face with one hand and writes with the other; after about five minutes, her arms cramp. She gets up to go to the bathroom only when she can no longer stand not to. All this discomfort is exacerbated by the fear that if she isn't motionless she may be preventing an embryo from implanting. (There is no medical evidence to show that bed rest actually helps; Werlin admitted that he recommends it partly to make his patients feel they're doing everything they can.) Doreen says she can endure this for two weeks, but she can't imagine doing it any longer.

We're lucky that my schedule is flex-



ible enough to let me be at home to help her. Tonight I made dinner for her, fed her one forkful at a time, and held a water glass for her to spit into after she brushed her teeth. Her used dental floss stuck to my finger when I tried to toss it into the wastebasket. I did the dishes and the laundry and cleaned up the kitchen.

There's not much more I can do to make her feel better, except massage her feet and calves, which sometimes relaxes her enough so that she can sleep. She needs this most at night, after the shots, when I'm so exhausted it makes me want to yell, No, I will not give you another calf rub! Instead, I roll my desk chair over to the bed, slather on the Lubri-derm, and start rubbing, reminding myself that if she can endure her pain I can certainly endure my exhaustion. Sometimes, at 4 A.M., I wake up in the guest room to the sounds of "I Love Lucy" reruns; Doreen can't even see the TV, since she's flat on her back, and I know that she turns it on only when she can't stand the pain anymore.

But three days after the transfer, when I come into the bedroom for her shots, she has a rapturous look on her face. She has just felt what she describes as a spontaneous mild orgasmic wave, which she couldn't help associating with some activity, maybe an embryo implanting.

WEEK FIVE

Pregnancy test this morning, waiting for the results. Doreen was shaky on her feet. It was the first time since the transfer that she had walked farther than the bathroom and back to bed. Her hobbling drew some stares from the other women in Werlin's waiting room this morning. It identified her as having made it past the embryo transfer, since you don't go through this series of shots otherwise. In other words, it meant she had a chance of being pregnant.

I answered the phone when it rang this afternoon.

"Yo, Mike. The Whirl."

"I know," I said.

"You sitting down?"

"I am."

"Good news, buddy. You have another phone for Doreen."



"I'm always tempted to buy one of the more esoteric flavors—if only out of pity."

Doreen was lying in bed. I told her that it was Werlin. She scanned my face for the news, and read it in a nanosecond.

"Hello?" she said, her face like a thousand-watt bulb.

"You're pregnant, Doreen!" shouted Werlin and a Wagnerian chorus of nurses. There must have been someone on every phone in the clinic.

"Really? Really?" Doreen asked.

"Really *really*," Werlin answered. "HCG is 158. That's not just a little pregnant, Doe." HCG stands for human chorionic gonadotropin, a hormone secreted by the placenta; its presence in a woman's blood unequivocally means pregnancy. A reading as high as Doreen's may also mean a multiple pregnancy. "I'm happy for you both," Werlin continued. "Just keep up the injections, and take it very easy. No sexual activity for eight more weeks. We don't want anything churned up in there."

"We come in tomorrow?" I asked. I knew that Doreen now had to have blood tests every other day to check the HCG level. If it doesn't double every sixty hours, it means something is wrong.

"We already made the appointment for you—eight-fifteen. We're letting you sleep late!"

"Thank you so much," Doreen said.

"Don't thank me," Werlin said. "You did it, guys! Congratulations."

I held Doreen while we cried, unable to absorb the news. We were not going to have to go through any more infertility treatments: no IUIs, no sperm samples, no Gonal-F, no surgeries, no more bed rest! We have a long way to go between now and a healthy baby, but it would be nuts not to be grateful for this good luck. I'm off to Pascal Épicerie to buy a trunkful of Provençal takeout for us to eat together in bed.

WEEK SIX

Sonogram today. The room is barely lit, to make the screen easier to see. After two years of A.R.T., we know the drill: a nurse escorts us to the examining room, Doreen drops her pants and climbs onto the examining table, bends her knees, and lays a paper sheet across her lap, ready for the transvaginal ultrasound. I stand next to her, where I can

view the screen. Alone together for a moment in the dark, we speak in whispers, as if we're in church.

Then the door bursts open with a flash of light from the corridor, and Werlin whirls in, accompanied by Laurie, his sonographer, both of them wearing scuffed running shoes and standard-issue pale-blue scrubs. Werlin winds up as if to hit a forehead to the baseline and shakes my hand. The dim light doesn't make *him* lower his voice. "Yo, Mike! Yo, Doe! What's the good good news today?"

Before Werlin has finished greeting us, Laurie has slipped a condom over the plastic vaginal probe and squirted lubricant on it from a squeeze bottle. She warns Doreen that it will feel a little cold, then inserts it, and the photonegative sonogram of Doreen's uterus appears on the screen, fanning down from the top. It does not take long to find a dot with a pulsing white pinpoint of light.

"Thar she blows!" Werlin shouts. "Bee-you-tee-ful! Look at that heartbeat!" It's beating a hundred and forty times a minute, he tells us.

Doreen cranes her neck, so she can see. I press her hand. The rapidly pulsing pinpoint means life. We are all mesmerized by it, even Werlin and Laurie, who must have seen it thousands of times before.

Laurie keeps moving the probe inside Doreen—side to side, up and down,

to sweep the whole uterus—but there's only one pinpoint of light there.

"How about that, guys?" Werlin asks, after he's satisfied that the ultrasound has swept every cubic micrometre. "There's your baby!"

"Just one?" I say to Werlin.

"You'd like a few more?"

"One's fine," I answer. "One's just enough."

"More could possibly show up next week," Werlin says, his tone suddenly sober. "But you've definitely got your one. And it's in the uterus. You can see the strong heartbeat, right there. *Ga-boom ga-boom ga-boom*. Those are the main things we're looking for today."

Laurie takes a measurement of the embryo, as well as of Doreen's ovaries, which are swollen to the size of avocados from the Gonal-F. Then she prints out some digital snapshots of the dot with the pinpoint of light, and hands one to me.

WEEK SEVEN

There were more showing this week. As soon as Laurie inserted the probe, two dots flashed onto the screen: two sacs, two heartbeats. Werlin shouted, "It's twins!" Then Laurie maneuvered, and to the right of the other two, faintly, another pinpoint morphed out of the darkness, like a minnow surfacing in a lake.

I said, "There's another one."



"You have to admit, he knows how to articulate his message."

Werlin swooped his head toward it like a big bird, his nose nearly pasted against the screen. "You're right," he said. "There's three. It's triplets!"

"Oh, my God," Doreen said.

Werlin assigned letters to the embryos, from left to right: Baby A, Baby B, Baby C. He put Doreen on bed rest again. This time it was mandatory. He said there was a long way to go and plenty of time to talk about it; right now we should just go home and try to relax. The expression on Doreen's face was like Mary's in Leonardo's painting of the Annunciation: "I'm pregnant with *what?*"

By the time Doreen was dressed, the word had spread among the nurses and staff. "Congratulations, Papa-Papa-Papa," Janet said when we emerged blinking from the ultrasound room into the glare. Then she grabbed my elbow and whispered, "It's going to be fine."

I must have looked stunned. I am stunned. I am stunned, terrified, and (provisionally) elated. There's no way we can do this. We don't have family here to help, we don't have enough money, our house isn't big enough, we can't afford a bigger one. Before it had become obvious that we'd be lucky to have one child, we sometimes thought we'd like to have three—but spaced two years apart, not two minutes. Yet I want to try to do it.

Doreen, resituated in bed, listened patiently to me talk through all this. A triplet pregnancy poses health risks for mother and babies; the more babies, the harder it is to bring them to term. Doreen is the one whose body has to undergo this, plus six more weeks of shots and a third trimester of bed rest. When I had finished talking, she said, "I want to have these babies if possible." That encapsulated my feelings in one sentence.

WEEK EIGHT

The triplets are now about a third of an inch long: the size of ants. The sonogram that Laurie printed out for us this week looks like a butterfly wing: three dark yolk sacs against a gray background, the one in the middle (Baby B) hanging a little lower than the other two. Fraternal triplets—three simultaneous singletons, three genetically distinct be-

ings with no more resemblance to one another than among any other siblings.

Werlin regards all in-vitro pregnancies as high-risk during the first trimester. Doreen's is now ultra-high-risk. She has an appointment next week with Manuel Porto, a perinatologist who specializes in ultra-high-risk multiple pregnancies. He also happens to be the Whirl's best friend. (They go to Stones concerts together.) We'll see both doctors through week twelve. At that point, Werlin turns us over to Porto.

I've thrown myself into learning about triplets. I have gone wild on the Internet. I contacted the Triplet Connection, Triplet Pregnancy Information, Mothers of Supertwins, and Sidelines (a high-risk-pregnancy support organization). I ordered the Expectant Parents Packet and "Twelve Ways to Achieve a More Positive Pregnancy." The Triplet Connection is relentlessly encouraging. The pamphlet on nutrition states, "Of those who were able to follow the diet as closely as possible, weight gains averaged 60-70 lbs., and all of those women reported being back to or below their pre-pregnancy weight by their 6-week checkup." Doreen laughed out loud when she read it. Its last sentences are punctuated by exclamation points: "REMEMBER, YOU MAY FEEL LIKE YOU'VE JUST LEFT A THANKSGIVING FEAST, BUT YOUR BABIES ARE *STARVING!!!* Feed them well!"

Poor Doreen. In addition to lying on her sore butt all day, she is now being stuffed like a goose. The diet recommended by the Triplet Connection stipulated five hundred additional calories per additional baby above the twenty-four hundred baseline calories for a single pregnancy, and thirty grams of protein per additional baby above the baseline hundred grams. Thirty-four hundred calories and a hundred and sixty grams of protein a day—the diet of a sumo wrestler. Each day, she's supposed to drink six eight-ounce glasses of milk and eat eight servings of bread and cereals. She's meant to gain around fifty-five pounds by her delivery date—that's half her normal weight. So I pack a red plastic Igloo cooler full of food for her before I leave for school—Gatorade, milk, apples, peanut butter, halved cantaloupes, and spinach salads—and she keeps a box of high-protein power bars

on her nightstand; she forces down cold roast beef, cashews, fruit smoothies with yogurt and protein powder. And that's just the snacks. For meals, there's fish, meat, meat, and more meat. I have started to eat along with her as encouragement, merrily cracking pistachios by her bedside. She may not be gaining weight yet, but I am.

Thank God my two classes this quarter are poetry workshops, which I have taught for thirty years. It is nonetheless odd to sit in class while all this is going on: listening to a student's comments, I'll suddenly see the sonogram printout of the three embryos.

WEEK NINE

What a grievous turn this has taken—there are four embryos now. Baby C has become Baby C and Baby D: identical twins. We had just managed to accept the idea of triplets, and now we have quadruplets. As risky as triplets are, quadruplets are exponentially riskier. The health risks skyrocket for both mother and babies. It's not just a question of another baby to care for—as large as that question might be. Doreen is in bed, in shock, with the blinds closed. It seems like an evil fairy tale, where you get too much of what you wish for.

Werlin called with the blood levels: they're fine. "Don't worry," he said. "It's gonna be great." I did not say, "What the hell could you be talking about?" I admit I was not Staying Positive at this moment. He did tone down abruptly when I asked him about the optimum time for a "reduction": eleven weeks. That's the euphemism—reduction. A needle is inserted through the mother's abdomen into the embryo, injecting a small amount of potassium chloride to cause a cardiac arrest, and poof—that's it. Werlin reminded me that we may be spared this painful experience. Eleven weeks is twenty days away; a whole lot can change in that time. Twenty days ago, we thought Doreen was pregnant with one baby.

Some people would have the babies no matter what. Others, given the medical risks, might feel little compunction about eliminating one or more of them. But the embryos are all alive, and it makes me shiver to think of choosing

which is to be killed. The smallest and weakest? Would the twins have a better chance, or the ones in their own sacs? What if you kill some and the remaining ones die later?

I don't know how you make such a decision until there's no more time not to make it. In the meantime, my job is the same: to help Doreen as much as possible and bring her food. She has to have her progesterone and estradiol valerate shots tonight, no matter how she feels.

In the past three days, I have discovered these facts:

1. Quadruplets are born, on the average, at thirty to thirty-one weeks. One quarter of all babies born before thirty-one weeks have some kind of permanent handicap, including chronic lung disease, blindness, seizures, and cerebral palsy.

2. A high percentage of women carrying quadruplets develop preeclampsia, a hypertensive disorder that occurs only in pregnancy; its sole cure is delivery. Preeclampsia can cause death, stroke, kidney failure, seizures, and permanent liver damage.

3. Additional risk factors for preeclampsia include first pregnancy and extremes of age (younger than eighteen or older than thirty-five). This is Doreen's first pregnancy. She will be thirty-eight by her due date.

Conclusion: On or before the thirty-first week of pregnancy, Doreen has a strong chance of developing preeclampsia, in which case, to save her life and health, the babies would have to be delivered, which puts all four babies at risk of having a permanent handicap.

It doesn't take a mathematician to see that somebody is likely to come out of this seriously damaged if Doreen tries to carry quadruplets to term.

The only thing to do now is wait. I'm clear about what I want. I want Doreen alive and well. But it's her body and, in the end, her decision.

WEEK TEN

Now there are three again. We have triplets—but not the same triplets as before—and one dead embryo, two-thirds of an inch long.

Werlin did not burst into the ultra-

sound room this morning with his usual brio. Instead, he gently asked Doreen how she was doing. She said she'd know better after we saw the sonogram.

The sonogram was a shock: Baby B and the twins were pulsing and moving in the same configuration; Baby A was an inert black bean. Laurie kept jiggling and maneuvering the probe, the embryos changing shape as the angle changed. I sensed that she had seen something I hadn't. She pressed her lips together and shook her head from side to side.

I asked too loudly, "What's wrong? What do you see?"

It sounded like a shout, even to me. Werlin gave me a sidelong glance.

"I just hate to see that," she said. She meant the dead embryo.

I was relieved that it wasn't something else, then felt almost guilty to be relieved.

"Why don't you sit down?" Werlin said to me.

"I'm O.K. standing," I answered testily. He eyed me as if deciding whether or not to call for the Birth Partner Control Squad. I bet a few husbands have gone bonkers on him at times like this.

Laurie measured Baby B (twenty-five millimetres) and the twins C and D (18.7 millimetres and 20.2 millimetres). No matter how she angled the probe, the twins looked small and fuzzy. I asked Werlin what that meant. He said he didn't want to speculate beyond the obvious fact that they were behind in their development. He said that Dr. Porto had ultrasound equipment that would show greater detail, so we'd find out more when we saw him the day after tomorrow. He said Baby B looked good.

I took this to mean that the twins did not.

"Just hang in there until you see Porto."

"We are hanging," I said.

Like Dr. Werlin, Dr. Porto could pass more easily for an Allman Brother than a professor of medicine. He has a walrus mustache and a graying sixties hair style swept back over his ears and curling up at the collar. Unlike the Whirl, he has a succinct and understated manner. Instead of a big, gap-

toothed grin, he gives you a shy half smile. After greeting us and shaking hands, Porto says, "Let's see what we have."

He switches off the light and turns on the ultrasound machine. There are the three pulsing pinpoints of light in Baby B and the twins, just as there were at Werlin's. Then Porto flicks a switch on the instrument panel, and the screen is flooded with color. We can see the three embryos' blood flow—yellow through red to blue and green. Porto studies the screen closely. The multicolored shadows on the ceiling and walls make me feel like I am inside an aquarium. Doreen has her eyes closed.

Then Porto says, "The twins are conjoined."

Doreen opens her eyes.

"What does that mean?" I ask.

"They share the same organs. They most likely won't survive."

"But they're alive now?" I ask.

"Yes, they are."

"How about Baby B?" Doreen asks, her voice breaking.

"Looks great, as far as we can tell at this stage," Porto says.

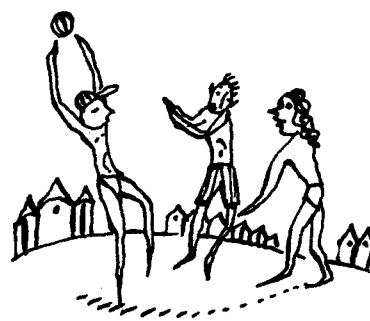
He asks us to come to his office when we're ready. After he leaves the room, I squeeze Doreen's hand.

"I'm O.K.," she says. Sometimes, to keep herself from crying, she flutters her hand in front of her eyes, like she's chasing away gnats, and she's doing that now. She climbs down from the table, steadying herself with a hand on my shoulder, and I take her in my arms.

The door to Porto's office is open. He's behind his desk, reading printouts from the sonogram—all sorts of numbers and graphs.

"Please sit down," he says gently.

The chairs are wedged between his desk and the wall. Doreen inches sideways into the window seat.



"The twins are conjoined," I say, as a way of getting started.

"At the abdomen. But you have a healthy baby."

"Baby B," Doreen says.

"Baby B," Porto repeats. "Coming along fine."

"So now what?" I ask.

"The optimum time for a reduction is eleven weeks. That's ten days from today. I don't think the twins will survive ten more days. But if they do you will be faced with a choice. Medically, I would recommend a reduction, but people have their own religious beliefs, and some people carry conjoined twins to term, even though an overwhelming majority of them die in utero or within the first few days of birth. There's no question about that whatsoever. In your case, carrying them to term would also endanger Baby B. You would have an exceptionally high-risk triplet pregnancy instead of an essentially normal single pregnancy."

"How would you make the choice?" Doreen asks. "I mean medically."

"I look at the sort of things I saw today that make me think their lives will be brief. This is a severe case. This is not Chang and Eng. They will most likely die. They share a liver."

"Is there any risk to Doreen?" I ask.

"None right now," Porto answers. "If they expire, they degenerate to the consistency of ash. The remnants attach to the outside of Baby B's placenta and are expelled at birth. Just like Baby A."

"What should I do to take care of Baby B?" Doreen asks.

"Same things you've been doing," Porto answers.

When she tells him what she's been eating, he laughs. He recognizes the diet.

"Triplet Connection, right?" he says.

"You don't have to eat that much. Just eat healthy and more rather than less, if your stomach can manage it. The most important thing is to stay hydrated, and continue bed rest for the next week. We'll reevaluate then. You've been through a lot," he says to both of us. "I hope it's easier from here on out."

The incidence of conjoined twins is estimated at one in fifty thousand to a hundred thousand. The incidence of quads is about one in five hundred thousand. Porto told us he had never heard of a quadruplet pregnancy with conjoined twins,

much less seen one himself, nor would he be likely to hear of another in his lifetime.

WEEK ELEVEN

Sonogram at Werlin's: no heartbeats in the twins.

WEEK TWELVE

On Friday, Dr. Porto told us that there's now only a one-to-two-per-cent chance of losing Baby B. The sonogram showed that the baby is actually a couple of days ahead in its development. The day after tomorrow is the last of the first trimester. We're entering the safety zone: there are few spontaneous abortions in the second trimester and fewer in the third. Werlin will take Doreen off bed rest later this week, after our final appointment with him. She has not had a shower since the triplets showed up on the sonogram, almost six weeks ago; she can't wait to wash her hair. She won't have to have any more shots. We will be able to go out together, and I will be able to hold her in my arms again.

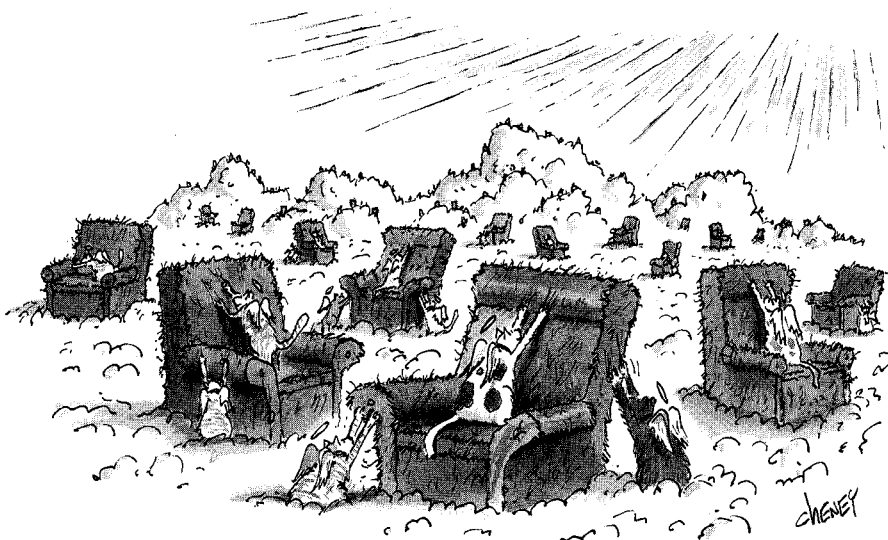
Friday was also our sixth wedding anniversary. What an anniversary gift: Doreen's ultra-high-risk pregnancy has become, in Porto's words, "an essentially normal pregnancy."

Doreen has begun to call Baby B Emily-or-James, our preferred names, which I can't hear without becoming scared. It will always be Baby B to me, even after it's born, as well as Emily or James.

WEEK THIRTEEN

We had our final appointment with Werlin on Wednesday; he gave me a hearty handshake and Doreen a big hug. When I turned in my zip-lock bags of leftover syringes and needles, Janet put her hands on my shoulders and said, "Have a beautiful baby!"

There are now an estimated six million infertile couples in the United States, but less than sixty thousand in-vitro cycles are performed each year. That's one per cent, or less, of all those who are infertile, since most couples have more than one treatment cycle and some cycles are undergone by lesbian couples and single women—the one per cent in the world's wealthiest country who have the required time and money. Even within this fortunate group at this



fortunate moment in medical history, Doreen and I were exceptionally lucky. Some couples undergo in-vitro treatments for ten years or more, with escalating financial and psychological strain and no pregnancy. My job allowed me to be with Doreen during every doctor's visit; I could administer her shots every night, and take care of her during bed rest. The experience that stretched me almost to snapping was easy compared with what it must require of some people.

In Werlin's waiting room, there were three women with three toddlers, all boys, and all non-Caucasian: an Indian boy, quiet and shy; a Hispanic boy; and a Chinese boy, who was stumbling about like an unruly drunk, jostling the potted plant, caroming off the walls, a constant hazard to himself. The Chinese boy spied a banana sticking out of a purse in the corner, and grabbed it before his mother could stop him. The woman who owned the purse and the banana whisked it away, then asked his mother's permission to give him some of it.

"My hands are clean," she said.

This woman was about forty. She didn't have a child with her and she may never have been a mother, but she knew how a mother would think, how she would think if this little boy were hers.

HALLOWEEN

This afternoon we went to Dr. Werlin's annual Halloween Party for Miracle Babies at the fertility clinic. There was a magician, face painting,

a coloring contest, and a costume contest. Emily, who will be a year old next week, went as a pumpkin. The winner in the one-year-and-under category was a sperm.

You would not have noticed anything different about these children, other than the unusual number of triplets and twins. Nor would you detect the one thing they had in common: that they had all spent their first three days on earth in a petri dish in this clinic. And here they were, running, stumbling, toddling. The mood was, quite properly, celebratory. We are the lucky people. Emily elicits a tenderness in me I hadn't known before she was born, not to mention an anxiety for her well-being that makes my other fears seem about as threatening as cocker-spaniel puppies. And the joy of watching Doreen with her is beyond what I could have imagined; I never *had* tried to imagine it, because the risk of not experiencing it would have been too much.

There were more than two hundred people at Werlin's party, mostly middle-aged—lots of thick waists, gray hair, and bald heads. Remarkably, no one looked exhausted, not even the men and women pushing newborn triplets in triplet strollers. Whatever daily life was like at home, everyone was jolly today—especially the Whirl, who hugged all the women and high-fived the men. ♦

FICTION

AIRPLANE

BY HARUKI MURAKAMI



That afternoon she asked him, “Is that an old habit, the way you talk to yourself?” She raised her eyes from the table and put the question to him as if the thought had just struck her, but it had obviously not just struck her. She must have been thinking about it for a while. Her voice had that hard but slightly husky edge it always took on at times like this. She had held the words back and rolled them around on her tongue again and again before she let them out of her mouth.

The two were sitting opposite each other at the kitchen table. Aside from the occasional commuter train running on a nearby track, the neighborhood was quiet—almost too quiet at times. Tracks

without trains passing over them have a mysterious silence all their own. The vinyl tile of the kitchen floor gave his bare feet a pleasant chill. He had pulled his socks off and stuffed them into his pants pocket. The weather was a bit too warm for an April afternoon. She had rolled up the sleeves of her pale checked shirt as far as the elbows, and her slim white fingers toyed with the handle of her coffee spoon. He stared at the moving fingertips, and the workings of his mind went strangely flat. She seemed to have lifted the edge of the world, and now she was loosening its threads little by little—perfunctorily, apathetically, as if she had to do it no matter how long it might take.

He watched and said nothing. He said nothing because he did not know what to say. The few sips of coffee left in his cup were cold now, and muddy-looking.

He had just turned twenty, and she was seven years older, married, and the mother of one. For him, she might as well have been the far side of the moon.

Her husband worked for a travel agency that specialized in trips abroad, and so he was away from home nearly half of every month, in places like London or Rome or Singapore. He obviously liked opera. Thick three- and four-record albums lined the shelves, arranged by composer—Verdi, Puccini, Donizetti, Richard Strauss. The long rows looked

less like a record collection than a symbol of a world view: calm, immovable. He looked at the husband's records whenever he was at a loss for words or for something to do; he would let his eyes wander over the album spines—from right to left, from left to right—and read the titles aloud in his mind: "La Bohème," "Tosca," "Turandot," "Norma," "Fidelio" . . . He had never once listened to music like that, had never had the chance to hear it. Not one person among his family, friends, or acquaintances was an opera fan. He knew that a music called opera existed, and that certain people liked to listen to it, but the husband's records were his first actual glimpse of such a world.

She herself was not particularly fond of opera. "I don't hate it," she said. "It's just too long."

Next to the record shelves stood a very impressive stereo set. Its big, foreign-made tube amp hunched down heavily, waiting for orders like a well-trained crustacean. There was no way to prevent it from standing out among the room's other, more modest furnishings. It had a truly exceptional presence. One's eyes could not help fixing on it. But he had never once heard it producing sound. She had no idea where to find the power switch, and he never thought to touch the thing.

"There's nothing wrong at home," she told him—any number of times. "My husband is good to me, I love my daughter, I think I'm happy." She sounded calm, even serene, as she said this, without a hint that she was making excuses for her life. She spoke of her marriage with complete objectivity, as though discussing traffic regulations or the International Date Line. "I think I'm happy, there's nothing wrong."

So why the hell is she sleeping with me? he wondered. He gave it lots of thought but couldn't come up with an answer. What did it even mean for there to be "something wrong" with a marriage? He sometimes thought of asking her directly, but he didn't know how to start. How should he say it? "If you're so happy, why the hell are you sleeping with me?" Should he just come out with it like that? He was sure it would make her cry.

She cried enough as it was. She would cry for a long, long time, making tiny sounds. He almost never knew why she

was crying. But, once she started, she wouldn't stop. Try to comfort her though he might, she would not stop until a certain amount of time had gone by. In fact, he didn't have to do anything at all—once that time had gone by her crying would come to an end. Why were people so different from one another? he wondered. He had been with any number of women, all of whom cried, or got angry, but each in her own special way. They had points of similarity, but those were far outnumbered by their differences. It seemed to have nothing to do with age. This was his first experience with an older woman, but the difference in age didn't bother him as much as he had expected it to. Far more meaningful than age differences, he felt, were the different tendencies that each individual possessed. He couldn't help thinking that this was an important key for unlocking the riddle of life.

After she finished crying, usually, the two of them would make love. Only then would she be the one to initiate it. Otherwise, he had to be the one. Sometimes she would refuse him, without a word, shaking her head. Then her eyes would look like white moons floating at the edge of a dawn sky—flat, suggestive moons that shimmered at the single cry of a bird at dawn. Whenever he saw her eyes looking like that, he knew there was nothing more he could say to her. He felt neither anger nor displeasure. "That's how it goes," he thought. Sometimes he even felt relieved. They would sit at the kitchen table, drinking coffee, chatting quietly. They spoke in fragments most of the time. Neither was a great talker, and they had little in common to talk about. He could never remember what it was that they had been saying, just that it had been in little pieces. And all the while one commuter train after another would go past the window.

Their lovemaking was hushed and tranquil. It had nothing that could properly be called the joys of the flesh. Of course, it would be false to say that they knew none of the pleasure that obtains when a man and a woman join their bodies, but mixed with this were far too many other thoughts and elements and styles. It was different from any sex he had experienced before. It made him think of a small room—a nice, neat

room that was a comfortable place to be. It had strings of many colors hanging from the ceiling, strings of different shapes and lengths, and each string, in its own way, sent a thrill of enticement through him. He wanted to pull one, and the strings wanted to be pulled. But he didn't know which one to pull. He felt that he might choose a string and have a magnificent spectacle open up before his eyes, but that, just as easily, everything could be ruined. And so he hesitated, and while he did, another day would end.

The strangeness of this situation was almost too much for him. He believed that he had lived his life with his own sense of values. But when he was in this room, hearing the trains go by and holding the silent older woman in his arms, he couldn't help feeling confused. Again and again he would ask himself, "Am I in love with her?" But he could never reach an answer with complete conviction.

When their lovemaking ended, she would glance at the clock. Lying in his arms, she would turn her face slightly and look at the black clock radio by the head of the bed. In those days, clock radios didn't have lighted digital displays but little numbered panels that flipped over with a tiny click. When she looked at the clock, a train would pass the window. It was like a conditioned reflex: she would look, a train would go by.

She was checking the clock to make sure it was not time for her four-year-old daughter to be coming home from kindergarten. He had happened to catch a glimpse of the girl exactly once, and she seemed like a sweet child. That was the only impression she left him with. He had never seen the opera-loving husband who worked for a travel bureau. Fortunately.

It was an afternoon in May when she first asked him about his talking to himself. She had cried that day—again. And then they had made love—again. He couldn't recall what had made her cry. He sometimes wondered if she had become involved with him just so that she could cry in someone's arms. Maybe she can't cry alone, and that's why she needs me.

That day she locked the door, closed the curtains, and brought the telephone next to the bed. Then they joined their

bodies. Gently, quietly, as always. The doorbell rang, but she ignored it. It seemed not to startle her at all. She shook her head as if to say, "Never mind, it's nothing." The bell rang several more times, but soon whoever it was gave up and went away. Nothing, just as she had said. Maybe a salesman. But how could she know? A train rumbled by now and then. A piano sounded in the distance. He vaguely recognized the melody. He had heard it once, long ago, in music class, but he couldn't recall it exactly. A vegetable seller's truck clattered by out front. She closed her eyes, inhaled deeply, and he came—with the utmost gentleness.

He went to the bathroom for a shower. When he came back, drying himself with a bath towel, he found her lying face down in bed with her eyes closed. He sat down next to her and, as always, caressed her back as he let his eyes wander over the titles of the opera records.

Soon, she left the bed, got properly dressed, and went to the kitchen to make coffee. It was a short time later that she asked him, "Is that an old habit, talking to yourself like that?"

"Like what?" She had taken him off guard. "You mean, while we're . . . ?"

"No, no. Not then. Just anytime. Like when you're taking a shower, or when I'm in the kitchen and you're by yourself, reading the newspaper, that kind of thing."

"I had no idea," he said, shaking his head. "I've never noticed. I talk to myself?"

"You do. Really," she said, toying with his lighter.

"It's not that I don't believe you," he said, the discomfort of it affecting his voice. He put a cigarette in his mouth, took the lighter from her hand, and used it to light up. He had started smoking Seven Stars a short time earlier. It was her husband's brand. He had always smoked Hope regulars. Not that she had asked him to switch to her husband's brand; he had thought of taking the precaution himself. It would just make things easier, he'd decided. Like on the TV melodramas.

"I used to talk to myself a lot, too," she said. "When I was little."

"Oh, really?"

"But my mother made me stop. 'A young lady does not talk to herself,' she used to say. And whenever I did it she got so angry! She'd lock me in a closet—which, for me, was about the worst place I could imagine—dark and moldy-

smelling. Sometimes she'd smack me in the knees with a ruler. But it worked. And it didn't take very long. I stopped talking to myself completely. Not a word."

He couldn't think of anything to say to this, and so he said nothing. She bit her lip.

"Even now," she said, "if I feel I'm about to say something I just swallow my words. It's like a reflex. But what's so bad about talking to yourself? It's natural. It's just words coming out of your mouth. If my mother were still alive, I think I'd ask her, 'What's so bad about talking to yourself?'"

"She's dead?"

"Uh-huh. But I wish I'd gotten it straight. I wish I'd asked her, 'Why did you do that to me?'"

She was playing with her coffee spoon. She glanced at the clock on the wall. The moment she did that, a train went by outside.

She waited for the train to pass. Then she said, "I sometimes think that people's hearts are like deep wells. Nobody knows what's at the bottom. All you can do is imagine by what comes floating to the surface every once in a while."

Both of them thought about wells for a little while.

"What do I talk about when I talk to myself?" he asked. "For example."

"Hmm," she said, slowly shaking her head a few times, almost as if she were discreetly testing the range of movement of her neck. "Well, there's airplanes . . ."

"Airplanes?"

"Uh-huh. You know. They fly through the sky."

He laughed. "Why would I talk to myself about airplanes, of all things?"

She laughed, too. And then, using her index fingers, she measured the length of an imaginary object in the air. This was a habit of hers. One that he had picked up.

"You pronounce your words so clearly, too. Are you sure you don't remember talking to yourself?"

"I don't remember a thing."

She picked up the ballpoint pen lying on the table, and played with it for a few seconds, but then she looked at the clock again. It had done its job: in the five minutes since her last look, it had advanced five minutes' worth.



"I wonder if future generations will realize that their forefathers were such gun nuts?"

"You talk to yourself as if you were reciting poetry."

A hint of red came into her face as she said this. He found this odd: why should my talking to myself make her turn red?

He tried out the words in rhythm: "I talk to myself / Almost as if / I were reciting / Po-e-try."

She picked up the pen again. It was a yellow plastic ballpoint pen with a logo marking the tenth anniversary of a certain bank branch.

He pointed at the pen and said, "Next time you hear me talking to myself, take down what I say, will you?"

She stared straight into his eyes. "You really want to know?"

He nodded.

She took a piece of notepaper and started writing something on it. She wrote slowly, but she kept the pen moving, never once resting or getting stuck for a word. Chin in hand, he looked at her long eyelashes the whole time. She would blink once every few seconds, at irregular intervals. The longer he looked at them—these lashes which, until a few moments ago, had been wet with tears—the less he understood: what did his sleeping with her really mean? A sense of loss overtook him, as if one part of a complex system had been stretched and stretched until it became terribly simple. I might never be able to go anywhere else again. When this thought came to him, the horror of it was almost more than he could bear. His being, his very self, was going to melt away. Yes, it was true: he was as young as newly formed mud, and he talked to himself as if reciting poetry.

She stopped writing and thrust the paper toward him across the table. He reached out and took it from her.

In the kitchen, the afterimage of some great thing was holding its breath. He often felt the presence of this image when he was with her: the afterimage of a thing he had lost. But what had he lost?

"I know it all by heart," she said. "This is what you were saying."

He read the words aloud:

Airplane
Airplane flying
I, on the airplane
The airplane

Flying
But still, though it flew
The airplane's
The sky?

"All of this?!" He was stunned.

"Uh-huh, the whole thing," she said.

"Incredible! I can't believe I said all this to myself and don't remember any of it."

She flashed a tiny smile. "You did, though, just like that."

He let out a sigh. "This is too weird. I've never once thought about airplanes. I have absolutely no memory of this. Why, all of a sudden, would an airplane come popping out?"

"I don't know, but that is exactly what you were saying, before, in the shower. You may not have been thinking about airplanes, but somewhere deep in a forest, far away, your heart was thinking about them."

"Who knows? Maybe somewhere deep in a forest I was making an airplane."

With a small thunk, she set the ballpoint pen on the table, then raised her eyes and stared at him.

They remained silent for some time. The coffee in their cups clouded up and grew cold. The Earth turned on its axis while the moon's gravity imperceptibly shifted the tides. Time moved on in silence, and trains passed over the rails.

He and she were thinking about the very same thing: an airplane. The airplane that his heart was making deep in the forest. How big it was, and its shape, and the color of its paint, and where it was going, and who would board it.

She cried again soon after that. This was the very first time that she cried twice in the same day. It was also the last. It was a special thing for her. He reached across the table and touched her hair. There was something tremendously real about the way it felt—hard and smooth, and far away. ♦

(Translated, from the Japanese, by Jay Rubin.)

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From the Atlanta Journal-Constitution.

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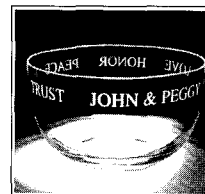
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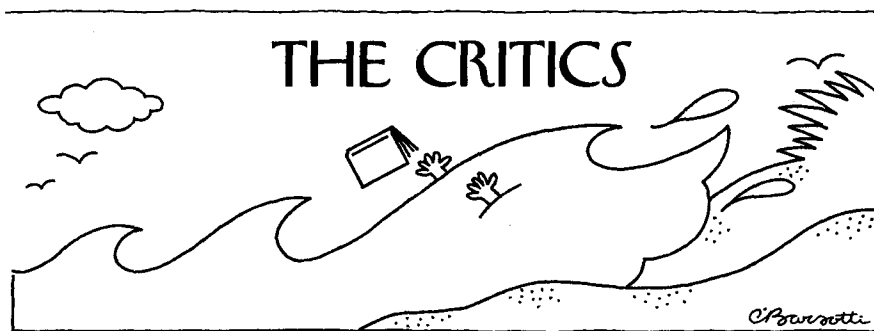
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A CRITIC AT LARGE

WALKING ALONE

Richard Rodgers's disappearing act.

BY JOHN LAHR

When the composer Richard Rodgers died, in 1979, after sixty-two years in show business, forty musicals, and more than nine hundred songs, Lionel Trilling—an éminence grise not given to hyperbole—announced, “Few men have given so much pleasure to so many.” Leonard Bernstein said, “He has established new levels of taste, distinction, simplicity in the best sense, and inventiveness.” Rodgers’s music, alternately mischievous and elegant, playful and brooding, stately and surprising—what Ethan Mordden called his sunbeam of melody—sometimes struck a sentimental note but never a vulgar one. To speak the titles of some of his most famous songs—“Isn’t It Romantic?,” “Some Enchanted Evening,” “The Lady Is a Tramp,” “Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin’,” “Getting to Know You,” “My Funny Valentine,” “Hello, Young Lovers,” “Manhattan”—is to hear sound, a blithe sound that lifted the nation out of its Depression doldrums and, in the postwar boom, fired it with a sense of idealism. “People have a need for melody, just as they need food or personal contact,” said Rodgers, for whom music, which manufactured happiness even as it inspired a longing for it, was dream made manifest.

Jonathan Schwartz, the swami of the American songbook and the keeper of its flame in a weekly four-hour public-radio show, recently called Richard Rodgers the most performed composer in history, and, although the assertion is unprovable, certain statistical indicators show just how deeply his music has penetrated into the

American interior. According to ASCAP, three hundred and seventy-six of Rodgers’s works are still in active circulation (the Beatles, by comparison, have a mere hundred and fifty-four). Thirty movies have been made from his scores, including “The Sound of Music” (1965), which is by every standard the most successful movie musical of all time, and, if you adjust for inflation, the third-largest-grossing film, after “Gone with the Wind” and “Star Wars.” Rodgers’s music has been heard in two hundred and eighty-five other feature films, and in more than twenty-seven hundred television shows. In 2001 alone, the Rodgers & Hammerstein Organization, which oversees all of Rodgers’s musical and theatrical interests, licensed three thousand and eighty-five productions of his shows. If you were to calculate the number of performances that Rodgers’s shows have had on Broadway, the total would be twenty thousand four hundred and fifty-seven, or, figuring eight a week, the equivalent of fifty years of a Broadway run.

No wonder, then, that the centennial of Rodgers’s birth, on June 28th, is being celebrated with more hoopla than a monarch’s. In addition to three Broadway productions (revivals of “Oklahoma!,” “Flower Drum Song,” and “The Boys from Syracuse”), there will be twelve musicals in concert; ten museum exhibitions; four new records; five books, including the excellent “Richard Rodgers Reader,” the lackluster Meryle Secrest biography “Somewhere for Me,” and a reissue of Rodgers’s own emotionally opaque memoir, “Musical Stages”; plus scores of musical trib-

utes from the Hollywood Bowl to the Boston Pops. Still, Rodgers’s legacy, like his life, is replete with tantalizing contradictions, the first of which is the issue of just what happened to his body. Although his music is still with us, the remains of the great man himself have disappeared. There is no hallowed plot, no venerated gravestone, no funerary urn, and his own daughters have been unable to locate one. Rodgers has vanished as definitively as the Lone Ranger, leaving us only the silver bullet of his sound—an absence that serves as a piquant metaphor for his sometimes slippery negotiations with the world.

“My recollection is that I’ve been scared all my life,” Rodgers said in 1960. The series of Manhattan town houses in which he grew up with his parents and maternal grandparents resounded with acrimony. “Bickering, yelling, or unnatural silence were the norm,” he wrote in his memoir, recalling the “sheer hell” of the household atmosphere, which left him with “a deep feeling of tension and insecurity.” Rodgers’s mother, for whom, he wrote, the “display of affection did not come easily,” was so morbidly fearful that she had to be accompanied to the corner store by his grandmother. His father, a doctor, worked long hours. Rodgers’s older brother, Mortimer, bullied him so much in his early years that he ran away from home.

Music was the only thing that calmed the fractious family. Rodgers’s parents were avid theatregoers who bought the sheet music to the show tunes of the day and sang together around the piano, which his mother played expertly. As a toddler, Rodgers could “reproduce the melodies with accuracy”; at nine he was composing his own, a talent that brought the members of his family closer to him and to one another. “These were the happy moments in not very happy days,” Rodgers wrote. “There were no loud-voiced arguments then; voices were raised only in song. And in the middle of the fun stood little Richard, who received nothing but praise and love because his ear was so quick and he sang so well.” Rodgers added, “I quickly discovered, too, that my parents’ response to my love of music was their love of me.” (For years, Rodgers’s father laboriously maintained his son’s scrapbooks.) In a household where, he said, “almost everything contra-



In Lorenz Hart (left), Rodgers found "a career, a partner, a best friend, and a source of permanent irritation."

dicted everything else," Rodgers's music literally and figuratively made harmony.

From childhood on, Rodgers learned to let the bright surface of his music stand in for him. At school assemblies, he amused his teachers by improvising marches to play the students in and out of the hall. "Occasionally, I made a musical joke," he said. "Whenever the principal said, 'Students, sit,' I would play the familiar musical doggerel 'Shave and Haircut.' Then as the students sat, I'd play 'Two bits.'" At summer camp, he found that "my piano-playing made me the pet of visiting parents and sisters." On his first day

as a Columbia University freshman (he went there for the sole purpose of composing the Varsity Shows, and switched after two years to the Institute of Musical Art), Rodgers saw an announcement for a singing contest between the four Columbia classes and promptly wrote music and lyrics for a number that he taught to the Class of '23. The song won, and Rodgers became "the class hero." On August 26, 1919, his stock went up even further when a song of his—"Any Old Place with You"—was performed on the Broadway stage for the first time, in the musical comedy "A Lonely Romeo." Rodgers was

only seventeen years old, younger even than George Gershwin had been when his first song made it to Broadway, but he had already found just the right person to put words to his music: an impish, well-educated twenty-three-year-old Columbia dropout who was a descendant of the German poet Heinrich Heine—Lorenz Hart.

When the dapper sixteen-year-old Rodgers went to meet Hart for the first time, referred by a mutual friend, Hart appeared at his front door unshaven and dishevelled, wearing frayed carpet slippers, a pair of tuxedo trousers, and a

RICHARD MERKIN



"Just even it out."

checked jacket. He was five feet tall. "All he needed was a tin cup and some pencils," wrote Rodgers, who liked to portray himself as the responsible square to Hart's feckless hipster. He added, "I left Hart's house having acquired in one afternoon a career, a partner, a best friend, and a source of permanent irritation." Hart's bohemian mufti—his combination of finesse and undress—foreshadowed the stylistic verve of his lyrics: the happy coexistence of the sophisticated and the demotic. Hart had a deep knowledge of verse forms, a prodigiously light touch, and a mission to liberate the musical from what he called the "brutally cretin aspect of light entertainment." "You can't sing 'Kiss Me Again' to the sound of a slapping chain-tire," he said, of the need for popular song to reflect America's changing momentum.

Hart's manic lyric playfulness—his use of internal, male-female, and double and triple rhymes—coaxed Rodgers down comparably daring musical paths. "There was an almost feverish demand in Hart's writing, which reflected itself in Rodgers's melodies," Alec Wilder writes in "American Popular Song." In their first hit, "Manhattan," from "Garrick Gaieties" (1925), for instance, Rodgers's abrupt turns, sharp rests, and wide intervals bent the song structure to match the jazzy fragmentation of Hart's lyric:

We'll go to Greenwich
Where modern men itch
To be free . . .

Hart's special gift was to distill the complex into the colloquial—"Vexed again / Perplexed again / Thank God I can be oversexed again." Likewise, Rodgers's musical language was deceptively simple. By sauntering up and down the major scale—as he did in "Manhattan" and "Mountain Greenery," for example—he could create wonders. (Rodgers later played the same game with his second long-term musical partner, Oscar Hammerstein II, running up the scale in "Oklahoma!" and even hymning it in his last big hit, "Do Re Mi," from "The Sound of Music.") Rodgers's wistful lyricism was a fetching counterpoint to Hart's cynical urbanity, and the combination, Rodgers felt, was the secret of their success—"sentimental melody and unsentimental lyrics." Their songs were the era's high-water mark of verbal and emotional sophistication. As Cole Porter—who once joked that every Rodgers melody had a certain "holiness" about it—sang, "It's smooth! / It's smart! / It's Rodgers! / It's Hart!"

The contrast between music and lyrics was mirrored in Rodgers and Hart's seemingly opposite natures. Rodgers was a detached, disciplined workaholic with an

eye to his own legend; Hart was a warm-hearted, undisciplined wastrel, who was more interested in seizing the day than the brass ring. "That boy will never see twenty-five," Rodgers's mother told him in the early days of their collaboration. (Her instincts weren't wrong, and Hart did die young, of pneumonia, in 1943, at the age of forty-eight.) Rodgers had social ambitions and moved easily in high society; Hart's view of the rich was that they were "a lot of crumbs held together by their own dough." Rodgers was empty without work; Hart was empty with it. ("What have I lived for?" were his last words.) Rodgers was emotionally contained; the idiosyncratic Hart seemed to spill out over everything. "When he liked something apparently his whole body itched," Rodgers said of his partner. Rodgers was a womanizer who longed for a happiness that always seemed to elude him; Hart was a closeted gay man—a romantic who couldn't get a date—the poignancy of which is broadcast in so many of the team's memorable songs ("A Ship Without a Sail," "Spring Is Here," "It Never Entered My Mind," "Where's That Rainbow?," and—note the pun—"Nobody's Heart"). "Let me buy you a stimulant" was the diminutive Hart's mantra. Cigar-chomping and night-loving, he was, as he once described Falstaff in a prize-winning high-school essay, a "blustering, boisterous boy of Bacchus."

No one made more of a myth of the duo's contradictions than Rodgers himself. Just as Hart's size made Rodgers look bigger than he was—five feet seven—his wild ways made Rodgers look better than he was. Hart's bad behavior allowed Rodgers to camouflage, from the world and from himself, his anxieties about his own fragility; next to Hart, he was a model of normality and rectitude. "I was pretty much a thorn in Larry's side, because I lived a much more conventional life," Rodgers said in an oral history stored at Columbia University. (The section of the oral history relating to Hart remained sealed until Rodgers's death.) "His mother used to badger him. She used to say, 'Why can't you get married like Dick and have children?' Well, this was the last thing that Larry wanted to do. . . . I know that it bothered him. There it was in front of him, every day, the conventional good citizen."

In fact, Rodgers was an alcoholic, too, excessive in his philandering appetites

(all his life he kept an apartment for *cing à sept*), and phobic about, among other things, germs, airplanes, fire, elevators, tunnels, bridges, and homosexuals. "Had dinner with the shrimp last night and hit the hay at a very early hour while he went on about his nefarious (get it?) business," Rodgers wrote to his wife, Dorothy, the sister of a childhood friend, whom he had married in 1930. Decades later, Diahann Carroll, who starred in "No Strings," for which Rodgers wrote the words as well as the music, recounted the shock of his saying to her, "You just can't imagine how wonderful it feels to have written this score, and not have to search all over the globe for that drunken little fag."

Many of the songs that Rodgers subsequently composed with Oscar Hammerstein—"Climb Ev'ry Mountain," "You'll Never Walk Alone," "A Hundred Million Miracles," "You've Got to Be Carefully Taught"—express a particular sense of American charity, blessing, decency, and justice. Rodgers could preach it, but he didn't practice it. After Hart died, the team of Rodgers and Hammerstein became a multinational corporation. "We had written 'Oklahoma!' and every time one of us blew his nose it was a symphony," Rodgers said. But their success had serious implications for the Rodgers-and-Hart legacy, which was controlled by the Rodgers & Hammerstein Organization. "He preferred to keep Rodgers and Hart dormant," Hart's sister-in-law, Dorothy Hart, wrote of Rodgers, in a memorandum. "Actually to keep the trade name down. . . . He did not want over-exposure and as Rodgers and Hammerstein shows and songs were going great guns, it was Rodgers and Hart that had to be buried." (After Rodgers's death, the president of the Rodgers & Hammerstein Organization, Ted Chapin, and Rodgers's elder daughter, the composer and author Mary Rodgers Guettel, put an end to this favoritism.)

In his oral history, Rodgers tells about how he and his father had helped the profligate Hart save money. "We arranged to steal Larry's money from him," he explained. "I put an accountant to work with Larry. He was doing my accounting. This was a man named William Kron. . . . He took Larry's money and distributed it in savings accounts all over the city, in Larry's name. There was

no way for Larry to get at it and no way for anybody else to get at it." After Hart's death, however, the deposited money was never found. His brother, the actor Teddy Hart, with whom he lived until 1938, had been left a hundred-thousand-dollar insurance policy, but a clerical error resulted in the money being paid to the estate, and not to him. Teddy even had to buy back his brother's personal effects from the estate, and he got no help from Rodgers, who was one of the executors.

Hart's will turned out to have been rewritten five months before his death, under the supervision of Kron, who became a sort of keeper to Hart in his later years. Whereas the original will had left the bulk of Hart's wealth and the control of his intellectual property to his mother, in the revision Kron and his "lawful issue" got thirty per cent of Hart's royalties. The phrase "lawful issue" was omitted when it came to the Hart family: Teddy was to receive a percentage of Hart's royalties while he was alive, but after he and his wife, Dorothy, died the corpus of the estate would pass not to their heirs but to the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies of New York, a charity in which Dorothy Rodgers was active. As evidence of Lorenz Hart's wish in this regard, Rodgers's lawyers produced a check for twenty-five dollars which Hart had donated to the charity in 1933.

Teddy contested the will, arguing that Hart had not been of sound mind at the time that it was drafted, and probably hadn't even read the eight pages of small print. The wrangling went on for more than four years. Finally, exhausted, demoralized, and poor, Teddy and Dorothy Hart—who had to fight the best lawyers that Rodgers, the Guaranty Trust Company Bank, and the Federation could buy—dropped their case. But their petition, which has not previously been made public, contains significant evidence that Hart truly was unstable. According to medical records, Hart saw his doctor a hundred and twenty-two times in the last nine months of his life. In one sworn deposition, Milton Bender, a friend of thirty years, said, "In the last three years I would say that the decedent was under the influence of liquor for at least eighty per cent of the time. He drank morning, noon, and night, rarely ate, and was difficult to manage." Dorothy Hart, in her deposition, recounted that in the last year of Hart's life

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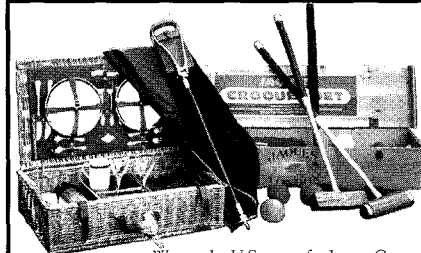


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Rodgers himself had suggested that Hart be sent to a psychiatrist or, if he refused, "committed by the State and . . . declared mentally incompetent." Rodgers, however, cited the success of "Pal Joey" (1941), "By Jupiter" (1942), and a rewrite of "A Connecticut Yankee," on which he and Hart had begun work in May, 1943, six months before Hart died. He unhesitatingly testified that Hart had been "in complete possession of all his mental faculties and aware of his every act and competent to understand the nature of same." (This despite the fact that Hart had spent a large part of the time that he was working on "A Connecticut Yankee" drying out—according to Teddy Hart, "frequently against his will"—at Doctors Hospital, in New York.) Dorothy Hart died in 2000. Until the end of her days, her son Larry, a Washington consultant, says, she felt that Rodgers had "helped commit a terrible fraud." By the terms of the will that Rodgers helped to engineer, Hart family members now receive no royalties; nor can they claim any newly discovered manuscripts, which officially belong to the United Jewish Appeal-Federation of New York, the successor to the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies.

On the subject, Rodgers showed the world a tough and unrepentant face. "There's a statute of limitations on gratitude," he said in later years when asked about his partnership with Hart. In the mid-fifties, at Sardi's, Dorothy Hart and her son ran into Rodgers, who was recovering from surgery for cancer of the jaw. "He suddenly burst into tears and hugged my mother," Larry Hart recalls. "I'm sorry," he said. My mother didn't say anything. It's just something I'll never forget. She said, 'He must feel this terrible guilt.'"

In "Something Good," a song from the film version of "The Sound of Music," for which Rodgers wrote both music and lyrics, after Hammerstein's death, in 1964, he obliquely addressed his lifelong guilt and bewilderment over the fact that although his work had done good in the world, he had not:

For here you are, standing there, loving me,
Whether or not you should . . .
Nothing comes from nothing,
Nothing ever could.
So, somewhere in my youth or childhood
I must have done something good.

Rodgers's extraordinary musical prowess was an equally extraordinary defense against his imperfections as a friend, father, and husband. He and his wife—an inventor, interior designer, and hostess, whose eye for detail got her nicknamed La Perfecta—inhabited a Superbia of their own making, whose pressure for excellence weighed on their two daughters. "We weren't perfect people," Mary Rodgers Guettel told me. "That meant that we didn't love them—because, if we really had, we would have been perfect." In fact, Guettel claims, her parents "were quite crazy, disturbed, unhappy, miserable people." Dorothy Rodgers was addicted to Demerol, and, according to Guettel, frigid. "She was genuinely an awful person," Stephen Sondheim, who collaborated with Rodgers on "Do I Hear a Waltz?," says, in the *Secret* biography. Rodgers's alcoholism made him prey to fierce mood swings; he was a man with secrets, wedded only to his music. "I was, I think, the most important person in his life," Dorothy Rodgers wrote in "Letters to Dorothy," her judiciously edited attempt to turn their marriage into a legend. "But his work was quite simply his life." Guettel adds, "He wanted people to think he was good, but he was a very suspicious, angry guy, easily hurt. He was sour and terrifying as a father. He cared so much about what people looked like." "You're so fat when you walk down the hall, your arms swing out by your sides like an ape," he told Mary, who was a pudgy youngster; she was also nearsighted, and this imperfection so displeased Rodgers that he made her remove her eyeglasses at the dinner table. "I saw a home movie of him playing with me when I was about ten months old," Guettel says. "My whole stomach turned over. Here was this wonderful, handsome, sweet, affectionate man playing with this baby. And I thought, I've never seen that person!" She adds, "We were just living this gigantic lie."



In 1979, during the Philadelphia run of "I Remember Mama," Rodgers asked Guettel, who was by then a theatre professional herself, to sit in on an important production meeting. Later, she went by her mother's room at their hotel: "There was Daddy in the doorway. My mother was . . . screaming at him at the top of her lungs. You've never heard such venom coming out of a woman in your life—everything she'd done for him, everything she'd put up with. It turns out she was in a rage because he had asked me to sit in on this meeting instead of her. . . . It was terrifying—everything I had feared and hoped for at the same time. She really didn't want to share him with me." In Roger Sherman's recent "American Masters" documentary on Rodgers, Guettel expanded on the theme of her parents' bad faith: "I think my mother resented every second of her life that was not spent with Daddy. I think Daddy resented every second of her life that she spent with him when he was working, because he had to feel guilty about her."

Rodgers, who saw five psychoanalysts during his lifetime, was more or less permanently depressed. "I suspect he feels in some way cut off," the choreographer Agnes de Mille wrote of Rodgers, with whom she had worked on "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel," in her memoir "And Promenade Home." "The banter is too constant, the quips too quick and sharp to betoken anything but vulnerability." She continued, "In his eyes (when he is off guard), there is a brooding quiet, a kind of unappeased hunger, a woe." Guettel says, "He was committed entirely to himself—his worries, his pains, his phobias, and primarily his music."

Hunting a melody at the piano was his most effective antidepressant. "When I finish a tune, I'm high," Rodgers said. "I feel fulfilled, full of energy." The charm of musical theatre, he argued, was its remove from reality, and he took up more or less permanent residence in its world of make-believe. As his output indicates, he contrived to be "in production" almost all of his waking life. When Rodgers was at the piano, composing each morning in his gray cashmere cardigan, Guettel says, "there would be enthusiasm and excitement. He was Jolly Johnny—showing off." She adds, recalling her father's dramatically split personality, "The experience of writing

music is like nothing else. You are completely protected from everything that hurts you. You own the world. You own yourself. You're the boy in the bubble."

Rodgers was only forty when he teamed up with Hammerstein, whom he had known since his Columbia days. Unlike Hart, who often needed to be in the room with Rodgers to write, Hammerstein preferred to give him completed lyrics. This, Rodgers said, provided him with "an almost inevitable musical pathway." The first lyric that Hammerstein gave Rodgers was for "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'." "From there on the stuff just flowed," Rodgers said in his oral history. "Very easy for both of us. . . . The whole thing was a kind of picnic." A tall, soft-spoken, disciplined man of moderation, Hammerstein was, in fact, the "cockeyed optimist" he would invoke in song. Whereas Hart had charmed the world with his wordplay, Hammerstein believed that "if a listener is made rhyme-conscious, his interest may be diverted from the story of the song." His compact, vivid folk lyricism and his working method changed Rodgers's musical palette—the phrases became longer, the sound richer and more grand.

Together, in nine musicals over nearly twenty years, the pair revolutionized the nature of musical storytelling. "One could no more think of their failing than the war effort failing," de Mille wrote. The range of their success and the depth of their influence gave Rodgers an almost imperial stature among his cohorts. De Mille went on, "He kids and jokes companionably at all rehearsals but he is a figure of some terror through sheer nervous tension, high voltage, and the unforgettable overtones of his world power. . . . He does not converse, he pronounces with judgments frequently unexpected and sharp, like summer lightning. Most of his comments are coups de grâce."

Inevitably, Rodgers's power made him a source of paranoia in others. Teddy Hart, who had worked consistently on Broadway before contesting his brother's will, never did again. The costume designer Lucinda Ballard, who worked with Rodgers on "Higher and Higher," was convinced that his "enmity" was responsible for her subsequent

difficulty in getting jobs. "You are one of the most important people in the theatre and also have a very strong personality. I wonder if you realize the harm you have done me," she wrote him in 1949. In four terse and regal paragraphs, Rodgers swatted Ballard and her claims away: "You will have to accept this letter as factual and truthful and with it goes one word of advice. . . . I would like to take the liberty of suggesting you had better get hold of yourself."

Rodgers's co-workers, however, found it hard to get hold of him. The director Joshua Logan, who was responsible for the Broadway productions of four of Rodgers's musicals, admitted in his biography that after "Oklahoma!" Rodgers became, "almost in front of your eyes, a monument." He went on, "To me, his fun seemed to be gone—the fun he and I used to have. And I tried to decide for myself—what is a Richard Rodgers?" Logan's pronominal shift and his references to Rodgers as "it"—"It's a brilliant, talented, highly intelligent superbrain. . . . It's not given to smiling too much"—suggest a performing machine rather than a human being. When Hammerstein's son confessed to his father that he wasn't comfortable around Rodgers, Hammerstein replied, "Nobody is. It's not you. It's Dick."

Sondheim, characterizing the two giants whose work he subsequently deconstructed in his own musicals, told *Newsweek*, "Oscar Hammerstein was a man of limited talent and infinite soul. Richard Rodgers was a man of infinite talent and limited soul." In his music, especially in the gorgeous waltzes—"Falling in Love with Love," "Lover," "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World," "Wait till You See Her"—Rodgers made palpable the thrilling promise of connection. The heartbreak that he never showed to others was revealed in the haunting beauty of his songs, which became a kind of virtual representation of him, a simulacrum that allowed him to be present in the world without actually being a part of it. Although his music was familiar to the public, he remained a stranger to himself. The critic Brooks Atkinson, in an unfavorable review of "Pal Joey" in the *Times*, asked, "Can you draw sweet water from a foul well?" Richard Rodgers's life seems to suggest that the answer is yes. ♦

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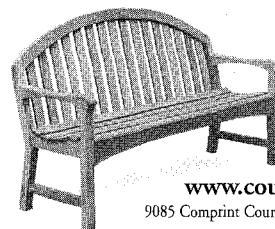
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REMEMBER THE LUSITANIA

Two new books reexamine the disaster.

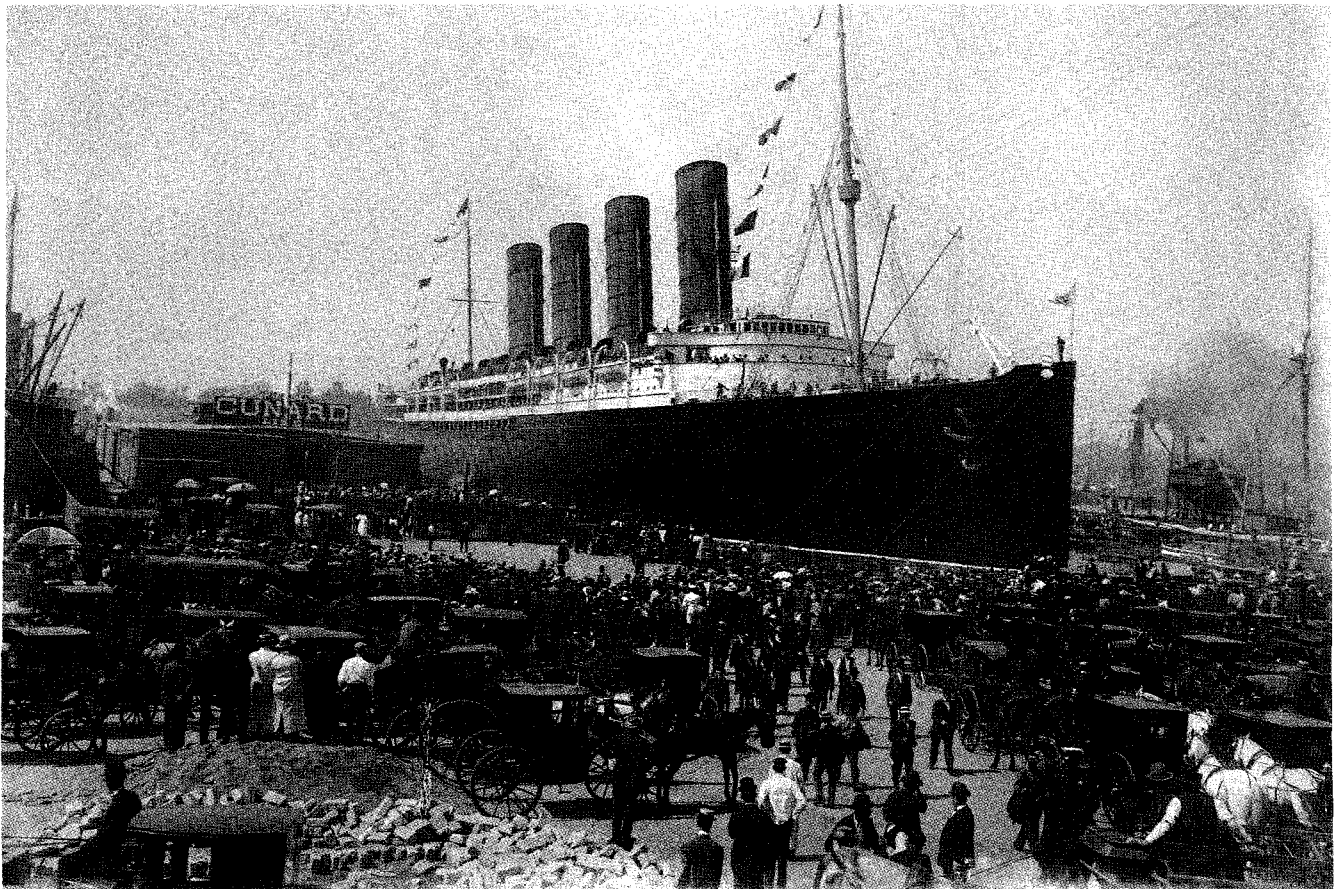
BY JOHN UPDIKE

The sinking of the Cunard liner *Lusitania*, on May 7, 1915, will always play second fiddle, in the ensemble of maritime disasters, to that of *White Star's* *Titanic*, a little more than three years earlier. Of the two glamorous great ships, the *Lusitania* was the smaller by nearly a hundred feet of length and sixteen thousand gross tons; it had been in

of squandered treasure and lost life, was scarcely smaller—1,198 of the 1,962 on board died, as opposed to the *Titanic's* 1,523 out of 2,228—and its international repercussions were much graver. The ship had sailed from New York, and a hundred and twenty-eight Americans, many of them women and children, died of drowning, injuries, or hypother-

clapsed in her arms, above the single blood-red word "Enlist."

Not one but two books have recently joined the ranks of those already devoted to the disaster, its puzzles and its consequences. "*Lusitania: Saga and Myth*" (Norton; \$29.95) was first published, last year, in England; its author, David Ramsay, a native Englishman transplanted to California, states in his acknowledgments that "the saga of the liner *Lusitania* has intrigued me for many years in the same way that others have been fascinated by the drama of the maiden voyage of *Titanic*." Conversations with, among others, a former director of Cunard persuaded him that "the liner's history and the reasons behind her sinking had never been adequately told." His



The Lusitania had seven passenger decks, weighed thirty thousand tons, and used a thousand tons of coal a day.

service for eight years and for exactly one hundred North Atlantic crossings before being torpedoed by a German *Unterseeboot* off the southern coast of Ireland, while the "unsinkable" *Titanic*, of course, epitomized human fallibility by rubbing up against an easily avoidable iceberg on its maiden voyage. Yet the scale of the *Lusitania* disaster, in terms

in its sinking. While the national indignation was not enough to pull the United States and the Wilson Administration into a declaration of war against Germany, when the declaration did come, in April of 1917, recruitment posters urged "Remember the *Lusitania*!" One poster simply showed a woman submerged in blue-green water with a baby

purpose has been "to examine and rebut the many myths of *Lusitania*," and his book has something of the close argumentation and carefully prepared ground of a legal proceeding, so that the disaster almost seems a mere prelude to its aftermath of hearings and evasive governmental maneuvers.

Diana Preston, an English writer of

CUIVER PICTURES

popular history whose previous books include "The Boxer Rebellion" and "The Road to Culloden Moor," has produced "Lusitania: An Epic Tragedy" (Walker; \$28). Her creative impetus dates back to when she saw, outside the Merseyside Maritime Museum, one of the ship's recovered bronze propellers, "stark and huge as a dinosaur bone," and when she first examined the "yellowing, cracking photographs of the dead" to be found in the Cunard Company archives, at the University of Liverpool. Her telling excels in its reconstruction of the sailing and of the fatal day when, in eighteen chaotic minutes, the Lusitania took its hit, listed, and sank. Preston, sifting the wealth of survivor interviews and court testimony, has a sharp eye for the animating, poignant touch. Once the human drama of the disaster subsides, she deals with the subsequent "myths" and disputes in a relatively cursory fashion. Ramsay, whose direct description of the wreck concludes a third of the way through his book, quotes extensively from the two hearings—the inquiry under Lord Mersey, in June of 1915, in London, and the trial for compensatory damages brought by American plaintiffs and tried under Judge Julius Mayer, in New York City, in April of 1918—and sets about debunking the numerous rumors and conspiracy theories of the time as vigorously and systematically as if they were current gossip. "Flogging a dead horse" was a non-nautical phrase that occurred to me during his thorough rehash. It must vex both authors that their ably written, devotedly researched volumes, so long in the making, should appear at the same time (and in the same year, for that matter, in which Günter Grass has published, overseas, a novel on the Baltic sinking of the German ocean liner Wilhelm Gustloff, in January of 1945, by a Russian submarine, with the immense human toll of 9,343 dead). Of the Lusitania books, Preston's is the longer and, not only in its human particulars but in a certain nervy sweep to its conclusions, livelier; it is apt to be the more widely read, though I can picture maritime buffs happily settling, with their pipes and braided caps, to Ramsay's seamanlike knots.

Questions surrounded the Lusitania's sinking. Why did the British Admiralty, which in the wartime emergency had ultimate control over Cunard liners, pro-

vide no escort in the Irish channel, though it was well aware, through broken codes, of U-boat activity? Was the Lusitania's Captain Will Turner, who had recently taken command of the liner, remiss in following Admiralty precautions, notably its advocacy of zigzagging as a submarine-eluding maneuver? Was the ship carrying undeclared war munitions that exploded when the torpedo hit? If not, what did cause a second explosion, observed not only by passengers and crew but, through his periscope, by the captain of U-20, the intrepid and efficient Walther Schweiger? To what extent was Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, distracted from his duties in the U-boat war by his cherished, though ill-advised, campaign to seize the Dardanelles? He was off in Paris, concluding an agreement on the use of the Italian Navy in the Mediterranean, when the Lusitania sank, and the once redoubtable John Arbuthnot (Jackie) Fisher, who had been brought from retirement to serve as First Sea Lord when Prince Louis of Battenberg was xenophobically driven from the post, appeared past his prime, if not somewhat demented. Churchill's commitment to the safety of noncombatant shipping was less than keen: three months before the Lusitania sinking, he wrote to the president of the English Board of Trade that it was "most important to attract neutral shipping to our shores, in the hope especially of embroiling the U.S.A. with Germany. . . . For our part, we want the traffic—the more the better and if some of it gets into trouble, better still." This pro-trouble position reappears in a 1937 pronouncement in *News of the World*:

In spite of all its horror, we must regard the sinking of the Lusitania as an event most important and favourable to the Allies. . . . The poor babies who perished in the ocean struck a blow at German power more deadly than could have been achieved by the sacrifice of a hundred thousand fighting men.

So, just as revisionist theories propose that Roosevelt lured the Japanese into attacking Pearl Harbor so that the United States would be brought into the war against the Axis, the Lusitania was possibly set up to be sunk. Certainly it was left to take its chances, with a new captain on board.

Captain Turner, a crusty salt of limited sociability, is presented more sympathetically by Ramsay than by Preston. Preston reports him saying, at the moment of his rescue from the wreck where more than a thousand had perished, "What bad luck. . . . What have I done to deserve this?" Ashore in Queenstown (now Cobh), he remarked, with rather unbecoming detachment, "Well, it is the fortune of war." Ramsay, who provides vivid portraits of the warring strong personalities within the Admiralty, shows them as initially determined to put the blame on Turner. The report of the canny officer responsible for liaison with merchant shipping, Captain Richard Webb, stated that "the Master . . . proceeded . . . at a speed three-quarters of what he was able to get out of his vessel. He thus kept his valuable vessel for an unnecessary length of time in the area where she was most liable to attack, inviting disaster." First Sea Lord Fisher explosively annotated this report, "As the Cunard company would not have employed an incompetent man, the certainty is absolute that Captain Turner is not a fool but a knave. I feel absolutely certain that Turner is a scoundrel and [has] been bribed. . . . I hope that Captain Turner will be arrested *immediately* after the inquiry, *whatever* the verdict." Churchill, who did not return from Paris until three days after the sinking, was more politic, announcing in the House of Commons that Turner should not be prematurely blamed, but he privately confided, "We should pursue the Captain without check."

Turner, however, proved not easy to blame; at the June, 1915, hearing headed by Lord Mersey, he made a gruff, monosyllabic witness but was skillfully represented as "an old-fashioned sailor man" by Cunard lawyers. His most debatable action prior to the torpedo strike was taking a "four-point bearing" from Irish headlands to fix his position, which involved maintaining his direction and a moderate speed of eighteen knots for forty minutes. As it happened, this methodical maneuver headed the Lusitania right toward the enemy U-boat; Captain Schweiger later told a friend, "She could not have steered a more perfect course if she had deliberately tried to give us a dead shot." Schweiger had sighted the liner before the course change and con-

cluded that "I had no hope now, even if we hurried at our best speed, of getting near enough to attack her." A liner's best defense against a submarine was always its superior speed—over twenty knots against the nine a sub could make underwater. But Turner could not know the exact position of the submerged enemy, and his maneuver was defensible, even though one captain testified, at the liability trial held in New York in 1918 under Judge Mayer, that a four-point bearing was unnecessary.

In the sharp light of hindsight, Turner might have held more boat drills, and made sure that the supplemental, collapsible lifeboats were better maintained (a number were hopelessly rusty, and painted fast to the deck), and been stricter about open portholes; but the quickness with which the boat sank, and the severe list that made lowering both port and starboard boats difficult, and the damage that instantly rendered the great ship impossible to steer and even to halt in the water, and the diminished quality of the crew in this time of wartime conscription, and the dreadful fact that many crewmen were trapped belowdecks by the failure of the electric elevators, all contributed to a disaster beyond the captain's control. Both hearings cleared Cunard of negligence, and the American plaintiffs were advised to seek restitution from imperial Germany. Turner went on to command other boats and, indeed, was torpedoed once again, and again survived, retiring in 1919 to a village near Dartmoor. There journalists so harassed him that he returned to Liverpool, dying in seclusion at the age of seventy-six. He found the *Lusitania*, not surprisingly, a painful subject to discuss. Toward his end, he was heard to complain that he had never received Admiralty instructions to zigzag and had been denied "a fair deal."

"The poor babies"—they became the symbol of the ambushed ship. "There were in fact an unusually large number of children on board," Preston says—fifty-one boys, thirty-nine girls, and thirty-nine infants. They had been, a passenger recalled, "the life and charm of the voyage." Of the hundred and twenty-nine, ninety-four died, including thirty-five of the babies. Drawing upon tearjerking contemporary ac-

counts, Preston makes sickeningly real the confusion and terror of the wreck and its aftermath in the fifty-two-degree North Atlantic. In the flooding corridors and cabins, on the heeling decks, children lost track of their parents and siblings; infants were handed to strangers and tossed into lifeboats. Desperate attempts were made to keep them alive in the ocean, though the young were especially vulnerable to hypothermia; babies were hoisted onto wreckage and even onto a bobbing steamer chair, and a survivor reported seeing "a man pathetically pushing a dying child along on a folded life jacket." Mothers struggled for hours in the water to hold up their infants only to discover, when lifted into lifeboats, that the children were already dead. A witness reported:

Just as we got her to the raft . . . her baby girl closed its tiny eyes in her arms. Almost overcome with exhaustion the mother caught hold of the side of our boat, the lifeless mite still close to her heart, and when we got her into the boat she could hardly speak. . . . Then, lifting the little one in her arms, she turned to those in the boat, and, in a tearful voice simply said, "Let me bury my baby." Within a few seconds the almost naked body of the child floated peacefully on the sea.

One survivor recalled "the bodies of infants laid in life jackets, and floating around with their dead innocent faces looking towards the sky." There were so many that as he swam he pushed them aside "like lily pads on a pond."

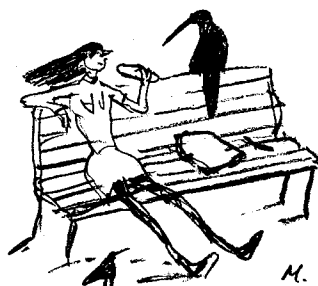
Among many false reports of German atrocities—rapes and crucifixions in Belgium that did not, amid much actual brutality, occur—this was the real thing, irrefutable proof of German "frightfulness," to use a favorite word of Allied headline writers. Preston's conclusion is that the sinking of the *Lusitania* did Germany "far more harm than good." The autocratic German authorities, "wrapped up in a sense of griev-

ance," kept handing propaganda victories to their foes. Kaiser Wilhelm II, Queen Victoria's eldest grandchild, was weakened in his belligerence by admiration of the English, distrust of his fiercest military advisers, and recoil from the global outcry. He was "shocked by the extent to which he was being demonized." Yet he himself had bestowed the epithet "Hun" upon his tribe:

In a notorious speech to German troops departing for China in 1900, he had urged them to "give no quarter! Take no prisoners! . . . Even as, a thousand years ago, the Huns under their leader Attila gained such a name for themselves as still resounds in terror . . . so may the name of Germany resound!"

Captain Schweiger's feat—downing a seven-deck liner with a single torpedo—was hailed by the German press, but the Kaiser and the diplomats seeking to keep America neutral were less pleased. Schweiger was ordered to report to Berlin, where, according to Admiral Tirpitz, the foremost advocate of unrestricted submarine warfare, he was "treated very ungraciously." The captain's diary account of the torpedoing was doctored to include humane scruples and to heighten suggestions of British incompetence; this "official" version was never signed by Schweiger. He went to his own watery death in 1917, while commanding another submarine, having lost the U-20 on the Danish coast. After the war, his fiancée told an interviewer that, when he visited her in the period following the *Lusitania*'s sinking, he was "haggard and so silent and so different"; before his death, he wrote a comrade of his that he longed for the end of "this very sad time."

Faint heart never won fair lady or victory in war, Preston assures us: "Germany's great mistake, having sunk the *Lusitania*, was to edge slowly away from unrestricted submarine warfare." Only a ruthless exploitation of its submarine advantage, she says, might have produced, after the bloody stalemates of Verdun and the Somme, a brokered peace. By 1917, when the Kaiser's qualms had been dismissed, it was too late. In an extraordinary wartime communication, the erratic Admiral Fisher, now relieved of First Sea Lord duties, wrote Admiral Tirpitz, who had been forced by imper-

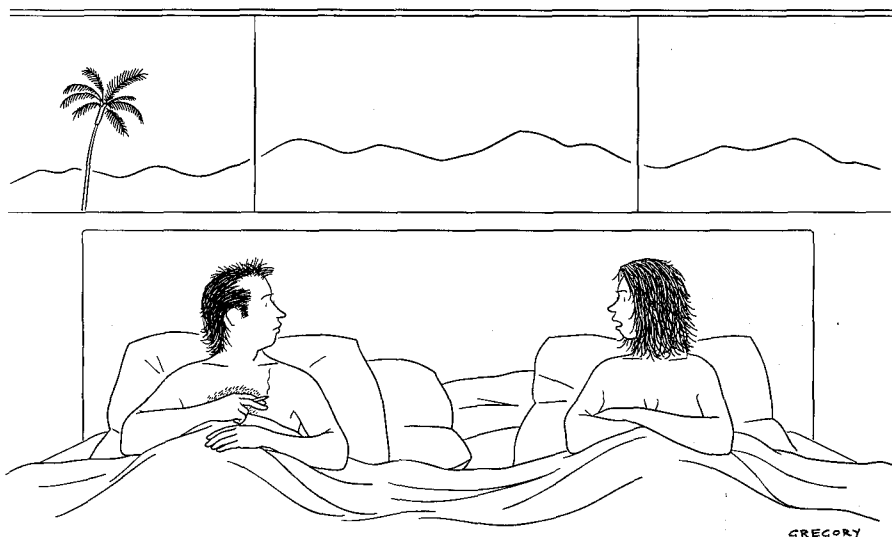


ial doves to resign in 1916, a chummy letter beginning "Dear Old Tirps" and ending:

Cheer up, old chap! Say "Resurgam"! You're the one German sailor who understands War! Kill your enemy without being killed yourself. I don't blame you for the submarine business, I'd have done the same myself.

Preston asserts, "A quarter century later, all nations practiced unrestricted submarine warfare." The old Cruiser Rules, which called for a sub to sink a merchant ship only after stopping her and allowing the crew to disembark, were as dead as the protocols of medieval chivalry. The distinction between civilian innocents and combatants who are fair game for annihilation vanishes as war becomes a contest between the entire resources of nations. In the same spring the Lusitania was sunk, Germany introduced poison gas into the Western front and with a solitary zeppelin launched the first air raid on the civilian population of London. These events, according to Preston, "were signposts on the path to Guernica, Hiroshima, and beyond. . . . The new barbarism of total war had begun."

Yet poison gas, one wants to protest, was not used again, between armies, in any European war, and since Hiroshima and Nagasaki atomic weapons have never, through a host of armed conflicts, been employed. Humankind does try to avoid repeating its atrocities. As civilization struggles to subdue our innate barbarism, signal disasters have their uses, as boundary markers on the outer limits of the possible; they make us grateful to be on the relatively safe side of them. They argue for the high value of ordinary existence, with its mixed motives and resistance to simplification. It is useful to see Woodrow Wilson, like the Kaiser on his side, entertain ambivalence and doubts. As a Southerner, Wilson dreaded war and its ruinous aftermath; as a devout Presbyterian, he could be rigid in his righteousness; as a widower, he was susceptible to romance, and was distracted at the height of the Lusitania crisis by his courtship of Edith Mary Galt. We are surprised to learn that William Jennings Bryan, now best remembered as the blustering butt of the Scopes trial in 1925, took, as Wilson's Secretary



"Next time, I'd like the director's cut."

of State, what might now be called a liberal and fair-minded stand against jingoist warmongering and the steep pro-British tilt of American neutrality.

Diana Preston's panorama of the "epic tragedy" of the Lusitania is enlarged by her picture of bustling life aboard the liner before it sank, and by her following pages on the hard, wet, crowded, dangerous existence within a German submarine, where a man off duty was expected to sleep in order to conserve the common oxygen. Her eye for the piquant detail generates a glittering web of trivia. We learn of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, "He was rumored to have been the lover of the murdered Empress Elizabeth of Austria. He shared her passion for riding to hounds, surpassing it to the extent of having a hunting scene tattooed across his buttocks with the fox disappearing into the cleft." We are told that Jennie Jerome, Churchill's American mother, "discreetly took lovers" and was a neglectful mother until her son showed signs of journalistic prowess. We learn that one proposed British stratagem for combatting submarines was to train seagulls to defecate on the periscopes. During the Lusitania's sea trials, not only was there excessive vibration but steam escaped from the third-class drinking fountains. Under way, the liner consumed a thousand tons of coal a day. Its firemen worked in shifts of twenty-one minutes. Second-class passage for its last

voyage had been reduced from seventy to fifty dollars. Card sharks plied the great passenger liners, back and forth.

The reader's heart races, the ship moving toward its doom is so laden with the stuff of life. Preston compulsively notes gaudy costumes in her large cast of characters: the codebreaker Sir Alfred Ewing had "a predilection for mauve shirts and dark blue bow ties with white polka dots"; the lawyer Sir Frederick E. Smith was "tall and vain" and "habitually wore a red flower in his buttonhole"; a grand-jury witness, Gustav Stahl, appeared "wearing his finest clothes—a dark suit, new straw hat, green tie with a stickpin bearing a porcelain dog's head, polished tan shoes, and lavender socks with scarlet-embroidered flowers." Such details pertain, we can say, to the great denuding that a luxury vessel occasions when it sinks—though in fact those passengers who tore off their clothes did worse in the cold water than those who stayed dressed. Bodies damaged beyond recognition, by the sea and its fish, were sometimes tagged with small scraps of fabric snipped from their clothes, for identification. So nothing is irrelevant, and Preston's farraginous method shapes a fitting monument to a multitudinous loss. One lays down these two volumes, which utilize all the yellowing records as well as the fresh data gleanable from underwater dives and German archives, trusting that they will be, well into this century, the last word. ♦

GROWING UP

What holds a young dancer back?

BY JOAN ACOCCELLA

In ballet, one of the hardest things to predict is how a young dancer will develop. At New York City Ballet over the past two decades, talent after talent has turned up, pink and shiny, only to succumb to the mixture of anxiety and ennui that seems to rule the company these days. (Last month, it was announced that Monique Meunier, the most grievous of the troupe's stalled-development cases, is finally leaving. She will join American Ballet Theatre in the fall.) Of course, there are exceptions. Jennie Somogyi, who joined the company almost eight years ago, is now showing the same kind of miraculous flowering that we used to see in young Balanchine ballerinas: week by week, more strength, more joy, more sense, in her very breathing, of "This is mine—I know how to do this." Ten years ago, such a sight would have been a comfort, telling us that maybe everything at N.Y.C.B. would be O.K. after all. Today, it is an anachronism. It is like opening your e-mail and getting a letter from Mme. de Sévigné.

Presumably, part of what is holding the dancers back is their new repertory. Among the people whose works are replacing Balanchine's at City Ballet, the most prolific has been the company director, Peter Martins. At his best—for example, last season's "Hallelujah Junction"—Martins can provide his dancers with an exciting technical workout, but his choreography has always been remarkably soulless. Other new ballets have been supplied by people inside and outside the troupe, notably in the context of the company's Diamond Project, a biennial showcase of new work that has just completed its tenth-anniversary season. The Diamond Project pieces tend to be ambitious athletically and, apart from the work of the resident choreographer Christopher Wheeldon, unambitious in every other regard. That is, they bear the mark of the man who commis-

sioned them. What N.Y.C.B.'s dancers will learn from their new assignments is how to lift their legs very, very high and how not to think of dance as symbol, as meaning.

When Maria Kowroski joined the company, seven years ago, she was beautifully trained and had the longest, strongest legs you ever saw. All she needed was to get some practice in allegro and to grow up—become an artist. Neither of these requirements has been seen to. The other night, she danced the great, plangent second movement of Balanchine's "Symphony in C," and the audience went crazy. What they were clapping for, if I'm not mistaken, was those legs, and also a certain quality of hers—a hieratic, carved-from-marble quality—that deserves applause, though it, too, was there on arrival. But between hieratic and blank is a short space. Kowroski is still unmaturing—a vase awaiting flowers. And, if she is waiting, what about the others, with the regular legs?

I should add that this has happened during a period when Martins was self-declaredly interested in classical dance, dance that, however sleek and modern, still spoke ballet's academic language: glissade, assemblé, and so on. That was the basis of Balanchine's work, and Martins—who was trained in one of the world's oldest and finest ballet schools, that of the Royal Danish Ballet—said that he meant to preserve it. But he may be changing his mind. Next year, apparently, the Broadway director and choreographer Susan Stroman, whose dances have repeatedly made the point that ballet is stuck up, and that we should all do something more fun (it was she who brought Ethan Stiefel onstage on a motorcycle in the ballet that concludes the movie "Center Stage"), will make a ballet for N.Y.C.B. Soon after that, the company intends to present two ballets by the Russian choreographer Boris Eif-

man, whose work—Soviet-style bombast updated with sex and violence—is the furthest thing from classicism. The plan is for N.Y.C.B. to present its first Eifman ballet in 2004, the centenary of Balanchine's birth.

All these problems should be more acute at A.B.T., which has always been a more commercial organization. Unlike N.Y.C.B., A.B.T. had no unified company style, because for most of its history it had no school and, in general, didn't bring up its dancers through the ranks. Most of the stars were hired from the outside: Alicia Markova, Erik Bruhn, Natalia Makarova, Mikhail Baryshnikov.

Kevin McKenzie, who took over as artistic director in 1992, has not swerved from these policies. Half of his current principal dancers are foreign trained. Indeed, the company is now dominated by a raft of handsome Latin men whose elaborate style is at considerable variance with the chaste American norm. Apples and oranges dance together nightly. Nor has McKenzie shown much taste in new repertory. This season, he acquired two masterpieces, Frederick Ashton's "The Dream" (based on "A Midsummer Night's Dream") and "La Fille Mal Gardée," and last year he commissioned a glamorous new piece, "Gong," by Mark Morris, but those are not cases of talent-spotting. Most of McKenzie's acquisitions have been weak-tea story ballets or big-nothing aerobic workouts that would have fit fine into Peter Martins's Diamond Project.

So why is everyone at A.B.T. dancing so well, and looking so happy? The answer may have something to do with those Latin men McKenzie keeps hiring (Carlos Acosta, a fabulous Cuban, was this season's addition), and their effect on their partners. If one of these dreamboats was carrying you around on his shoulder, you'd look happy, too. But the high spirits must also be rooted in coaching, for what is not happening at N.Y.C.B. is happening daily at A.B.T.: young dancers are developing. Even in the thick of the ensemble, you see them beaming: Adrienne Schulte, Julio Bragado-Young, David Hallberg. They are delighted to be putting on a show for you. The show may have problems, but the dancers don't know it, and by the end of the eve-

ning you almost don't know it, either. People with limitations are making everything out of what they have. Xiomara Reyes's feet are not the clearest in the world, but she is so eager and spontaneous and real that you soon forget that. Herman Cornejo is very short, and therefore confined, most of the time, to demicaractère roles (the jester, Puck), but he has not suffered the usual fate of this type. He has not become a toy.

As for the top ranks, the story here is the most touching. From what I can tell, Ethan Stiefel, the troupe's great American virtuoso, is a shy man, who does not like to act. But there is a theory in acting that a performer may be freed by putting on a mask, and that is what occurred when Stiefel made his début as Oberon in "The Dream." He didn't wear an actual mask, but something close, the world's fanciest makeup. It was green, with sparkles and spikes. He was a creature, not a human being, and so, belatedly, he became a human being—extroverted, sexy, mad at his wife. Stiefel's counterpart in the female division is Gillian Murphy. Like him, she is lovely, in a corn-fed way, and like him she is a powerhouse. I have never seen such feet before: strong as a truncheon, sensitive as a finger. With all that, Murphy can't act worth a damn. The most she can muster is a sort of charming (because fully earned) triumphalism. This equips her perfectly as Kitri, the saucy señorita in "Don Quixote." But as Lise, the complex heroine of "La Fille Mal Gardée"? In fact, on the night I saw her, she did fine. She was tight at the beginning, but she loosened up as those feet carried her. Murphy, who is twenty-three, was promoted to principal dancer this year, as was Marcelo Gomes, a big Brazilian who started out a little soft and goofy, and has reined in, and gathered power, without losing his sweet openness.

But the nicest story of all is that of Angel Corella. Corella is a Spaniard, the son of a beverage distributor and a mother who, as he told an interviewer, "writes novels about reincarnations and very spiritual things." When he was seven, his sisters were put in a ballet class and he was put in a judo class, but after he saw a man's nose get broken in the first lesson, he joined his sisters. Eventually, he went to Madrid to study with Victor Ul-



A.B.T.'s Angel Corella and Xiomara Reyes. Photograph by Michael James O'Brien.

late, a teacher famous for producing go-getters. When Corella arrived at A.B.T., in 1995, at the age of nineteen, he created a sensation. "He can do twenty pirouettes!" the writers said. What they didn't report was that he invariably pushed too hard—by the time he finished those pirouettes, he was often falling over—and that as a partner he was a public menace. Also, he was the same in every ballet: an adorable, smiling boy who tore around the stage with his hair flopping.

And then what happened? I don't know, but it was recent. I suspect that Mark Morris's "Gong," where he was cast as the severe lead male, made a difference. But time and A.B.T.'s coaching staff must have played a part. In any case, Corella is a different person this season. He is a much better partner—ballerinas no longer flinch when they see him coming—and he has started

acting. To see him, as the wastrel Danilo in "The Merry Widow," gulp down glass after glass of champagne, then, right on the music, hurl the goblets into the wings—bang! crash!—is something to get on the subway for. In "La Fille Mal Gardée," he seemed to make the hero's I'm-going-to-get-this-girl virility an announcement of his own maturation. Even his body has beefed up. This is a kind of miracle, and, in public-relations terms, a stab in the dark. Corella could have gone on being our angel child forever—the audience loved it—and who knew that he would be interesting as a grownup? Nevertheless, he grew up. You still can't call A.B.T. a smart company. If it were, it wouldn't be dancing "The Merry Widow." But it is a normal place, where normal things, like the development of a boy into a man, can happen. ♦

THE GLOBAL SALON

European extravaganzas.

BY PETER SCHJELDAHL

Amid the hundreds of works in Documenta 11, an event that trumpets the artistic entropy and civic pep of today's international art institutions, I kept returning to a marvellous video installation—a digital short story, essentially—by the Finnish artist Eija-Liisa Ahtila. “The House” is about a pleasant young woman going quietly mad one

curtains for the windows, but their effect is to amplify the din of actual and remembered sounds in her head—including a train announcer's droned “Albany-Rensselaer,” which registers as a laconic crack of doom. The monologue rises to lucid commentary on the contemporary world—“Outside, a new order arose”—as a place where time and space, and

multiculturalism is taken for granted. The forty-five countries represented by the show's hundred and sixteen artists include Croatia, Cuba, Indonesia, Iran, Jamaica, Lebanon, Moldavia, Singapore, Vietnam, and several African nations. Many of the artists have biographies that resemble Enwezor's. Thirty-eight years old, he is a Nigerian from a privileged background who, after moving to New York at the age of nineteen, studied political science, wrote poetry, launched a magazine of Africa-related art, and honed his skills as a diplomatic Mercury in the international art world. His previous shows include “The Short Century,” a survey of African cultures after 1945, which, when it appeared at P.S. 1, earlier this year, I found richly informative,



At Documenta 11, Eija-Liisa Ahtila's video installation “The House” suggests the confused boundaries in contemporary art.

nightless Baltic summer at an old seaside cottage in a forest. She tells of the difficulty she's having in maintaining boundaries between her interior life and objective reality. Whatever she sees or hears outside the windows—her garden, her car, a passing ship—invades and commandeers her consciousness. Ahtila's stately, glorious color camera work, on three enveloping screens, affects a viewer with something of the woman's mounting confusion. A cow that appears on her television set ambles through a room. At one point, she finds herself levitating and must grasp a porch pillar to pull herself down to earth. She sews blackout

cause and effect, are confounded. One subtitle provided me with a nutshell review of Documenta 11: “Things that occur no longer shed light on the past.”

Knowing about art's past is, if anything, a liability when it comes to exploring this edition of a mega-show that every five years takes over the poky German city of Kassel with a putatively definitive statement about how art stands in the world. The hell of it, for those of us disheartened by the exhibition, is that its organizer, Okwui Enwezor, is onto something: a drastically expanded field of players and points of view in which the global spread of mul-

though aesthetically numbing. Enwezor's principal constituency is a far-flung network of cultural officials and sinecured intellectuals. He recently remarked to a *Times* reporter, “I can't really explain why, instead of preparing the next Documenta, I'm not working at the U.N.” But he proves a gifted showman.

Documenta 11 brings to robust maturity a style of exhibition—I call it festivalism—that has long been developing on the planetary circuit of more than fifty biennials and triennials, including the recent Whitney Biennial. Mixing entertainment and soft-core politics, festivalism makes an aesthetic of crowd

control. It favors works that don't demand contemplation but invite, in passing, consumption of interesting—just not too interesting—spectacles.

Fans of museological craft and audiovisual know-how will have a good time in Kassel. In the show's four buildings, elegantly proportioned spaces and restrained gray-and-white décor frame installations of two sorts: the first, educational and propagandistic, is often the product of artist collectives; the second, busy and strange, is by the obsessive-compulsive, shamanistic mascots of institutional regimes, who are passionate about numbers, mechanical gizmos, earthy materials, and whatnot. Enwezor flanks promenades of installations and innumerable photographs with darkened rooms, equipped for the prolonged enjoyment of videos and films. Given the show's anti-contemplative and anti-individualistic aims, painting and sculpture are scarce.

Documenta 11 declares, in effect, that art is too powerful a force in the world to abide the hedonism of aesthetes and the punctiliousness of art scholars. Although there are whiffs of such influential figures as Joseph Beuys and Bruce Nauman, few of the artists seem concerned with building on precedents. In the new worldwide salon, derivativeness is a virtue, indicating fealty to approved conventions. In this all too congenial context, such veteran eccentric contrarians as Hanne Darboven, Louise Bourgeois, and Leon Golub come off as tame and fussy. Even the multiculturalist standbys—Lorna Simpson, Stan Douglas, Shirin Neshat, Mona Hatoum—seem to be trying too hard. As at the Whitney, the sharpest work often migrates from non-art professions: photojournalism, documentary film, architecture, and design, computer this and computer that. Aesthetically starved but overflowing with information, the show feels at once energetic and joyless.

Unlike the Whitney Biennial, Documenta 11 does not oppress with wall texts. There is little straining for sensation. Perhaps in deference to non-Western cultures, sexuality is virtually absent, as are feminist issues. Anything leftish is cautiously muted when it's not harmlessly daft. Eco-delirium prowls Kassel in the form of sleek carts dispensing ice

on a stick—water as a “disappearing element.” (While I was there, the carts' fresh-faced attendants took cover during frequent spates of rain.) The polemical exception is a huge, collaborative multimedia piece documenting the present sufferings of Palestinians, which is no less tendentious for avoiding overt militancy.

Several of the show's dozen or so documentary films and videos—such as Amar Kanwar's stunning exploration of the Pakistani-Indian military frontier in Kashmir—are skillful, alluring, and notably uncomplaining. On one level, the proliferation of them makes sense. Why should an emerging country's young artists submit to a rigorous initiation in traditional mediums when technology offers so many more efficient options? The always witty Mexican artist Gabriel Orozco comments obliquely on the challenge of fitting time-honored tools to new uses with a big work entitled “Cazuelas (Beginnings).” It displays his first efforts with wheel-thrown clay, in which lively formal ideas are blunted by the artist's rudimentary skills. Orozco seems to be saying, “Give me time, O.K.?” The work's bristling joke, which also invokes the anti-stereotype of a Mexican who is lousy at pottery, makes the point that in today's convulsive world everyone must learn new things. I was obliged to include myself: a New York art critic who left Kassel feeling uncomfortably marginalized.

From Kassel, I travelled to Basel to attend the mother of all art fairs and to see an enormous exhibition, spread over three museums, entitled “Painting on the Move.” The annual Basel Art Fair, which brings together virtually all the world's best dealers, neatly reversed Documenta's ratio of artistic slackness and worldly engagement. Today's institutional and commercial art worlds are separate solar systems. If the former has lost its memory, the latter seems close to losing its mind. Visitors to the fair are greeted with a colossal hall of installations and videos—festivalism for the fun of it. Coming upon it after the grinding asceticism of Documenta, I was at first elated by the blasts of color and pizzazz. But I soon found much of it as ob-

noxiously overeager as a slobbering pooch. It was sophisticated but pointless. Then I came upon a great sculpture by Richard Serra: two steel plates, one set flush with the floor and the other laid on the floor beside it. I felt a peculiar shock. The work had qualities—disciplined ambition, measured audacity—that only a mastery of tradition makes possible. Suddenly, Serra no longer seemed contemporary. Lofty, lifelong concentration of his sort has no place in our new order of universal frazzlement.

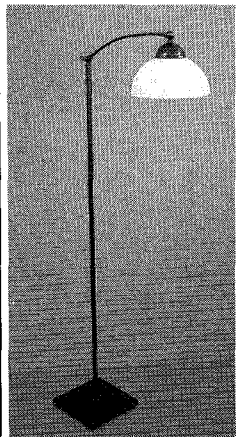
This bleak epiphany followed me upstairs into the effulgence of the fair's two hundred and sixty-eight dealer stations, where business was frantic. I was told that a collector had grumped, apropos of Documenta, “Not much of a shopping trip.” In Basel, open wallets had called forth wonderful objects, from Cézanne drawings to the concerted efforts of contemporary artists to make intelligent, lovely things that people can take home. Today's contemporary-art market is the lushest since that of the late nineteen-eighties. I felt as though I were in a gigantic duty-free shop at the airport of Xanadu.

I hoped that “Painting on the Move” would scout some new middle ground between intellectual edginess and formal pleasures, but no. After beginning with a grand parade of modern masters from Monet to Gerhard Richter, the show veered into the conceptualist ruts of obstinate institutional fashion. A standout among recent artists was Luc Tuymans, whose purposely drab, sneakily sensuous pictures of bland subjects have made him everybody's favorite compromise painter. But Tuymans's ironies are thin.

Do things that occurred in the past still shed light on the present? Of all the paintings I looked at in Basel, the most contemporary in feeling was in the Kunstmuseum's permanent collection: Hans Holbein the Younger's “Body of the Dead Christ in the Tomb” (1521), a radically horizontal, life-sized, shocking masterpiece. Clinically grisly but se-raphic in its concentration, it addresses the ultimate collapse of inner and objective realities—death—with the simple wholeness of successful art. Serious young artists might profitably give it a long look. ♦

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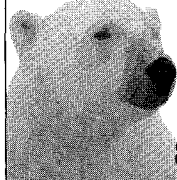
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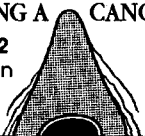
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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"Minority Report."

BY ANTHONY LANE

The worst thing about the new Steven Spielberg picture is the title, "Minority Report." The best thing about it is pretty much everything else. After his unhappy fathomings of the future with "A.I.," Spielberg has plunged back in and fished up something rich and strange. "Minority Report" is set in the year 2054, and Spielberg, who knows better than anyone how to knead the homely into the exotic, is careful to suggest that, for every shift in social mores, other details have stayed the same. Businessmen still wear a suit and tie to the office; policemen, on the other hand, race toward trouble spots not in a wailing squad car but in the belly of a giant hair dryer. The idea, one presumes, is that any terrified suspects can be rapidly coiffed into submission, but that is the least of their worries. What really gets to them is Precrime.

This is the flourishing, psychojudicial field in which John Anderton (Tom Cruise) currently toils and spins. The premise is simple, in the way that eugenics was simple: the state—or, rather, Washington, D.C., where the scheme is under trial before it goes national—is now able to unearth a murder before it happens, and so prevent it from coming to pass. The authorities get the names of the perpetrator and the victim; thus equipped, they merely have to work out the location, hop into the hair dryer, and trust that they make it in time. Such are the conditions of the opening sequence, which lasts a good twenty minutes, and which reminds us that, when it comes to stepping on the gas of a plot, Spielberg can still summon the contagious excitement of a young buck. Yet the texture of the material here could hardly be more grownup; to see a Spielberg film that starts with both sex and violence, as "Minority Report" does, is one of the more unexpected events in a movie-



Tom Cruise plays a Precrime fighter.

goer's life, like coming across a tea party in the middle of late Peckinpah.

Knowing the hook of "Minority Report," I was bracing myself for topical nods toward the issue of genetic predisposition; it doesn't seem too unlikely that, half a century on, scientists will be capable of separating those members of the community destined for homicide from those whose DNA has programmed them to commit home baking instead. In the event, we get the Precognitives. They may sound like an angry British rock combo, but they are in fact three swimsuited human figures of mysterious origin who lie in a flotation tank and deliver their visions of upcoming horror, which are then transferred, or bootlegged, onto the screens of Precrime. In short, Spielberg

ROBERT RISKO

is propping up his future with a relic of the past: the Pre-Cogs—notably the most intense of the trio, Agatha (Samantha Morton)—are just doing what the Oracle did at Delphi or the Sibyl at Cumae. What Spielberg gets from them, however, is the promise of suspense, and that is what he treasures most; this new movie is hot with visual wit, and there are patches of action—a police search of a crummy apartment building, say, using dedicated robot spiders—where you can feel him absolutely flying. When Agatha is taken from her tank, and guided stumbling onto the Washington streets, her powers of prophecy, which she is helpless to control, stream like curses from the cave of her mouth. She grabs a passing woman in a shopping mall and says to her, “He knows. Don’t go home.” The woman’s face drains and freezes, and we never see her again.

The movie was written by Scott Frank and Jon Cohen and adapted from a 1956 tale by Philip K. Dick, whose labyrinthine brain was also the source of “Blade Runner” and “Total Recall.” If you think you can wrap your head around all that occurs in “Minority Report,” you don’t know Dick. And if you think that the Spielberg who fretted his way through “Schindler’s List” and “A.I.” might have grown rusty on the thrill of the chase—the chance to elaborate, with hectic sophistication, on the highly primitive fear of being caught—then here is your answer. What most galled his fans about movies like “Always” and “Amistad” was that the characters were not just stuck in the past but apparently nailed to the floor, with no place to go; whereas when Anderton, the hero of “Minority Report,” is himself tipped as a killer by the Pre-Cogs and forced on the run, you feel Spielberg haring along by his side, like a dog in a park. If you escape in 2054, of course, you don’t just jump into a getaway car; you jump from one car to the next, as the cars run up and down the outside of a skyscraper, as smooth as a row of zippers. Or, better yet, you crouch inside a car on a production line, while it is still being built, then calmly motor off in the completed vehicle. This is a benign version of Hitchcock’s wicked plan, mused on but never filmed, to show

a car being assembled and a corpse falling out at the end: proof, if any were needed, that Spielberg is the perfect antidote to Hitchcock—he puts us through the shredder, but he wants us to sleep well.

I must admit that my bedroom walls have never been shrouded in posters of Tom Cruise; this, however, is his meatiest performance since “Magnolia,” and Spielberg, keen to investigate rather than indulge him, catches something futuristic, something only ninety-five-per-cent human, in the angled brow of Cruise’s brow and nose. The most beautiful shot in the film is not a special effect but a double profile of two heads, Cruise’s and Samantha Morton’s; they are coiled together in a desperate embrace, which spells intimacy, yet each is facing outward, which tells a different story. Morton, who spoke not a word in Woody Allen’s “Sweet and Lowdown,” has gone from mute to newt, spending most of “Minority Report” looking shy and moist; but she’s so bewildering a presence, a combustible compound of android and angel, that the role doesn’t feel like an imposition, and you more than sympathize with the techno-wonk who, meeting the Pre-Cog in the flesh, falls to his knees before her and cries, “I’m sorry for what I’m going to do, and I swear I didn’t do any of it.”

In fact, the casting of “Minority Report” may be the smartest in the history of Spielberg. He has Lois Smith playing a middle-aged boffin, the inventor of Precrime, who waters her venomous flowers, and plants a sudden kiss on the lips of Tom Cruise (in the strangest manifestation to date of Spielberg’s obsession with the maternal). The film also genuflects to Bergman by using Max Von Sydow, resembling, as usual, a Lutheran pastor who slipped sideways into drama, in the part of Anderton’s boss. Then, there is Neal McDonough as a stalwart of the Precrime squad; I punched the air when I saw him, having clocked those eyes of unmeltable blue, set in that square blond head, in last year’s “Band of Brothers” and wagered a friend that McDonough would reach

stardom within two years. Finally, we get Colin Farrell, who is almost there already, and fighting to hold steady in a flood of hype; on the evidence of this picture, the fuss is justified. He plays Danny Witwer, who has been sent by the Justice Department to assess Precrime, and, in his loosened tie and black suit, his beetle-browed refusal to take any crap, he attacks the movie like a young Robert Ryan. Whether he can go on to find anything moving in the meanness, like Ryan, only time, or a Pre-Cog, can tell.

When Farrell departs the movie, something about it droops and fades. The whodunit is well wrapped up—anyone schooled in “L.A. Confidential” will have solved it long before—and, as with “Blade Runner,” the glare and heat of Dick’s imaginings seem to outglow the settlement of narrative scores. Spielberg didn’t co-write this project, as he did “A.I.,” and Cruise didn’t co-produce it, as he did “Mission: Impossible 2”; no one, in other words, is pulling rank here, and you sense a poise in the picture, as if everyone had banded together to extract as much fun—a ferocity of invention verging on the comical—from what is, unarguably, a dark political prospect. Spielberg the liberal is asking what the dangers might be when law and order submit to logic and nothing else; but there is no way that Spielberg the entertainer, the manager of the fairground, is going to stop himself from demonstrating just what kind of mad buzz the logic might produce. That’s why all of us, not just professional philosophers, will enjoy Cruise shouting, “I am placing you under arrest for the future murder of . . .” And that’s why, as he grapples with another cop’s fiery jetpack while trying to escape, and the two of them burn through the air and crash through a window into a family kitchen, you get ready for a Spielberg moment. And there it is: a one-second shot of hamburgers, instantly grilled by the blast of rocket flare. I hate to say it, but “Minority Report” is a whopper. ♦

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¹MPG based on 2002 EPA estimates city/highway mileage. Actual results may vary. Calif. Air Resources Board SULEV-rated. For more information, visit www.arb.ca.gov. ²Based on hydrocarbons and oxides of nitrogen, compared to the average car. ©2002 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

PRIUS | genius



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